MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

#350
JULY 2012
$4 US/CAN

THE PHOTO ISSUE

INTERVIEWS WITH:

JUSTINE

DEMETRICK

RICKY ADAM

JEANNE HANSEN

DON PYLE

MARIA DA PIEDADE MORAIS

AND A TON OF KICKASS PHOTOS FROM AROUND THE WORLD!

07
7 25274 99286 7

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

Subscriptions to *MRR*, back issues, bulk orders, ads, books and shirts can all be purchased on our website: www. maximumrocknroll.com

SUBSCRIPTIONS & single issues (postpaid prices):

- **US Rate: $4 each for current issue.** ($3 for back issues.) **6 issue sub for $24. 12 issue sub for $42.** In California, send $4.34 for single copies, $26. for 6 months, or $45.92 for 12 months (w/tax).
- Canada & Mexico: Current issue $5 (Canada) or $7 (Mexico) 6 issue sub for $30 (air). 12 issue sub for $57 (air).
- Everywhere else: $10 each (air). 12 issue sub for $112 (airmail only). 6 issue sub for $59 (airmail only).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
186, 188-191, 195, 197, 202, 206, 234, 236, 238-247, 249-251, 254-259, 260-290, 291-295, 297-306, 308-313, 315, 316, 318, 319, 322-328, 330, 332-339, 340-349
See page 4 for pricing and other info.

★★ AD RATES & SIZES!! ★★
1/6 page: (2.5" x 5") $33
1/3 page long: (2.5" x 10") $90
1/3 page square: (5" x 5") $110
1/2 page: (7.5" x 5") $165
Full page (7.5" x 10") $400
Back Cover: get in touch for rates

AD DEADLINE: (with payment) is the 15th of the month. Issue comes out by the 2nd week of following month, and the cover date is the month after that.

AD FORMAT: Please send a JPEG or TIFF (300 dpi), EPS (w/ type outlined), or PDF (w/ fonts embedded)—or send on paper at the correct size.

AD CRITERIA: We will not accept major label or related ads, or ads for comps that include major label bands.
We reserve the right to refuse ads for any reason at any time!

COVER: Photo by Jeanne Hansen

BACK COVER: Martin Sorrondeguy

SELL MRR AT GIGS: In the US, get 5 or more of one issue for $2 each plus shipping, cash up front. Contact us for non-US orders.

NEWSSTAND DISTRIBUTION through Ingram Periodicals 18 Ingram Blvd, PO Box 7000, La Vergne, TN 37086, (615) 213-3663, magorder.sales@ingramperiodicals.com

Also available from: Armadillo, Ebullition, Revolver, Small Changes, Subterranean, Last Gasp, Ubiquity and Marginal. See pg. 5 for foreign distro info.

Please send all records, zines, letters, articles, scene reports, photos, subscriptions, interviews, ads, etc., to:

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760

Phone (415) 923-9814
www.maximumrocknroll.com
mrr@maximumrocknroll.com

For what it's worth, here's some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

MARIAM BASTANI

- CRIMINAL CODE-Cold Thought-LP+live
- NÜ-KLE-ER BLAST SUNTAN-The Wheel of...-EP
- NO-LP / SADICOS-demo
- EFFLUXUS-LP / NEGATIVE STANDARDS-LP+10"
- STRESS-Athens Burning I and II-EPs
- STRIPMINES-Crimes of Dispassion-LP
- KYLMÄ SOTA/YDINTUHO-split EP / PROXY-tape
- SON SKULL-EP / POISON PLANET-LP
- SYNTHETIC ID / SPIRITUAL WARRIORS-live
- NEEDLES / BLOODKROW BUTCHER-live

MITCH CARDWELL

- MARTYR PRIVATES -Bless/Native Son-45
- EVENING MEETINGS-45
- CATATONIC YOUTH-Piss Scene-EP
- CYCLOPS-Eye Can't Take It-EP
- TV GHOST-Phantasm/Panic Area-45
- ROCK AND ROLL BITCHES-Wild West-EP
- SPY'S-Underground/Machine Shop-45
- HOT NASTIES-Invasion of the Tribbles-EP
- TELEDETENTE 666-Panne Sexe/Les Rats-45
- ALICE BAG-Violence Girl-EP

ROBERT COLLINS

- MISERY-From Where the Sun Never Shines-2xLP
- PLÖTSIG MÅNDAG-Drag En Tejp Runt Mina...-EP
- PERMACULTURE-demo
- CHIT CHAT-demo
- PIT OF SPIKES-demo
- S.H.I.T.-demo
- CRUTCHES-demo
- CYCLOPS-Eye Can't Take It-EP
- NEGATIVE STANDARDS-LP+10"
- EFFLUXUS-Life Destruktion-LP

SEAN "DOUGIE" DOUGAN

- WHITE WHALE-No Solace/Waxing-45
- ORGANS-All Alone/Breathing with The Dead-45
- JOINT DAMAGE-Strike Gently-LP
- TRONICS-Love Backed By Force-LP
- TV GHOST-Phantasm/Panic Area-45
- SLUT GUTS-Stranglin You Too-EP
- BILL BONDSMEN-Overcrowded Control/Untitled-45
- BLOODY GEARS-Frozen Rain-EP
- SORCERESS-Cum in My Kitchen/Young Doomed...-45
- TRAGEDY-live

LAYLA GIBBON

- TRONICS-Shark Fucks-45 and Love Backed...-LP
- SON SKULL-Wiped Clean-EP
- NO-LP / PROXY-tape
- CRIMINAL CODE-LP / CATATONIC YOUTH-EP
- POISON PLANET-LP / NATURAI LAW-LP
- CYCLOPS-Eye Can't Take It-EP
- GLOBSTERS-Rock and Roll Misery-EP
- STRESS-Athens Burning I and II-EPs
- SPY'S-45 / HOT NASTIES-EP
- BIG EYES-45 / JOINT DAMAGE LP

DAN GOETZ

- SON SKULL-LP / NATURAL LAW-LP
- BIG EYES-Back From the Moon/I Don't Care...-45
- BILL BONDSMEN-45 / THEE INDOORS-live
- CRIMINAL CODE-Cold Thought-LP+live
- SYNTHETIC ID-live
- STRIPMINES-Crimes of Dispassion-LP
- YDINTUHO/KYLMÄ SOTA-split-EP
- SPY'S-Underground/Machine Shop-45
- CATATONIC YOUTH-Piss Scene-EP
- IMAGES-Thought Patterns-EP

KENNY KAOS

- THE HUSSY-Stab Me-EP
- GRANDMA'S BOYFRIEND-Not Your Boyfriend-EP
- BIG EYES-Back From the Moon/I Don't Care...-45
- THE HEAT TAPE-Love and Sweat-EP
- IMAGES-Thought Patterns-EP
- TELEDETENTE 666-Les Rats/Panne Sexe-45
- THE THROWAWAYS-Closer-EP
- TENDER THRILL/ZULU PEARLS-split EP
- TOMMA HANDER-45
- SPY'S-Underground/Machine Shop-45

CAROLYN KEDDY

- SQUISH-Shame Spiral-EP
- SLUG GUTS-Stranglin You Too-EP
- TV GHOST-Phantasm/ Panic Area-45
- THE SPY'S-Underground/Machine Shop-45
- CYCLOPS-Eye Can't Take It-EP
- TELEDROME-Double Vision-EP
- TELEDETENTE 666-45 / ALICE BAG-EP
- CATATONIC YOUTH-EP / TRONICS-45 and LP
- BAD TROUBLE/WOOLY BULLIES-split-EP
- T TEX EDWARDS-CD

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL IS A MONTHLY PUBLICATION. ALL WORK IS DONATED AND NO ONE RECEIVES ANY SALARY. ANYONE IS WELCOME TO REPRINT ANYTHING FROM MRR, BUT ONLY IF IT'S NOT-FOR-PROFIT.

TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

SAM LEFEBVRE

CATATONIC YOUTH-Piss Scene-EP	ALICE BAG-Violence Girl-EP
TELEDETENTE 666-Les Rats/Panne Sexe-45	IMAGES-Thought Patterns-EP
TRONICS-Shark Fucks/Time Off-45	TV GHOST-Phantasm/Panic Area-45
TERRIBLE FEELINGS-Shadows-LP	BIG EYES-Back From the Moon/I Dont' Care...-45
TRONICS-Love Backed by Force-LP	V/A-Turist I Tillvaron-LP

RAY LUJAN

BIG EYES-Back From The Moon-45	THE HEAT TAPE-Love And Sweat-EP
BLOODY GEARS-Frozen Rain-EP /THE ZEROS-live	NO MORE ART-Evil Eyes-45
CATATONIC YOUTH-EP /THE THROWAWAYS-EP	ROCK AND ROLL BITCHES-EP
CROSS STITCHED EYES-Decomposition-CD	TELEDROME-Double Vision-EP / NEEDLES-live
CYCLOPS-Eye Can't Take It-EP / VICE SQUAD-LP	TOPSY TURVYS-You Better Believe It-CD

MARISSA MAGIC

BROKEN WATER-live	CATATONIC YOUTH-Piss Scene-EP
SYNTHETIC ID-live	TRONICS-Shark Fucks/Time Off-45
SPIRITUAL WARRIORS-live	CRIMINAL CODE-Cold Thought-LP
SON SKULL-Wiped Clean-EP	TROPICAL TRASH-Fear of Suffering-EP
SLUG GUTS-Stranglin You Too-EP	RUINED FAMILIES-Voidealism-EP

KEVIN MANION

BILL BONDSMEN-Overcrowded Control/Untitled-45	VANNA INGET-Jag Ska Fly Tills Jag Hittar Hem-EP
NO-LP	TORPEDO ZOMBIES-Selv Ikke Doden Vil Have Os-EP
NATURAL LAW-Find The Flock-LP	THE SPY'S-Underground-/Machine Shop-45
EFFLUXUS-Life Destruktion-LP	TELE DROME-Double Vision-EP
STRIPMINES-Crimes of Dispassion-LP	SON SKULL-Wiped Clean-EP

LYDIA PHELPS – NEW TOP TEN!!!!

HIBERNATION/SLAVEBREED-split EP	NÜ-KLE-ER BLAST SUNTAN-The Wheel of...-EP
EFFLUXUS-Life Destruktion-LP+live	SPIRITUAL WARRIORS-live
CRIMINAL CODE-Cold Thought-LP+live	STRESS-Athens Burning I and II-EPs
TRONICS-Love Backed by Force-LP	PROXY-tape / CATATONIC YOUTH-EP
MISERY-From Where the Sun Never Shines-2xLP	PROTESTANT/SUFFERING MIND-split EP

FRED SCHRUNK

GOD EQUALS GENOCIDE-Rattled Minds-LP	ACID FAST-Reigny Treason-EP
SON SKULL-Wiped Clean-EP	CALIFORNIAX-Mummy/Sucker-45
HUMAN TOUCH-Youth Prison-EP	VANNA INGET-Jag Ska Fly Tills Jag Hittar Hem-EP
CRIMINAL CODE-Cold Thought-LP	TERRIBLE FEELINGS-Shadows-LP
NO MORE ART-Evil Eyes/Peripeteia-45	BOOM BOOM KID-Del Absoluto Vacio-EP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

STRESS-Athens Burning I and II-EPs	NOMAD-Yoparai-EP
ALICE BAG-Violence Girl-EP	LARS ADAKTUSSON-Säger Ifrån-EP
NO-LP	SON SKULL-Wiped Clean-EP
BLOODY GEARS-Frozen Rain-EP	STRIPMINES-Crimes of Dispassion-LP
KVLT-Blacksmith-EP	CRIMINAL CODE-Cold Thought-LP

ZINE TOP TEN

Big Hands #9	*Your War #3*
Eskype Al Alkade #21	*Suck Low/Piss Trick*
Badlands/Wastelands #1	*The Soda Killers #2*
Miserable Enough #1	*Slice Harvester #5*
Pest #1	*1999*

MRR SHITWORKERS

Mariel Acosta
Ariel Amend-all
Peter Avery
Michelle Barnhardt
Will Blomquist
Julia Booze
Justin Briggs
Mitch Cardwell
Matthew Collado
E Conner
Tayla Cooper
Arwen Curry
Stephanie Deathpunk
Mark Dober
Brian Dooley
John Downing
Robert Eggplant
Lowell Fletcher
Teresa Foglia
Steve Funyon
Dan Goetz
Gemma Greenhill
Dan Gudgel
Jason Halal
Greg Harvester
Mike Howes
Jesska Hughes
Clara Jeffers
Kenny Kaos
Max Lavine
Mike Longshot
Jesse Luscious
Kevin Manion
Kevin McCarthy
Jeremy Meier
Tony Molina
Adam Nelson
Isaac Pirie
Spencer Rangitsch
Casey Ress
Ken Sanderson
Jess Scott
Kat Smith
Amelia Tith
Thera Webb
Sam Alvarado
Matt Average
Matt Badenhop
Michael Beck
Heidi Marshall Booth
Tim Brooks
Eric Butterworth
Saira Chibber
Robert Collins
Rob Coons
Sarah Crews
Craigums
Emma Deboncoeur
Alex Dorfman
Sean Dougan
Amelia Eakins
Juliana Ferreira
Jonathan Floyd
Travis Fristoe
Hèctor Garcia
Bob Goldie
Danielle Gresham
Vernon Hadley
Tom Harding
Robin Horne
Jill Hubley
Sarah Janet
Ramsey Kanaan
Brad Lambert
Pat Libby
Ray Lujan
Hal MacLean
Jeff Mason
Erin McWilliams
Tyler Moazed
Paco Mus
Golnar Nikpour
Langford Poh
Rotten Ron Ready
Keith Riley
Steve Scanner
Cissie Scurlock
Martin Sorrondeguy
Tress

CONTRIBUTORS

Shiva Addanki
Chuck Barrels
Bryony Beynon
Graham Booth
Chris Corry
Layla Gibbon
Felix Havoc
Carolyn Keddy
Marissa Magic
Brontez Purnell
Ted Rall
Jessica Skolnik
Andrew Underwood
Imogen Binnie
Alex Heir
Amy KC Oden
Ariel Awesome
Brace Belden
Mykel Board
Kat Case
John Fahy
Tony Gunnarsson
George Impulse
Sam Lefebvre
Allan McNaughton
Al Quint
Alex Ratcharge
George Tabb
Logan Worrell
Viktor Vargyai
Matt Average
Greg Dick

All photographers credited on page 39

GUEST PHOTO COORDINATOR

Mateus Mondini

DISTRIBUTION COORDINATOR

Francesca Foglia

WEB COORDINATOR

Paul Curran

ZINE COORDINATORS

Mariam Bastani Lydia Phelps

A WHOLE CRAPLOAD OF MRR BACK ISSUES

#186/November '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#188/January '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Brubeck, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/February '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/August '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/October '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#234/November '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/December '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?", "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY scene, What Happens Next?'Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/January '03. Mr California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/March '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/April '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine, Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/August '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/September '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/October '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/November '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/December '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/February '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/March '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl, Vrah.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/August '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/September '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/October '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/November '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/December '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/January '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/February '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Beethöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records, Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upmatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen & Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2.20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia.

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos in Tejas photospread, Houston & Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, & more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09 Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09 Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids, Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault, Fuera De Linea.

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Elakoon Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore.

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta.

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial, Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nu Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakost, Lotus Fucker.

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans & Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#332/January '11. Punk Comics Issue! Shawn Kerri, Jaime Hernandez, Gary Panter, Mimi Pond, Ed Luce, Avi Spivak, Liz Suburbia, Eric Hone, Kaz, John Holmstrom, Bobby Madness, Dennis Worden, Cristy Road, Ben Snakepit, Ted May+Jeff Wilson, Janelle Hessig, Craig Bostick, Fly, Alex ratcharge, Caroline Paquita, Jaime Crespo, Josh Bayer, Ben Lyon, Liz Baille.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, Hpp, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report.

#335/April '11. Siege, Crazy Spirit, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A., '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cokskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise Records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History pt 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Unlearn, Deaf Club Oral History, Final part of the Czech Punk History.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R, Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor, Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIs, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Bloodkrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary Part 1, Means to an End Fest Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matress Zine.

#345/Febuary '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report pt 2, The Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/March '12. Barchen Und Die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spikey Jacket, Kromosom tour of Japan, Globsters, Night Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise, Refuse records.

#347/April '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester zine, Iron Hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

#348/May '12. Seein' Red, Disorder, Lebakko, Da vs. Wax Idols, Anitmob, Leprosy, Acid Baby Jesus, Crimson Scarlet, Nasa Space Universe, Apache Dropout, Konton Crasher, Negazione, Defy.

#349/May '12. Omegas Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Only Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek Sceee Report.

$3 EACH IN THE USA
$5 MEXICO/CANADA
$10 INTERNATIONAL

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL • PO BOX 460760 • SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760
ORDER ONLINE AT WWW.MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM

BUY 5 THE 6TH IS FREE! (USA ONLY)

5 ISSUES FOR $20 FOR INTERNATIONAL ORDERS

FOREIGN DISTROS

BELOW IS A LIST OF SOME OF THE MANY NON-US DISTROS THAT CURRENTLY CARRY MRR. WE PROVIDE THIS LIST SO YOU KNOW WHERE TO GET MRR INTERNATIONALLY! WE DO OUR BEST TO COVER AS MUCH TERRITORY OUTSIDE OF THE US AS WE CAN, BUT WE STILL WANT TO DISTRIBUTE TO MORE PARTS OF THE WORLD! WE NEED YOUR HELP IN ESTABLISHING CONTACTS WITH PUNKS WHO ARE INTERESTED IN CARRYING MRR. IF YOU DO A DISTRO, WANT TO SELL MRR AT SHOWS, OR JUST WANT TO GET A CHEAPER POSTAL RATE BY BUYING WHOLESALE, EMAIL **DISTRO@MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM** FOR MORE DETAILS! ADDITIONALLY, ACTIVE DISTRIBUTION CAN DISTRIBUTE WHOLESALE IN EUROPE.

EUROPE

AUSTRIA

FIST A FERRET
VIENNA
WWW.FISTAFERRET.TK
ELCH@ANARCHOI.ORG

CROATIA

DOOMTOWN RECORDS
MATE LOVRAKA 17/1
10040 ZAGREB
DOOMTOWNREC@GMAIL.COM

CZECH REPUBLIC

SILVER ROCKET
PO BOX 378
111 21 PRAHA 1

VOLTAGE RECORDS
LESNICKA 48
BRNO-CERNA POLE / 61300
INFO@VOLTAGE-SHOP.COM
WWW.VOLTAGE-SHOP.COM

FINLAND

COMBAT ROCK SHOP
VAASANKATU 7
00500 HELSINKI
INFO@FIREINSIDEMUSIC.COM

PSYCHEDLICA RECORDS
IKOULUKATU 3 A 6
90100 OULOU
JMEISTAM@GMAIL.COM
WWW.PSYCHEDELICA.FI

FRANCE

CRAPOULET RECORDS
@ LOLLIPOP RECORDS STORE
FIRMINHAC
39A RUE JEAN DE BERNARDY
13001 MARSEILLE
COOL@CRAPOULET.FR

JOIE DE VIVRE/JULIEN QUEMAR
48 BIS, RUE BICOQUET
14000 CAEN
HTTP://JOIEDEVIVREZINE.TUMBLR.COM/DISTRO
STELLAPUNXHXC@HOTMAIL.COM

STONEHENGE
B.P. 30005
33037 BOURDEAUX CEDEX
FRANCE
WWW.STONEHENGERECORDS.COM
SUBSCRIPTIONS AVAILABLE

SYMPHONY OF DESTRUCTION
MORIN JONATHAN
POUL AR GURUN, 29190 BRASPARTS
SYMPHONYOFDESTRUCTION.ORG

GERMANY

LA FAMILIA RELEASES
PO BOX #105824, 28058 BREMEN
GERMANY
STACHEL@LAFAMILIARELEASES.COM
WWW.LAFAMILIARELEASES.COM

STATIC SHOCK MUSIK
BURKNERSTR. 6
12047 BERLIN, GERMANY
SNUSMESTERE@WEB.DE

TAKEN BY SURPRISE
C/O KOPFECK
LANDSBERGER STR. 3
80339 MUNICH, GERMANY
WWW.TAKENBYSURPRISE.NET

TRAPDOOR TOURZ
WWW.TRAPDOOR-TOURZ.DE

X-MIST
ZELLERSTRASSE 20/1
72202 NAGOLD, GERMANY
ARMIN@X-MIST.DE
WWW.X-MIST.DE

GREECE

MOUNTZA FANZINE
WWW.MOUNTZA.COM

ICELAND

ÆGIR / GAGNAUGAD DISTRO
PO BOX 35
101 REYKJAVIK, ICELAND
DRAUGURINN@GMAIL.COM

IRELAND

HOPE
31 HAZEL YCARNEY,
DUBLIN 9, IRELAND
NIALL@THUMPED.COM

DISTRO-Y RECS
WWW.DISTROYRECORDS.COM
MEDISTRO@YAHOO.CO.UK

ITALY

AGIPUNK/TETANUS
C/O BORYS CATELANI
VIA BOLOGNESE 127
50019 MONTORSOLI
SESTO FIORENTINO (FI)
BORYSC@TIN.IT
WWW.AGIPUNK.COM

ANFIBIO RECORDS
C/O BOLZONI CHRISTIAN
VIA BRENTI N° 5
26100 CREMONA
C.BOLZONI@LIBERO.IT

BASEMENT CITY RECORDS
BASEMENTCITY.BLOGSPOT.COM

RADIATION RECORDS
C.NE CASILINA 44
00176 ROMA
WWW.RADIATIONRECORDS.NET
INFO@RADIATIONRECORDS.COM

NETHERLANDS

CRUCIAL ATTACK DISTRO
C/O FRANKE VISSER
BURG. ALBERTSTR. 11
8715 JE STAVOREN, NETHERLANDS
WWW.CRUCIALATTACK.NL

DON'T BUY RECORDS
DONTBUYRECORDS.BLOGSPOT.COM
DONTBUYRECORDS@GMAIL.COM
SUBSCRIPTIONS AVAILABLE

NORWAY

TIGER RECORDS
HAMMERSBORGGATA 18
0181 OSLO
WWW.TIGERNET.NO

POLAND

REFUSE RECORDS
C/O ROBERT MATUSIAK, PO BOX 7
02-792 WARSZAWA 78, POLAND
REFUSERECORDS@GMAIL.COM

RUSSIA

OLD SKOOL KIDS RECORDS
PO BOX 64
109147 MOSCOW, RUSSIA
WWW.OSKRECORDS.COM
INFO@OSKRECORDS.COM

SPAIN

BOWERY RECORDS C/O SANTI
C/ DIVINO PASTOR 13 5° IZQ
28004 MADRID, SPAIN
WWW.BOWERYRECORDS.ES
BOWERYSHOP@GMAIL.COM

CINTES PODRIDES
C/O HECTOR GARCIA LORENTE
PO BOX 24042
08080 BARCELONA, SPAIN
CINTESPODRIDES@GMAIL.COM

FLYING PELUCA RECORDS
C/O MACKY CHUCA & MOSTROS
C/HEREU 34 4ART C
07014 PALMA DE MALLORCA
ILLES BALEARS, SPAIN
WWW.MOSTROS.INFO
FLYINGPELUCA@GMAIL.COM

ANGEL FRESNILLO
AVENIDA DE ULIA 5 6IZQ
20110 TRINTXERPE GIPUZCOA

LUCHADOR RECORDS
FERLANDINA 39, BARCELONA
LUCHADORRECORDS@GMAIL.COM

SOLO PARA PUNKS
APDO. 1030
28905 GETAFE (MADRID), SPAIN
JORGE@RADIORUIDO.COM

TRABUC RECORDS
PO BOX 160 46740 CARCAIXENT
VALENCIA SPAIN
TRABUCRECORDS@NODO50.ORG

JIMBO RECORDS
PO BOX 39147
28080 MAD, SPAIN

SWEDEN

BLINDEAD PRODUCTIONS
KALLGATAN 24 B, 671 30 ARVIKA
WWW.BLINDEADPRODUCTIONS.COM

SWITZERLAND

RINDERHERZ RECORDS
POSTFACH 1401
CH-2501 BIEL/BIENNE,
RINDERHERZ@GMX.NET
WWW.RINDERHERZRECORDS.CH.VU

TURKEY

MERHABA YARENLER
PK 40 BAHCELIEVLER
06501
SEMIHAKSI@GMAIL.COM
HTTP://MERHABAYARENLER.BLOGSPOT.COM

UNITED KINGDOM

ACTIVE DISTRIBUTION
BM ACTIVE
LONDON WC 1N 3XX, ENGLAND
WWW.ACTIVEDISTRIBUTION.ORG
WHOLESALE/SUBS/BACK ISSUES

DIRE RECORDS
80 LILFORD ROAD
LONDON SE5 9HR U.K.
WWW.DIRERECORDS.COM

STATIC SHOCK RECORDS (UK)
13 BENNETT COURT
LONDON N7 6BE
STATICCSHOCKRECORDS@GMAIL.COM
WWW.STATICSHOCKRECORDS.COM

AUSTRALIA/ASIA

AUSTRALIA

ENDLESS BLOCKADES
PO BOX 3023, SOUTH BRISBANE BC
QLD 4101, AUSTRALIA

NO PATIENCE RECORDS
PO BOX 39, HINDMARSH
SOUTH AUSTRALIA, 5007
NOPATIENCE.ORG
LEWIS@NOPATIENCE.ORG
WWW.NOPATIENCE.ORG

RERESSED RECORDS
356 KING ST
NEWTOWN NSW 2042, AUSTRALIA
WWW.REPRESSEDRECORDS.COM
INFO@REPRESSEDRECORDS.COM

RECORD COLLECTORS CORNER
LEVEL 1, 387 BOURKE STREET
MELBOURNE, VIC, 3000
NICKCOLLECTORS@GMAIL.COM

MALAYSIA

HAMMERCHARGE
PO BOX 7126, 40704 SHAH ALAM,
SELANGOR, MALAYSIA
WWW.HAMMERCHARGE.COM

SINGAPORE

TEMPUS PRESS
VANESSA VICTORIA
STARSHE.FETISHA@GMAIL.COM

NO/SO AMERICA

CANADA

HAMMER CITY RECORDS
228 JAMES STREET NORTH
(REAR OF BUILDING)
HAMILTON, ON
HAMMERCITYRECORDS@GMAIL.COM

YEAR OF THE RAT DISTRO
53-2 HARBOURSIDE ACCESS ROAD
CHARLOTTETOWN, PE C1A 8R4
PATMACINNIS@GMAIL.COM

BRAZIL

PEDRO CARVALHO
RUA FRADIQUE COUTINHO, 294
APTO 171B
05416-000, SAO PAULO, BRAZIL
XPEDROCARVALHOX@GMAIL.COM

CHILE

SARRI SARRI DISTRO & RECORDS
SAN IGNACIO 75
LOCAL 31 / SANTIAGO
WWW.SARRISARRI.ORG
SARRISARRI.RECORDS@GMAIL.COM

WE LOST A CANADIAN DISTRIBUTOR SO **MRR** MAY BE HARDER TO FIND. PLEASE HIT UP YOUR LOCAL **BOOKSTORES, INFOSHOPS, VENUES, GALLERIES,** AND **COLLEGE LIBRARIES** TO CARRY US OR EVEN SUBSCRIBE!! FULL YEAR **$57** SIX MONTHS **$30**!!!

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL P.O.BOX 460760 SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94146-0760 USA
DISTRO@MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM WWW.MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM

LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear Carcinogenz—
Thanks for the note (in *MRR #349*). A few things:
1) I don't know what records you're listening to, but 7"s play at 33 RPM all the time.
2) Re: the record title; it's *MRR* policy to give an untitled EP the name of the first track on side one. I think it's a little silly myself, but hey, them's the house rules.
3) I like nasty music. I like your record. And if you read my review, you'd have noticed that. Learn to take a compliment.
—Jason

Dear MRR readers—
Due to recent personal trials and tribulations I, Logan Dean Worrell, will be taking some time off from *MRR*. Writing for this magazine has been one of the most rewarding things I have ever done and I feel that it would be best to take a break during this time in my life. I look forward to delivering more of my trademark genius, rapier wit and beguiling charm to the masses again in the near future. I love and miss you all, except of course for the select few of you who I wish nothing but harm upon. See ya soon. Please feel free to write.
7416 Meadow Oaks Dr.
Dallas, TX 75230
Thanks for everything,
—Logan Dean " The Big Red Machine" Worrell"

I hope everything works out and that you will return to us soon. You will always have a home here.
—Mariam

MRR—
I am writing to voice my concern and aggravation over the *lack* of print *catalogues* from labels and distros. I realize it's 2012 and the "convenience" of the computer, but not everyone owns a computer or has access to one. I myself have used a mail order for years and used catalogues to do so and now I have to "find" a computer, look up what record I want, find all the other info (shipping and handling charges and stuff). It just seems a lot less hassle to order from a print catalogue (in my experience).

Also, I would like to "thank" the few (very few) labels and distros that still have either print catalogues or some kind of "lists" of records available from their distros (Haunted Hotel records, Infection distro).

I just want to remind everyone, that not everyone has a computer, either by choice or otherwise. Besides—how "punk rock" is a computer—really? Thanks!
—The Last Punk Rocker

Too true, I totally agree with you! Distros and labels! should *have a catalogue with their shit, not only because we don't all have access to a computer, but also I think it's beneficial to all parties: the reader gets a taste of what's new (including bands and/or records they might miss on their online search), bands get exposure and labels show off their goods. Why on earth distros and labels would ignore this, I don't know. Plus I enjoy getting free stuff with my orders, as I'm sure you do too, so why not entise readers with a well-designed little booklet, a basic distro brochure, a hand written note or a simple printed list?*
—Lydia

Hello all MRR readers!—
I would like to apologize for a mistake that occurred in the previous issue of *MRR* in relation to the reprint of an interview with Powerage, that originally appeared in the latest issue of a polish magazine, *Pasażer*.

What happened? The situation is serious. Well, editors of *MRR* were interested in publishing in the pages of this zine that interview, but asked me to provide images with higher resolution. I tried to contact people from the former South African bands who could help. Michael Fleck from Wild Youth replied and sent me a picture after a while, but they...oddly did not reach me. Michael sent them again and these also did not get to me... Communication failed us at this point. Not wanting to leave *MRR* without a reply, I quickly sent out a link to the compressed file, which I got from Michael on Facebook. I could not open it on my computer, I don't know why...

Yesterday, in turn, I got e-mails from Michael, who couldn't reach me before. I was surprised very much, but greater was my surprise when I saw that when I opened the files, the photos were not of Powerage but Wild Youth! What a shit! Everything went wrong: communication between us, email box, the computer... I'm red with shame and anger. But every cloud has a silver lining: if someone liked the interview with Powerage, they can find their photos and lots of info on facebook under the name Punk In Africa. While in the *MRR* pages added to the interview, are pictures of one of the first punk bands in South Africa: Wild Youth. So two in one... Maybe there is some positive side...? I apologize again.
—Grzester, Pasażer crew, www.pasazer.pl

Hello—
I note that you have an article on what you say are South Africa's first punk band Powerage in your latest edition. This is incorrect. Wild Youth were around from 1978 and released two songs, on the *Six Of The Best* compilation and the first ever SA punk 7" *Wot About Me*, which is reputedly the most collectible SA release of all time, going for $500 on the internet. Powerage were made up of people who used to go to the early Wild Youth shows in Durban. Wild Youth are featured in the documentary *Punk In Africa* that is going around the world at present; google it. Wild Youth are having a compilation CD released in SA in early July, followed by a UK edition at the end of July.
Regards.
—Michael Fleck

Well, thank you both for sending in emails and for helping us clear that up. Print week here can indeed be quite hectic, so your help was much appreciated.
—Lydia

Hey Ho Peers along dilapidated Piers—
Roxy of Moira Scar here, been meaning to write for years now, many letters started and ripped up, and I do plan on sending over something more tangible, a guest column and or scene report style via tortoise trek aka snail she-mail, (bad tranny humor) but shit, I can't seem to put together all the thoughts and feelings that come up with me and *MRR*... As a teenager going to Gilman, *MRR* was one of the punk institutions that I both was in awe of and then often felt ostracized by. Not being a traditional punk or a traditional gender, and as the years have gone on—and I've gone my ways into different punk and garage and death rock and noise and queer and street scenes—I slowly find myself coming back to *MRR*. And what excites me so much right now about *MRR* is what infuriated me in the past: the columns and letters!

Always there has been much discussion about what is punk and politics etcetera, but now in this internet age I find the conversations more urgent and diverse, and *MRR* far from being unneeded *is* needed, more so because of the internet; a place to check in with punk subcultures, even when one isn't in tight with the punk scenes that dominate it. I do wish you'd all reviewed our record we sent you last year. We self made a vinyl 12-inch, Moira Scar *Slink to Intensity* and sent ya two copies, yet it never got reviewed...

In the past, as the Floating Corpses, we got a

LETTERS

few reviews for demos we sent in and finally got out a nice looking record for an official record review…and no review. But at this point I'm not trying to complain (much) about that, because it doesn't really represent what we are doing now, so I'm more just trying to break my own ice and see what's below and beyond my particular burg, throw our mire in the muck.

Moira Scar was just me and LuLu, now having third member Ryan we're bringing a bigger heavier sound, and being a band that doesn't fit into a specific category yet is on the fringes of many underground scenes, we've learned we can't wait for someone to find us, we have to keep throwing our shit out into the astral and concrete streets.

Anyway, here is where I trail off and would be ripping up the letter because it doesn't say what I feel, the complex feelings of awkward compradery mixed with paranoid antagonism that I feel for *MRR*, so I might have to send this crap letter as is and make a promise that I won't just sit in my head, driving in circles and I'll fucking do the *MRR* mantra and instead of just complaining I'll write in some alternate perspectives from other other sub-subcultures.

We've created our own thing with Moira Scar, mixing deathpunkrock with freakjazz and monsterwave into concaved garage, we are on the margins of many scenes yet are kept separate from these scenes since we don't fit in, and as frustrating as it can be, being always "the other" (I'm used to that in my personal life as a transgender person who leans very gender queer), being in the margins also has its advantages; we keep our core while we come in and out of different worlds, until eventually we say "fuck it" but we ain't there yet, we are stubborn fucks; we don't join teams very well but we don't give up.

New full length album in the worx, hope to send it to you soon, but until then, cheers shalom salud sallad, and linx to webshitski http://moirascar.blogspot.com
—Roxy

I understand how you feel. I think MRR *is alienating yet welcoming to most punks. The cross section of punks that contribute to* MRR *is pretty mind blowing if you were to see who walks through these doors and volunteers from afar each month. It's a balance we are always navigating here and even though it's not always completely representative of each one of us all of the time, we all believe in it. Thanks so much for taking the time to write to us and actually telling us what you think, instead of posting on a message board or just shit talking. I appreciate it. Regardless of what may come of Moira Scar or any of your future projects, I sincerely hope you keep doing what you are doing. Punk is nothing without people like you.*
—Mariam

[redacted] *MRR—*
I am a white, heterosexual, 30-something male punk rocker from Helsinki, Finland. My main activities/interests in life are listening to records, drinking beer, going to work, trying to sleep my days away, trying to get by some how and jerking off to shitty porn.

So obviously much of the things you are writing about doesn't interest me a bit, actually they bore me most of the time and sometimes even manage to piss me off. But every time, there is something in there which makes me buy the mag—even though I know there is gonna be some annoying, depressed teenage (or middle aged, it's all the same to me) lesbian ranting included—like Alex Ratcharge's always intelligent, well written column or that Disorder interview, which was a total masterpiece. So, every fucking time I buy it; even though I know that if some interesting record is reviewed it's usually sold out by the time I read about it, and I know that I sure as hell am not going to order a demo or a zine from the other side of the world, because postages are up-to-here is what they are (a lot) so I usually leave more than 50% of the mag unread. But today I was feeling so ill, weak and depressed that I just couldn't get off the bed, so I read the whole damn thing from beginning to end. The best thing in the mag was Greg's review of Turtle demo tape. It was something so beautifully said and inspirational to read that it made me, toughest motherfucker on the planet (...) cynical tired old fat fuck, burst into tears and get off that fucking bed. Thank you for that, Greg and keep it up, Turtle! And no matter what, I will still walk to Combat Rock shop and pick up the mag before I go to that same old shithole bar I go to every fucking day to drown all my troubles in beer... Stay punk, boys & girls, because it's the best. Believe me I know.
—Teemu from Finland.

PS Hello to Mike, Acid Reflux, Chris & those awesome NY punks that looked like they had escaped from some Mad Max movie (that Dawn of Humans tape you gave me is so fucking awesome but I guess everybody down there has known that for years already...?!), Anus from Cleveland (sniff sniff), Felix, Now That's Class for free Mad Dog and everybody else I met there in 2010! My email is teepet@gmail.com if somebody wants to write something to me.

We will try our lesbian best to stay punk!
—Layla

[redacted] *Dear MRR—*
This is really full circle as I've been sending my band/label releases to you since 1984! And once upon a time in ye olden days your magazine was *the* main way to get the punk rockers aware of our efforts… Fast forward to 2012 and my label is finished, the records have all sold out and in order to close the door on it all I felt the need to archive the whole lot. So here it is, please print this letter, for all the non-farcebook people especially!

'The Archive of Bloody Everything': 40 full releases, posh (320kbps) rips, all booklets and inserts scanned, the lot. *Free!* – Including Generic, Electro Hippies, One By One, Disaffect, Sedition, Doom, Hiatus, Kitchener, Unhinged, Pink Turds In Space, Health Hazard, Witchknot, Headache, Recusant, Dropdead, Whirling Pig Dervish, Suffer, Vr, Los Crudos, Manfat, Hard To Swallon, Sawn Off, Solanki, Submission Hold, Kito, Urko, John Holmes, "You're on your own now" Comp, "Reason to Believe" Comp at this address: www.flatearth.free-online.co.uk. Thanks and all the best
—Sned, Flat Earth records, 1986-2011
MRR subscriber 1983 – present

Fuck Sned... Man, you will be missed and I hope we keep hearing from you. Thanks for everything!
—Mariam

[redacted] *Wassup brohams—*
I'm writing to thank you for Greg Harvester's review of Rock the Light *Giving Up Never Felt So Good* in the May issue of your mag. GH really nailed what we were going for! He even encouraged people to buy our record, which is very appreciated.
Anyhoo, I really have one question for him. I know he only had a few column inches to use and had to spend a few of those talking about himself and how un-creative he is and searching for a way to use the incredibly descriptive word 'hipster' to describe Rock the Light, but what did he think of the solos? I think that's the pertinent question here, what did GH think of the solos!!
Thanks again for the kind words, hopefully people will follow GH's advice and buy our record so they can enjoy their life:)
—David K. Aslanian,
Guitar Player – Rock the Light

Thanks David
I'm glad we're having this discourse within the pages of this publication, which has seen its fair share of browbeating and whining over many, many years. You are welcome for the review. I hope people buy your record as well, because it takes a lot of money to press those things. I was especially un-creative with your review, I will admit, but that is only because I got bored before I even flipped over to side two. I do regret the use of the word "hipster" because it is a cop-out and vague. I should have said something closer to 'post-ironic bar rock', but even that is a little off. The solos? Well, I never really got into Guitar Player *magazine, Joe Satriani or Robert Fripp, so the technically proficient, perfect harmonic finger gymnastics were a little lost on my ears. I'm more of an early Greg Ginn / Dorothy Wiggin / John McLean kinda guy myself.*
Take care, "broham"
—GH

[redacted] *Mariam—*
Your last column was awesome. I really enjoyed reading it. I also have to have an external and an internal voice. LOL. Just wanted you to know it really was a good read. And thank you so much for keeping the zine alive. At 41, I still look forward to getting the mag in the mail every month. Probably even more at this age than in my teens. Punk/hardcore-live it or leave it.
Thanx
—Mike

Thanks so much, Mike! So glad people still look forward to MRR*!!!!*
—Mariam

Bartertown

Raw. Vegetarian. vegan food

Celebrating one year of listening to entitled self-Righteous back patting Babies talk down to the WORLD because they made a dietary choice.

VIVA LA Revolucion.

6 Jefferson St. GRand Rapids, MI

stop in while on tour this summer!

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL PRESENTS
23 BANDS
17 COUNTRIES
NORTH AMERICA
EUROPE
ASIA
AFRICA
AUSTRALIA
SOUTH AMERICA
WELCOME TO 1984
MRR's classic int'l HC comp, back in print on vinyl for the first time in 20 years! Featuring:
TERVEET KÄDET / OLHO SECO / THE CRUCIFUCKS /ELECTRIC DEADS / INFERNO
KIDNAP / N.O.T.A. / ICONS OF FILTH /R.I.P. / SKJIT-LARS / RATTUS / RAW POWER
THE BRISTLES / DEPRESSION / B.G.K. / THE STALIN / FRITES MODERN / U.B.R.
MAYHEM / RED TIDE / MORAL DEMOLITION / HEADCLEANERS / UPRIGHT CITIZENS
US $10.50 ppd • Canada/Mexico $13.00 ppd • Everywhere Else: $21.00 ppd • Limited Red Vinyl (Available for Mailorder Only)
www.maximumrocknroll.com

COLUMNS

I already miss being a guest columnist. Not because of some new pressure to get a column done every month, but rather it's missing a different kind of pressure. When you write a guest column it means you really wanted to write something, so it mattered enough for you to suck yourself up and inject your ideas out onto the world. It's like your first record. Or you could think about it like the first letter you typed up and worked on it painstakingly 'til you hit the send button—you put everything you had into it. And now I'm just afraid I will stop to care cause I'm in an establishment. And as you may have learned from my columns so far, I hate establishments. Kids: Even if you think this is cool (or especially if you don't) you should try to make something better because if you have the will you will succeed. Just make something you like and don't stop until you think it's cool. From then on no one's opinion will matter.

Anyway, I did what I just suggested above and hurray, I have become a regular columnist. Finally I can write about writing or not writing my columns. Or maybe I will just continue writing about unboyfriendable girls and drunk thoughts on music gathered together, while listening to youth noise on night buses, drafted into my falling-apart cell phone and shredded little pieces of xeroxed fliers, and with a pen the friend who is editing this gave me.

That is my face up there. I collected those scars after one of my bands played (our last show) with Supertouch. I mean the reformed Supertouch because unlike them I'm not old as fuck. I just have couple of gray hairs but I blame myself for reading Catcher in the Rye too often so I can show these half-dead parts of my mop to cashier girls instead of my ID card when I'm buying booze at train stations.

Anyway, what happened was my band played and because I'm not that into nostalgia I started hanging outside the show while Supertouch was searching for light. Sipping on the last couple bottles of our free backstage beers and somehow I happened to sit next to the roadie/merch guy for Supertouch. I bought some shots (more like Hungarian moonshine for him) and because I was too much myself they wanted to hang with me afterwards. 'Cause after all, the city I live in is a city of insane parties and cheap drinks and I know some of the lowest places, but I had another agenda. See, I wanted to get together with this girl. Later I did and she was the love of my life. So I asked her out for some after-the-gig drinks but the Supertouch guys joined us, and kinda cock blocked me. So much for not liking New York hardcore! We were about to meet at my favorite bar with these so-called legends, but we went separately. And to be a funny gentleman who I really am, I told this girl she should jump on my back and ride me like a horse. But also being the weak-ass drunk shit who I really am, I fell with her and smashed my face into the cold concrete. I shrugged it away and went on with a bleeding face into the night, met the Supertouch guys twenty minutes after, hit three bars and fought myself through a couple more shots and beers. Found out Mark Ryan was not in porn and maybe I might have rapped too often. Later on I found myself in the girl's flat and I was puking in her toilet while cracking jokes about attending the public pool.

I woke up the next morning to her temporarily-sheltered dog licking my balls. But still, there was no question when a few days later, while I played with my current band a debut show at a really drunk rehearsal room gig, I ended up at her place again making out secretly at her after-party a couple hours after some random punk friend puked on my coat.

So, kids and old farts: sometimes it's worth it to smash your face into the ground, other times it really isn't. One of the things I like to do most—and maybe I'm doing it so often that my mother once wanted to check me in to see if I'm autistic, but that was during the Cold War and she had more to worry about, like nuclear bombs and stuff… but so I like to be in my head. Is it called daydreaming? Wondering? I like to call it "being a punk" cbeause most of the people in this world are not punks and they are boring, so I have to be with myself to not wanna commit suicide out of boredom. Mix this inside my head with a one man rendezvous with music and maybe you get me.

And sometimes the bad thing is when I go out and see an awesome band play and I feel like my face had just hit some kinda wall and it's a bad, theoretical bleeding and knives in my back. This is not what's supposed to happen. Don't get me wrong I love mistakes and crazy reality, but sometimes I bless the holy Sid Vicious for the fact that most of my midnight jams' bands are disbanded or not touring the part of Europe where I live. Ignorance is bliss. 'Cause while seeing a band live is the thing, dancing and watching other people dance, getting your clothes soaked in cheap cigarette smoke while socializing with misfits... These things are cool. But sometimes what looks beautiful is rotten to the core. That's why midnight music is a safety game. Midnight music is important for me. Either it's happening out on the streets while I take night strolls or in my room laying in my bed staring at the cool mess of my room. Those are the moments when I'm just drifting, when my body is just a frame for a mind that's open for anything that comes to it. So it's like summer, when everything is alright and whatever is cool. These jams are like meditation. It's not just hitting the lotus pose with shutdown eyes, it's like in *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles 2* before they slay the bad guys—it just needs a special state of mind.

I'm kinda fragile during these nights, but that's why I'm open for everything. And many of these jams are sometimes trespassing in the guilty pleasure territories. But punx seem to hate more on bands who could be major acts than major acts themselves. And I guess on one hand it's lame that bands wanna sound like forced-to-be-listenable pop music, but on the other hand it's cooler that they could be huge but they'd rather stay in basements. Anyway, maybe those merciless haters are right and over-hyped bands are truly terrible—especially sometimes live. Sometimes they sadly are and it can be a huge let down.

Two of the most hyped living-on-the-edge-of-punk bands are Iceage and Merchandise. I've seen both bands and while I loved them on records and even traveled to see them, both of them were a huge disappointment. And somehow in some strange coincidence I should also mention, after both shows girls gave me free weed and I puked my guts out on vague streets. So my midnight music naïvety got killed those nights. Both nights everything else seemed alright: good support bands, nice venues, awesome people, booze. And I love Iceage cause they are perfect mistake punks. And these soulless, kinda Bret Easton Ellis-character-kids have this *Clockwork Orange*-esque pure violence in them. So simple and natural I feel like a pretentious asshole for using even these cliché book references. Although I don't really like riding with the "I don't give a fuck'" crowd of the 2010s, I still like people who genuinely don't give a fuck about others and live

inside their bubbles (that's why I miss being a guest columnist: I miss my bubble).

But I went to see Iceage as the next big thing—and they are so far from it. It's not their fault but it's insane that they are believed to be as if they were the only band formed by teenagers playing collapsing distorted music. When I saw them they were not yet casualties of the soulless rock biz: they were still a punk band, and somehow the same band I see every weekend at rehearsal room shows or if I go to my friends' practices. Iceage still were awkward, seemed lost and all this. But nothing made them more than my friends' bands. It's more my friends' bands are better cause they are my friends. And my friends are not being hyped to be here to save rock and roll. They are saving their lives. The world doesn't know about them cause they are lame teenagers—something Iceage stopped being thanks to the hype-age of the internet. Cause lame teenagers don't get cover press from the whole world and screaming hot hipster girls in the front row tearing the band's black metal shirts off while begging for an encore. Real punk life is not like this. This is a trick and in punk there's no gimmicks needed. Not even made-up ones. But gimmick is in a way forced on bands like Iceage by us tucking our heads way too far up in our asses and thinking, "Wow this is sooo real, like nothing else." They have a wonderful record that sounds innocent but vicious, like when you only have an idea what you want to do but not about how you want to do it. But at the same time it was recorded with an experienced guy in a good studio. And they are a great band but there are many great bands as well who luckily didn't get the spotlight.

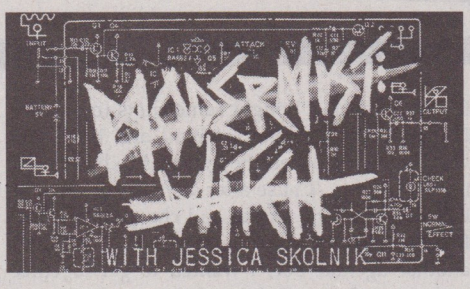
What's charming in Iceage is charming only if we stopped to notice it everywhere else. Iceage is nothing original. And all I wanted when I saw them live was to be entertained. I wanted to bang my drunk head, smile and become wet from the crowd's sweat. I wanted to feel like I still know the secret. But instead I felt like there's no secret at all, just that the world reached a point where we are all burnt out enough to think they are a uniquely great band. No, it's pure punk that's great because Iceage is just like everyone else who's raw, distorted and honestly fucked up. Except to see them is a bit more expensive.

But I still remember everything else that happened that night. And in a way I forgot Iceage. I'm sure they are still great on record, in my room with me imagining who they are, what they are doing and why they are doing it. I mean it's not as big of a fault to be unable to reproduce your magic live as if you were Skrewdriver.

And Merchandise, I have to mention too. Since I saw them I'm constantly listening to their new record. And it's great. It's a perfect ode to a night of high hopes and pre-broken hearts and import beers. Night lights and crossing bridges with loud night buses. Meeting friends and getting lost in your hometown. Being half awake after another ten hour shift and dancing in your mind, or being alone at work and dancing to full volume. Music for parties under blankets. But live, it was just... It was nothing. Sterile chaps who wanna get signed to Factory Records, but this is not the Hacienda and no super high girl offered us free MDMA. Although the record is still great.

Current midnight jam: Cro Mags' "Down But Not Out," but not without the image of Tony Molina stomping my spoiled brain. Caged Animal 2012.

vargyai.viktor@gmail.com / punkersblock.blogspot.com



Look Back And...

Nostalgia's literally nothing new, and in punk I've found it's got almost a mythical oral-tradition aspect to it. As we recall shows and tours and people we've met through punk and Where We Were When We Bought That Record, and Oh My God, Do You Remember Those Fucking Outfits We Wore, Look At My *Hair* Here—we keep traditions alive as well as contributing to a collage of a glued-together Thing That Is Hardcore/Punk, a thing that can seem very fractured at times. We have our artifacts, our records and tapes and t-shirts and photos, and we have our stories, our narratives that we use to make sense and meaning out of our experiences and aesthetics. We have our zine libraries. We have our archival blogs, digitizing out-of-print and unavailable records (this is one of the best things about the internet to me, quite honestly—while part of me is a little grouchy that you don't *have* to spend a bazillion years searching through crates for particular albums any longer and that it's harder for deals to be had, part of me is thrilled at the ease of entering a keyword into eBay or Discogs or whatever).

My sense of What Punk Was when I first started getting into it was very much shaped by the older people I knew, not just what they were living but what they were remembering. I would imagine that younger kids have all those extra years of history to refer to.

Add in the fact that over the last ten years our ability to share and transmit information has sped up to a level that I personally thought was inconceivable and things really start to get weird. Hyperfocusing on one aspect of a scene's history can lead to the repackaging, reinterpretation and revival of that scene several times over ('80s hardcore, Riot Grrrl, you name it). Trends come back around, after all. I think it's a worthwhile project to look at how that happens.

Nostalgia's fun to engage in. It's bonding, it's enjoyable—hey, we were both there! Remember that?—and it's good to have a sense of history and a sense of context in pretty much all things. What is dangerous and unsettling about it is the fact that the process of remembering and revisiting selects out certain details and glosses over or outright omits others. When it comes to remembered events, that's just how human memory works—the recollections and storytelling/narrative-building process. You'll probably pull out certain details based on what you know your audience values, personally and culturally and the story will start skewing in a certain direction.

What's interesting to me about things like Tumblr and Facebook is that, though a vast amounts of information is available and archived on blogs and profiles, that information is curated and it moves relatively quickly. Contextualization isn't necessary. I always source images and try to hyperlink contextual information (probably because I'm older than the average Tumblr user, and also because I do a ton of archiving at work, and also because I am, you know, me) but a lot of people don't. A scanned flyer appears and rarely do we know who drew it. A band photo appears and rarely do we know who took it. Sometimes we get a year a record came out (though that itself is limited information), sometimes we don't. What does any subculture look like when seen through the double Vaseline lens of memory and curation? It looks very, very different than the complicated experiences of the people who made those images, who played in those bands, who are pictured in the front row, who were and are the missing context. I really like long-form interviews and documentaries, but those are of course framed in their own right, otherwise they wouldn't be able to be processed.

Side note: I've found that the more social privileges you have, the more contextlessness is valued. You don't *need* to anchor something in lived experience, so you don't. When you need to, that context becomes all-important.

Of course, it's also not just the transmittal of historical information in the nostalgia process that is selective, it's the receipt. As the teller of the story will highlight and frame said story around certain details, so as the audience we will hear most loudly the themes and details that we are particularly interested in.

That's precisely why I find revival trends so interesting—what gets selected out, aesthetically and narratively and what gets included says a whole lot about where we are as a mainstream culture and as a subculture. Like, the persistence of Nth-wave basketball-jersey youth crew, the trend that never really died, its audience just shrunk and moved to the 'burbs for the most part—why? What does that say about What Punk Means To (Some) People? (I don't have an answer, though I have some theories that I won't really get into here because they're kinda half-cocked.)

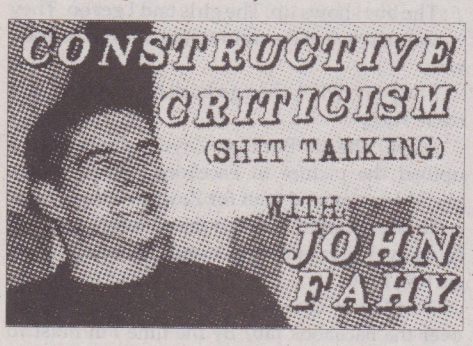
I'm not even going to pretend to know what punk looks like to someone getting into it now. I have my suspicions that it is not all that different from when I was a kid and that at the same time it is vastly different, that there is a sense of slippage. Punk's not dead, it's just decayed and revived.

Of course we build on what has gone before. For that reason, there's precious little in punk that can be called "authentic," even as we have a sense of it being organic and meaningful. That

sense of authenticity is highly personal—what we call authentic is what is most meaningful to us—and really dangerous when we start trying to gatekeep around it.

Hazy polaroids. Booking out of the back of a zine. A table with a probably well-meaning person serving tasteless and unfortunate vegan slop. Smoking cigarettes on the stoop and pretending to be tougher than you were. Gas station jackets and knee socks and thrifted airline bags. Hanging out in the parking lot blasting tapes you'd made of records you really loved. Sharpie on your hand at school the next day. Drinking too much on a couch someone dragged out of an alley a few months back. Not drinking too much on a couch someone dragged out of an alley a few months back. Tour war stories. It's all meaningful and evocative to me: what is meaningful and evocative to you?

You can talk to me: modernistwitch@gmail.com / modernistwitchery.tumblr.com (come for the cool images & youtubes, stay for the griping, critical thought and history).



Here Comes The Summer

The above is from the awful chorus of an UNDERTONES number that my pal Aysia can't stand to hear. It's just too lovely and wonderful and positively-sung to stand for even a second. "Teenage Kicks" is a solid tune and said to be the favorite of John Peel, but I feel it is just too overplayed. For my money, "Family Entertainment" is the all-time UNDERTONES anthem. Supposedly a film set in the Northern Ireland punk scene circa '78 is being filmed in the province now and I am looking forward to seeing the portrayal of the UNDERTONES, STIFF LITTLE FINGERS, etc. along with the Warzone venue and the bizarre reality of punk music born in a place that was literally a warzone. With my luck, it will be like the GERMS movie and I will be forced to barf on my tits. Yikes.

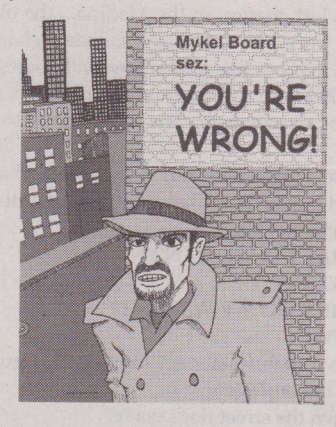
Still, summer is here in Southwest Florida. It's getting fucking hot and going to Europe for twelve days for PANZRAM/AUTARKEIA tour can't come soon enough. It's actually fucking cold there, at least cold to us amphibian mutants numbed by relentless, sanity-challenging mosquito attacks. Our stoic German host Lars is coming to tour the U.S. with his band REPUBLIC OF DREAMS, (shrieking, wailing, sonic swirls of chaotic hardcore) shortly after we return and I'm eager to see his impression of the U.S. as well as how he reacts to the sweltering swamp we live in here in Fort Myers. Our tour is not yet fully booked and I am hoping for an incursion into the unknown land of Poland since hearing the .WSZANIEC LP and discovering the realm of Polish noise rock with bands like WOODY ALIEN, KRZYCZ and my favorite, EWA BRAUN. If any from the UNWOUND to AmRep noise rock genre sets your goody-bits on fire then you should investigate this little niche... I am hoping to, in person. Updates to follow. For now, let's jam.

I have some substantial releases I totally slept on upon initial release this month to jabber about, like the ELSINORES' *You're The One* EP on Karmic Swamp records. This record is a further improvement of what this bubblegummy trio has been going for with some infectious reverbed guitar leads and supremely charismatic vocals reminiscent of Joey Ramone?! One track features guest vocals while another rendition of their JOY DIVISION cover appears here also. There is some garage elements at play here and also some golden-age pop. These kitties are recording once again and I think they're going to top this one so keep an eye out! Drummer/vocalist sent me this EP with a badass package including bootleg BAUHAUS and JOY DIVISION shirts that are truly righteous. Karmic Swamp can provide you with one of these fine EPs here: karmicswamp@gmail.com. Another one I've carelessly ignored is the *House of Beating Hell* EP from SALVATION. This band has thrown me some with each release. Their first LP is a hardcore gem, but stayed true to formula in ways their second did not. The *Mortality Interactions* LP contained some of the angriest hardcore backed with undeniably catchy songwriting and inventive drumming and song structures, while never losing an overall distinctly bleak, negative, disgusting atmosphere. This band has a distinctly post-punk, original approach to writing hardcore songs. The newest EP continues in the same fashion, beating listeners less with hardcore ferocity and more with undeniable grimness. Deathmarch melodies and soul-shattering freezing temperatures abound on this mid-paced classic. These songs have drawn me in and convinced me to abandon hope! Insidious in the best way, SALVATION convey what few bands can; it's a cold world and you should hurt yourself. These should still be available from Youth Attack...

My pal Ryan in Michigan hit me up with a new demo from his band, DIPSHIT SYSTEM. This fucking thing swings exactly the way I want a hardcore demo to! Here exists a rowdy, loose, rawness that leans back to the *New Breed* comp of the 1988 New York era. This tape is bursting with circle pit explosions, occasional blasts, barely-hanging-on vocals and lyrics blasting just about everything in life and punk that is bogus. A damn notable debut from this crew. Included in this same package was a tape from SHATTERED BADGE, another Grand Rapids local. This has a somewhat INFEST-y vibe going and like INFEST, this band can be alternately brutal and a good time. Abrupt, pissed, blast-ridden and pummeling, this has some triumphant marches and unruly melees all over it. DIPSHIT SYSTEM and SHATTERED BADGE, (who have been around for some time) both share one thing aside from locale; these guitars sound fucking heavy. Ryan can be reached here: P.O. Box 1148 Grand Rapids, MI 49501 USA

From the first needle placement, the XTRA VOMIT/CLOUD RAT split LP fucking detonates. CLOUD RAT will crush, grind and destroy and suddenly burst into total atmospheric mid-paced euphoria, tragic, melodic dirges and then drag you back to the punishment. The aggression and ferocity here is simply too much and can only originate from real-ass hate. Fuck the bullshit. This is extreme music with no posturing. How this band's tunes can enrage, enslave and bludgeon and leave you begging for more is straight-up, fucking Harry-Potter-magical. XTRA VOMIT grind on with occasional circle pit tornadoes dropping in periodically, but the catchiest aspect of their songs are the stop-start abrupt, awkward measures that induce air punching hysteria. VOMIT's side adds some bleak, stomping dirge parts, crushing breakdowns and hysterical, desperate vocals. Nervous, chaotic, schizophrenic music for absurd times, this is the best I've heard this crew yet. XTRA VOMIT drop four full sheets of lyrics and explanations, as always, blasting their message as loud as their hardcore. Much of the fodder here concerns relationships, food politics and societal pressure, all conveyed with an anti-judgmental, realistic maturity lacking in a lot of political hardcore. Another fold-out sheet accompanies lyrics and messages from CLOUD RAT and label honcho Pickle-Pants. A hell of a release. Get one from Nev here - ifbrecords@gmail.com.

Contact me here: fahy_john@hotmail.com or John Fahy/15011 lakeside view drive/apt. 2402/Fort Myers/FL/33919/USA



"Christians raise the armies. Muslims raise the buildings. Jews raise the money."

– Jeraldine Brooks

TANGIER, MY FIRST STOP? LAST STOP?: Before leaving New York, I'd planned to write: *The first thing you notice about Africa is that there are a lot of Negroes here.*

That's not the case. Tangier is whiter than Paris and only slightly more Arabic.

I'm staying with Zayd, my Moroccan couch-surfing host. We talk politics and religion.

"So," I tell him, "Muslims don't eat pork. Women can't show their hair. Animals have to be killed with a slit throat and drained of blood. You need to pray several times a day. Men are snipped at the tip of the good part. Some Muslims don't follow all the rules. Kind of reform."

Zayd nods.

"That means," I say, "that Muslims are a kind of Jew."

He laughs... puts a finger to his lip. "That's right, but don't say it too loud."

More talk. How religion can be a prison... especially if religious laws become the laws of the land... like in Morocco, Israel or The United States.

"I don't know about Israel or the U.S.," Zayd says. "But here, we have a law that says if a woman is raped, she must marry the rapist! It's incredible. Women kill themselves because they don't want to live with a rapist. Can you believe it?"

"Well," I tell him. "among Jews, if a woman's husband dies, she has to marry her dead-husband's brother."

"That's bad," he says, "but not *as* bad."

I have to agree with him.

"What about Arab Spring?" I ask him. "Aren't people getting riled up... demanding change?"

"Arab spring touched Morocco," he says, "but then it went away. The king is too smart. The whole thing started in Tunisia and spread. Just one guy setting himself on fire. But in Morocco... the king knows how to handle it. Focus the problem somewhere else..."

We're out looking for a couscous restaurant. Quick, name two Moroccan foods. Yeah, I can't think of another one either. It would be a pity to leave Tangier, my first outpost in the country, without trying couscous.

Couscous places: All closed, changed to fast food... or "sorry couscous is only for lunch."

One last chance, in the Medina... the old city by the port... twisted streets, shady characters hidden in robes like ghetto boys in hoodies.

We head for a restaurant Zayd knows. There are cops everywhere. The streets are closed to traffic.

From somewhere far away comes chanting. Not religious, but like at a demonstration. A dumb chant... like

WHAT DO WE WANT?
JUSTICE!
WHEN DO WE WANT IT?
NOW!

"It's a manifestation," says Zayd. I guess he means *demonstration*.

Down the street flags wave.

"What's it about?" I ask.

"I don't know," says Zayd. "Let's go see."

We do.

The demo is split into little blocks. One section, then a space... another section... another space.

I don't notice at first, but Zayd sees it right away.

"Look," he says. "It's men... then woman... then men again. Not both together. Maybe it's a protest against the rape law. The women want their own space."

Whatever it is, it certainly is vehement. Chanting, flag-waving... some dancing... in a big circle... like a man-only hora.

After a while, Zayd turns to me.

"Now I know why the men and women are separate," he tells me. "It's conservative. Islamist."

I raise my eyebrows... the universal language for *just keep talking*.

He looks at me and gives an *oh-well-I-guess-I'd-better-tell-him* shrug.

"It's an anti-Israel demonstration," he says. "It's pro-Palestinian. I hate it."

"Are you a Zionist?" I don't ask him, but he knows what I'm thinking. He shakes his head like a math teacher explaining calculus to a retard.

"Mykel," he says, "Israel is on the other side of Africa. We can do nothing about it except make noise. That's what I was talking about. The government loves manifestations like this. It stops people thinking about what's going on *here*... what we *can* do something about... like the rape law..."

In disgust, he turns from the demonstration. We go to a restaurant for a fine dinner of Moroccan pea soup—served so hot it continues to boil while you eat it—and a sweet green mint tea—the tastiest drink I've had on this trip.

After dinner, we return to Zayd's place. He hasn't let me pay for a thing! No food. No taxi. No nothing. Here I am the rich $20 an hour American and this Moroccan guy, an intern at an insurance company, zero salary... nothing... pays for me!

Yeah the streets are dirty... the air dusty... and they don't drink (in public, anyway)... yet these people are the quickest friends this side of Trinidad.

Friday is Zayd's last full day as an intern. On Saturday, he'll be home by noon... as a free man!

Flash to Friday 11AM: I'm in a park, near Zayd's place. I sit on a bench, soaking up the clouds, alternately writing in my journal and reading *Tropic of Cancer*.

I put stickers all over the cover of the book. It showed a breast. Most of my travel will be in Muslim countries where they're not too fond of breasts on book covers.

On another bench in the park is a young man (early twenties?) with two women about the same age. One of the women wears a headscarf. The other, has a freer, more bouncy look. I see them looking at me, giggling, looking away, then looking again. I look back and smile.

Both girls come over and start speaking to me... in French. The one in the headscarf asks, "Est-ce que tu es un philosof?"

"Philosof?" I ask, "Pourquoi?"

"Tu escris," she says.

"Je suis ecrivain," I say. "Mai je ne suis pas philosof."

We talk a bit more. As soon as it comes out that I'm from New York, they call in the boy. He's a big guy, bad skin in an adolescent way, with a very friendly face and big smile. He introduces himself as Joussau.

I explain to the crew that I need to go to the train station to buy Sunday's ticket to Agadir. Only I have no idea where the train station is, let alone how to get there. They speak to each other in Arabic. The guy speaks to me.

"The girls will take you to the train station," he says. "You can go by bus. They will show you."

"Wow, that's great!" I tell them. Yeah, Moroccan instant friends.

We walk together to the bus stop. They're students, they say. They show me a text book. One book: science, math, French, English... two pages of irregular verbs.

"Before we go," I ask. "can I have a picture of all of us together?"

They giggle, but agree and stop an old lady who takes our picture.

Joussau asks me, "Can you give me your face?"

"Huh?" I don't say. "I've only known you for half an hour. Isn't that a bit quick?"

What I do say, in French, is *pardon?*

"Your name on Facebook," he says. "We should be friends."

Not sure whether to be relieved or disappointed, I write Mykel Board on a scrap of paper and give it to him.

"Let's meet again tomorrow," says Joussau.

"Sure," I say, really liking these guys.

I give them my phone number and point to the building I'm staying in. "I'm right over there," I tell them. "I'll see you tomorrow."

The bus shows up. The girls and I get on. They wave good bye at the train station and go on their way.

I buy my ticket, then go back to Zayd's to give some Face.

Flash ahead: Back at Zayd's apartment, I upload the picture to Facebook, add my new friend Joussau and wait for Zayd's return.

In the meantime, I start this column, keep up my travel blog and check out my next couch-surfing host.

You know how those little numbers pop up over the Facebook tab? By the time I'm finished couch-surfing—15 minutes at the most—the number is up to 37.

I go back to Facebook. It's the picture I posted from Tangier... with the tagline "Can you give me your face?"

There are a ton of comments.

- *Those girls are hot.*
- *Mykel, you should give them all your face.*
- *"Wow, Mykel you move fast."*

and more.

There's also a message from Jousau.

"Take off the foto. *Todee!* Now! the girls are *offendeded.* they don' like it. why you do that? Take off now!"

One of the comments under the picture is from a friend of Joussau's.

Hey man. They make fun of us. You see man?

I immediately take down the picture and write a fawning letter of apology... I'm sorry... I didn't realize... I didn't mean to...

I don't get an answer. I guess they're still pissed.

Flash to Saturday: I was supposed to meet those guys today... hang out... but that won't happen now. They're mad because of the picture.

Ah well, Fayd will be back by noon, so I'll have something to do. Maybe find a couscous place.

I walk downstairs to get some coffee at the local cafe.

On the front porch, with two friends, is Jousau. He's all smiles... introduces me to his friends...

we shake hands.

"Hey Mykel," he says, "we still meet you at 4:30... after school."

"Sure," I say, a bit shaken, but happy I ran into him and saw that everything's okay. "I'll meet you right here in front of this building."

I think about Zayd. "Can I bring a friend?" I ask. "He'd like to join us."

Joussau is startled by the request, but agrees.

We part company. I go to buy a toothbrush and some water. He goes to school. Then I sit in a cafe and enjoy a cup of coffee with an omelet. I rip apart a piece of baguette, and use it to soak up the yolk. The yellow stain, slowly seeping through the bread, inspires the deadly insight. A finger snap: Of course!

It was no coincidence that Joussau was there on the porch... exactly when I walked out. What are the odds on that? No! He and his friends were there all morning... just waiting...talking... planning their day. They needed to be sure they wouldn't miss me... to trap me... catch me off guard... guarantee I'd meet them... no way to give 'em the slip now, right?

Are they working with Al Qaeda? Is there a bounty on my head? Sure meet me at four, get me in a car, and Pow! Off with my head.

What doesn't make sense is taking Zayd. Maybe they didn't want to arouse suspicion. He'll be a sacrifice for the cause. He'll go quick. Not like my rusty scissors castration.

Jeezus! I'm gonna be murdered here... head shipped to Barack... maybe they'll name a war after me.

I finish my coffee and return to Zayd's apartment. It's time to get my affairs in order.

The phone vibrates. A text... from Zayd... ***Sorry Mykel. I won't be home until later today. Something has come up.***

Fuck! He's in on it. Part of the conspiracy. Probably told them about my *Is a Muslim a Kind of Jew* joke. That should up the reward on me.

It's noon now. Joussau will be waiting for me at 4:30. At 3:35 he texts me: *Don't forget about meeting me today!*

Yeah, like I could forget.

Zayd is back by 4. Maybe he's not part of this after all. He's just in time to meet the carful of young men downstairs... waiting for us when we leave. He gets in the car. I get in the car. There are already three others inside.

Joussau introduces me to them. The ones who will do the actual beheading, castrating, or worse.

"This is Mehdi," he says pointing to the driver. "He speaks English very well. He commented on your Facebook page."

Fuck! That's the guy who said, *They make fun of us.* He hates me! I shake hands with him.

Then he gestures to the guy sitting next to me... dark-skinned... extremely handsome... and a giant... six-six at least... hands bigger than my face.

"This is Rachman El Batoum," says Joussau. The guy takes my hand in his. He can touch his thumbs to his knuckles on the other side. He does.

"Rachman is a boxer," says Mehdi, "one of the best in Africa."

So, he's trying to scare me. Well, I don't scare very easily.

I'm scared.

The car starts and we're on our way... to Al Quaeda headquarters? To the tree stump chopping block?... To the rusty castration scissors?

Maybe the cops will find something. I wonder if I'll make the history books... a footnote at least?

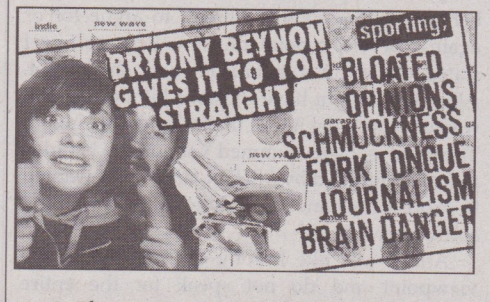
***

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or blog viewers (mykelsblog.blogspot.com/) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column]

-->*Told you so dept:* In the last column, I wrote how boycotts are a bad way to deal with speech issues. If you use them, others will use them against you. So Starbucks supports gay marriage. And... here comes the boycott. The National Organization for Marriage is organizing it. Will Starbucks apologize like Rush did?

-->*You should know dept:* Couchsurfing.com is a great website. It has members from everywhere. You can stay with people around the world... for free. I've stayed with people in Italy, Morocco, Trinidad, France and Australia. People from a dozen countries have stayed with me, including a pair from Lebanon, who cooked... on my own stove... the best meal ever cooked there.

Even with punkrock cred up the urethra, you still need couch-surfing. Give me your face there.



1. This morning. Cycling through Brixton's main thoroughfare, whizzing down its high street, the main road, past the never-ever-empty bustling pavements and always swelling crowd of humans in one of two camps: either on their way to somewhere else, head-down-no-thank-you or resolutely present, whiling away time at market stalls selling everything from Moroccan hash to harissa paste, Nation of Islamers flogging newspapers in a bowtie at the tube station, *Big Issue* sellers. This is the end of the line, after all. Potential gentrifiers flocking to Brixton (we have artisanal everything now) know they will have to cope with the stench of every kind of fish from the market, catcalling traders and battle for space with the biggest yams you've ever seen, thankfully all still too real to be subsumed into anyone else's authentic-ethnic-gritty-blogger spectacle. You can still buy weed easy outside the KFC even though they made it illegal again.

As I reach the junction, this world, my world, seems unbearably, nauseatingly oversaturated. The filigrees on the high railings protecting the old houses as the road pans wider, which are split into flats of course, hit me in the face with their intricacy in a way they never normally do. The council-initiated green areas plonked clumsily between squats and dilapidated social housing are bursting with daffodils. I topple suddenly over a pothole and nearly fall off my bike. I realize this is less to do with some poetic sensorial moment I'm having, and more because I've just invested in some new contact lenses (eyesight worsening, it'll be grey hairs next) and the depth of focus I'm experiencing with my new prescription, the feeling of air whoosing around my eyelashes where my smudgy glasses usually sit, is all very new. Even the red double-decker buses: red for "angry" and red for "stop") seem a brighter shade today. The council stays red here, too, so the news this morning of local council and mayoral elections gaining yet more seats for the Labour Party, because this is the last place in London likely to elect a Conservative *anything*, where eyes narrow and teeth are sucked at the mere mention of the police, for obvious, blood-borne historical reasons that even recent inhabitants of this little corner of the capital feel in their bones.

2. Irreparables demo. A bolt from the blue (Brighton via Spain at least, Teo of Otan y Firmeza 10 on the drums here) ten songs of fully realized DIY punk perfection. No distortion, no feedback, Spanish and English language versions of the simplest songs dueling easily with Gwilym and Nagore trading verses and guitar and bass sounding both clean as a whistle and honest to a fault. Everything about this is totally spellbinding, half-accidental, perfect. I *love this.* Sonically the UKDIY imperfect shamble is the path being trod, but lightly and with little to no trace of the labored pastiche that often infects modern versions of that homage. I don't know a hell of a lot about this band's existence (pretty sure they didn't play any shows and this tape was recorded last summer) but "I wanna wanna wanna make a fanzine / I'm in the resource centre now / everything is bloody fun" might be the best lyrics ever? You can hear this on the Yootube (wild video mining futures) and there must still be tapes?

3. I'm numerical this month in fitting format tribute to Layla, as this is the first issue without her as a coordinator of *MRR.* It's both literally and metaphorically true to say I wouldn't be writing this if its weren't for her—inspirer of big dreams, best SF tourguide and hippy pizza fiend, born perfectionist and workaholic, keyholder to secret girl punk underground I knew so little of but a few years ago, the funnest record-shopping partner with and person in no small part responsible, making it OK for *MRR* to cover bands that wear cardigans and make quiet music as well as noizzze. Boom. Big Quoddy boots to fill. Find that Foams 7", make a band, swim in the ocean, stay cynical, punk forever.

4. I was late to the party when it came to girl punk epiphanies. I didn't bedroom dance to Bratmobile, I brooded, felt weird about feeling like "the only girl" even though I never was and existed on a diet of NYHC and bad pop punk, while doing my best not to unpack the reasons why a world of dudes that were meant to be my

friends encouraged me to judge all the women around us to the harshest, most unattainable standards. Years later, when we talk about making punk better, more radical, challenging, etc, we gotta remember that not everyone is surrounded by a community of enlightened allies. I certainly am not, as I am reminded harshly every time I walk through the gig and hear "get back in the kitchen" as a punchline, or when I watch my female friends battle for space in record collector chat. I have played four shows this week and after every single set I've scolded myself for nodding and smiling at people that Morrissey would much rather kick in the eye (Eff that guy, but you know). Yeah, I'm so pleased to hear from you that my guitar playing sounds like your nine year old sister and yeah, isn't it just so cool how we like totally don't seem to care that we can't play, and yes please I do need more guitar in the monitor.

One more time for the stragglers: this isn't some art prank, we didn't ask to be a spectacle, and our apparently outrageous refusal to pander to the "right way to play" will outlast all boring duderock rules forever. Still, these things are hard to say out loud, and when you do, as I have learnt recently, you will have that second, minute, weekend where you feel completely, irrevocably alone, because standing up for yourself, with or without a guitar, is tantamount to sacrilege in a punk social order that says bow your head, take whatever condescending bullshit that's thrown at you with a appreciative smile and a curtsy, or else be an uptight bitch that everyone hates. I know what I choose, but what I am saying is that sometimes the socialized nature of what's, let's face it, not a lot more than sexist bullshit, is so ingrained that you have to get numbed, just to survive. I'll never know what I might have done differently if this revelation had come earlier, if I hadn't felt crushed by the weight of my own powerlessness in so many situations, just trying to get along. If you yourself are willing to risk "...awkward" and stand up for somebody else, you might just be part of that de-numbing process for someone who'll thank you later.... bryonybeynon@gmail.com

I don't know if many of you noticed, but for a while No Idea had stopped advertising in *MRR*. Which isn't a shock. Distros, labels and what-have-yous start and stop running ads all the time and for all kinds of reasons. But this time it was actually a major bummer because No Idea pulled their ads out in anger. Out of disgust and disappointment. In their eyes, we'd really crossed the line this time and their feelings were hurt. And to my surprise, this bad blood couldn't be blamed on Brace, Logan, Tim Yo or Mariam's Scion roll-call. Nope, this fiasco was started by none other than *MRR*'s Bryony Beynon. In issue #343 Bryony used her column to detail her feelings on five seemingly unrelated records. Among them was COMBATWOUNDEDVETRAN's *I Know A Girl Who Developes Crime Scene Photos*, which was put out by No Idea some twelve-thirteen years ago. The review was favorable, but concluded with her saying it's too bad the label "is now mired in heinous beer-d koozie plaid rock 'lol' bro rape joke cheese fest singalong chest pump hell." Sesh! I can see how Var flipped. I'd be irate too if someone used that to describe a project I'd been involved with over the last 20 years.

But of course it didn't end there. The folks at No Idea wrote a letter to Bryony and she made reference to it in her column a few issues later. It was one of those end notes that seemed like an apologetic re-evaluation at first, but ended with a few subtle jabs still thrown in. It ended up not being an apology at all. Just one of those "I'm sorry your feelings were hurt, but I'm still right" kind of statements. (That wasn't a quote, I was just paraphrasing). While I do think she could have been a bit more empathetic, I don't think she was entirely wrong. A lot of close minded turd bags listen to No Idea's brand of punk. If you've ever been to Gainesville Fest, you know what I mean. But the acceptance (or even tolerance) of misogyny has never been a message I've heard disseminated by a band on No Idea. And I've heard a lot! (Maybe this is the part in the column where you empathize for me). But my intentions behind writing all this weren't to argue for or against Bryony's point of view, because like I stated earlier, in a significant way she's right. Although I might have chosen a bit more tactful way of expressing it. But that's besides the point. The point is, I was bummed Var and the No Idea folks felt attacked by *MRR* at large and I wanted to express how another individual long-running shitworker felt.

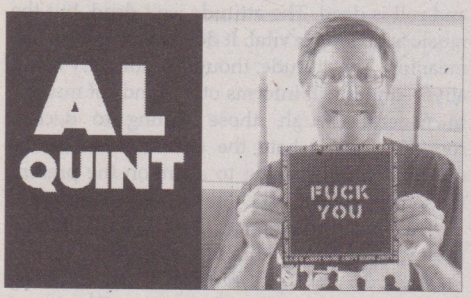
And I, just like Bryony, am just one single viewpoint and do not speak for the entire magazine. The following is an open letter from me to Var:

Dear Var, this is Fred over at *MRR*. We've never met, but I know who you are and I'm guessing you know who I am. I base that solely on the fact that you're consciously aware of people bad mouthing your label in these pages. Cause I've certainly given you a cocktail of euphoric and horrific reviews over the past five or six years. That CHEAP GIRLS / LEMURIA split may have been the worst record I reviewed last year, while the THIS IS MY FIST LP was on my short list for best records of the last decade. Or maybe you were even a regular reader before issue #343 found itself mashed into a ball and thrown across your room. And actually that's what I wanted to talk about. I know there was a column who *MRR* printed recently that made some seeming irrationally harsh judgments about your label and its clientele. That sucked. Your label doesn't deserve that type of stigma. I know you have never consciously supported Jock-bros, rape-jokes or offensive shitheads in general. But look, you put out HOT WATER MUSIC records, you had to see this coming. Nothing wrong with HOT WATER MUSIC. They made a good record and at least two others that were at least "alright." But bonehead jock punks have a total hard-on for these guys. They're like our Pearl Jam. HWM is to "Clean Hoodie" punks, what THIS BIKE IS A PIPEBOMB was to folk punk. The most identifiable band with this crowd by like a mile. Unless you count Epitaph, NOFX or BLINK-182 types, which a lot of punks view as outsiders. Like they don't even count as punk if they are over eighteen, ya know? And people don't think about the BANANAS when they think about Plan-It-X, they think about beards, campfires, that guy who won't stop playing that acoustic guitar and TBIAPB. And when people think about No Idea they don't think about HIGH DIVE. They think about shirtless dudes wasted at Fest, backwards hats and HWM. Cause you're always gonna be mentally associated with the worst, loudest, most annoying crowd you attract. And it's totally unfair to be judged by the people who like your music. Or one small fraction of the people who like your music. Totally unfair. Like last time I was at a NAKED AGGRESSION show, there was a guy close to me who took off his jacket. I didn't notice that this exposed his White Power tattoos, but about four or five fists noticed. He, his beefcake friend and a couple of angry punks subsequently got kicked out of the club. My memory of NAKED AGGRESSION that night is hazy, at best. But I remember that fight clear as day. And if I had never listened to them before or after that show and today some one asked me about NAKED AGGRESSION I'd say "I remember them being cool, but I think they have sketchy White Power ties." You see what I'm getting at?

Then there's Gainesville Fest. Your label is linked to that fest with iron-clad cuffs. Honestly I've never been, but we've all heard the stories. All these party animal-types flying into town to get annihilated and make it a "Fest to remember." Like it's Vegas or something. Anyone who's opened a *Razorcake* has seen pictures of Fest and it's fucking scary! A thousand kids freaking out over MODERN MACHINES; what is wrong with these people!? My friend Brino is the only person I've ever gotten to look me in the eye and admit he "likes the MODERN MACHINES" yet somehow they can fill a huge club at Fest. Ack! But seriously, to a lot of people, Gainesville Fest looks like this crazy celebration of debauchery fueled by PBR and that pop-punk shit (that they don't like in the first place). They look at these pictures and think "these are the kids of NO IDEA." Once again getting judged by the loudest, most annoying, most shirtless dude at your Fest.

Okay wait, I'm getting distracted. I didn't write this letter to rag on you. Actually the opposite; I wrote this letter to tell you I think you're really awesome. Not only awesome, but also important. Your label is consistently putting out solid records (many of them even great) and you operate maybe the second-best distro in the country. And for pop-punk, it's the best distro by a mile, nothing even comes close! Your distro was the only place I could find the FROZEN TEENS LP and that's the best record to come

out all year. The fact that NO IDEA exists makes things a lot cooler to me (and a bunch of other people, I'd bet). Which is also why I'm bummed you felt iced by a group of punks that I really identify with. One of the things I like most about *MRR* is that it covers the full spectrum of punk. While most facets of our culture are narrowing their focus to speak to a pinpoint niche audience, *MRR* maintains its vision of covering all things punk. I saw you placed an ad again this month. That rules, I really hope you feel included in this mess. You've got at least one ally.



Shots Across the Bow

Not too long ago, I was posting some music on that well-known social media site whose name starts with F and ends with k. There's a well-known word that also starts and ends with those letters and some might equivocate the pair but, moving right along, the song I posted was "Suspect Device" by STIFF LITTLE FINGERS. I wrote how the opening guitar riff to that song still shakes me up every time I hear it. A distorted fuzz-bomb that immediately hits you in the gut and then Jake Burns opens his mouth and sings, in a hoarse cadence, "Inflammable material planted in my head / It's a suspect device that's left 2000 dead." Goddamned fucking inspiring to this day. So much that I originally named my radio show "Inflammable Material" but, due to certain speech difficulties i.e. it's hard for me to pronounce the word inflammable, the show's moniker was changed to "Sonic Overload" a few months later. The first time I heard "Suspect Device" was in August of 1979—it was actually the single version and the album version trumps it, since it's way more raw and urgent-sounding. Either way, it's a perfect opening to one of SLF's greatest songs, a timeless punk anthem to this day.

That got me to thinking about the best opening riffs and intros that start an album, EP or single. It's common message board/social network fodder but it's always an intriguing topic. The second you drop the needle, it grabs your attention—something that shakes you up, that gets the blood going, the head banging. I think you know what I mean.

BLACK FLAG introduced themselves to the world in 1978 with a brash Greg Ginn guitar riff and a drum roll for "Nervous Breakdown." That's what I mean by a shot across the bow. It's a warning, a clarion call that they're here to kick your ass, fuck up your brain and Keith Morris's vocals certainly convey an abundance of brain-fray of his own.

SLAYER's "Angel Of Death" from *Reign In Blood* (please allow me to sneak in one major label record, oh great column editor) starts with a completely sick guitar riff/drum slam that leaps out of the speakers, quickly joined by Tom Araya's banshee wail. Evil lies ahead and Slayer are more than happy to provide the soundtrack. The start of POISON IDEA's *Kings of Punk* album attacks in a somewhat similar fashion—"Lifestyles" commences with an abrupt burst of guitar 'n' drums merged together and quickly careening into a manic thrash onslaught.

DISCHARGE just about always opened their records with bombast and terror but I'll keep it down to three of 'em. "Realities of War," off their first 7", starts with what came to be known as the D-beat. It's a galloping drum pattern that broke new punk ground. The opening of the *Hear Nothing, See Nothing, Say Nothing* album also starts with drums but they're more of the cascading variety, the doorway to the enveloping barrage that quickly pulls you in. Finally, there's a song that starts with a chunky, razor-like riff and that's "State Violence State Control." I've listened to this song literally hundreds of times. It could be over 1000 times at this point. Who knows? Same effect every time. Also from the UK, DISORDER start "More Than Fights" with a brief 12-or-so-second, ominous five chord guitar progression, then the drums kick in and the word "FIIIIIGHT" punctuates the air. They quickly move to the speed-driven tumult that takes you through the rest of the songs, with segments bridged by feedback-drenched lulls.

As for songs with the best intros, what I mean is an opening segment that lasts, generally, from half a minute to nearly two minutes in some instances. A great intro sets the mood and creates a feeling that something exciting is about to happen. An anticipatory build-up to what you hope will be a cataclysmic payoff. That definitely happens with the following selections. BLACK FLAG accomplished that with the original single of "Six Pack." Chuck Dukowski's bass leads the way on this one, joined by building drums and then Ginn's six string squall. It's better without the vocal interjection of the version on the *Damaged* album.

Bass is also the instigating instrument for BL'AST's "Only Time Will Tell," the opening track on *It's In My Blood*. This is the longest passage, clocking in at 1:41, with the four-string weapon soon joined by a haunting guitar line and powerful drumming that builds to a heavy climax before easing into a mid-tempo rocker. Sure, there are some similarities to Flag's superior "I've Heard It Before" (and they're a lot more brazen about it during "Look Into Myself") but they add something to it and push it in a slightly different direction.

A howling bit of feedback starts CHAOS UK's *No Security* EP, followed by a feisty, near-tribal drum buildup, then ground shaking bass and concludes with a tortured howl. Then all hell breaks loose—as I said, a payoff.

The start of MINOR THREAT'S "In My Eyes" could almost be a separate entity. Showing off incredible musical chops, the nimble guitar/bass/drums interplay sets up the drama that follows. In last month's column, I already mentioned the catharsis of putting speakers in the window in Ellen's old apartment and blasting this song to drown out the terrible music coming from her neighbor's apartment.

Click-click-click, ba-boom-ah go the sticks and drums at the beginning of the CRO-MAGS' "We Gotta Know." A guitar riff that hangs in the air like an about-to-burst stormcloud, underpinned by furious drums. Four more clicks at about 1:15 and it's into a mid-paced song full of crunch and forcefulness. The intro is a perfect build-up—generating a brooding tension.

VOID's "Who Are You?," from their split with FAITH, begins with a groan of bass and then the sound begins to rise, Bubba's guitar fusillade rudely interrupts the ride up the sonic escalator and he lashes out with a metallic riff, then there's a drum roll, then you hear John's unholy, Darby-inspired snarl and it's off on a manic, go-for-the-jugular blitz. For my money, this one might be the winner. These guys were groundbreaking. Their songs on *Flex Your Head* certainly showed different wrinkles than the other HarDCore bands (as great as they were, of course) and their side of the split just sealed the deal.

POISON IDEA's *War All The Time* followed *Kings of Punk* and begins with a 20-or-so second blast of anvil-drop drumming, beefy riffage (yes, I said beefy—pun intended), then a take-off bass riff and it kicks off "The Temple" in manic fashion. Those two albums are, in my opinion, the best of Poison Idea's long 'n' storied career and "Lifestyles" and "The Temple" are perfect table-setters.

MORE MUSICAL SHOTS

BROWN SUGAR have unleashed two impressive musical missives, a full-length called *Sings Songs of Birds and Racism* and the newer *Tropical Disease* 7". The full-length has been out for a while but the first pressing sold out almost immediately. Brown Sugar bring creativity and cleverness to their music although the messages in the songs are pretty straight forward–racism, gender issues, general stupidity and ignorance and Eduardo's vocals have an almost conversational, sarcastic tone. On the album cover there are visions of death and decay juxtaposed with an American flag on the front and the Statue of Liberty on the back but it's different from the standard issue, clichéd imagery seen on countless other albums. From a musical perspective, it's hardcore but there are other elements at work; hints of garage, melodic touches and a few sax squalls along the way. Different guitar shadings as well, sometimes slashing, sometimes turning down the distortion and that adds to the garage-like ambiance for certain tracks (such as "Sweet Water Pink Boat"). Even a nod to PINK FLOYD's "Interstellar Overdrive" on "I Wanna Be A Somali Pirate," the track that closes the album. There's an air of unpredictability but they maintain an energetic focus throughout. (Feral Kid, feralkidrecords.com)

From Sorry State comes the debut album by JOINT ≠, *Strike Gently*. This band was known as JOINT DAMAGE until recently but had to change the spelling of their name to what you

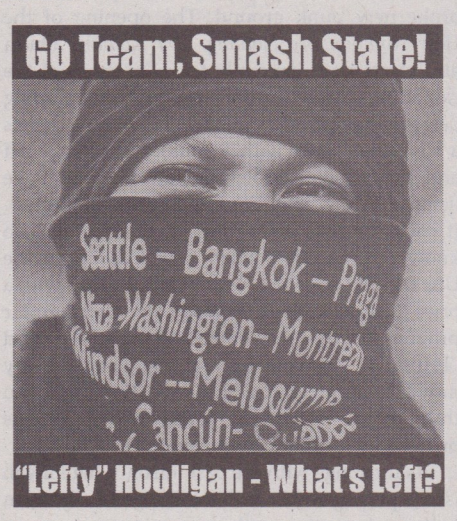
see above since there's a really bad rap-rock group from Rhode Island who supposedly have a legal claim to it. They even had their lawyer send a nasty cease and desist letter. What's funny is their guitarist/vocalist Nick Goode also plays in a band whose name now ends with the same letter/symbol. That's BRAIN F≠ aka BRAIN FLANNEL and this album has vocal assistance from two other members of that band. It's more of a hardcore affair than Nick's other unit although there are some sonic similarities. There's a density in the sound—gnashing and bashing throughout—along with the spat-out vocals. Still, many of the songs are infused with a speedy scamper driven by wild drumming and thorny guitar flail. The middle section of "(I'm) Haunted" is louder and has a head-grabbing noisiness that's offset by Elise's soothing backing vocals. Not ghettoizing themselves into a generic hardcore sound but there's a pugnaciousness imbuing their songs. A winning, whirling cacophony. (www.sorrystaterecords.com)

WILD//TRIBE are also quite a cacophonous band but in a slightly more traditonal fashion for their album, *Endless Nights*. Burning hardcore done with a full-throttle blitz. Wild//Tribe hail from Austin and bring their hometown brethren SPAZM-151 and early WORLD BURNS TO DEATH to mind. In the latter case, it's due to the low, strangled-sounding vocals offset by higher emanations. "Power" is the perfect title for the leadoff track since it sets the stage for what follows. A relentless barrage of hardcore drawing from Swedish and Japanese influences and underpinned by a pure rock 'n' roll kick. Not reinventing the sound, just reinvigorating it a bit. This is a scorcher. (PunkAlive, punkaliverecords.blogspot.com)

And yet another cacophonous record in a different vein, a self-titled effort by NYC band CHUMPS. Everything goes in cycles—in the past few years, there's been a revival of heavy, nervy rock that used to be affiliated with labels like Touch & Go and Amphetamine Reptile in the early to mid '90s. Chumps could very well have recorded for those labels back then. On this 12", Chumps play heavy music but without the metallic bombast and exhibit a good amount of suppleness. It's got a dark, nearly sinister vibe to it. There's a seethe in the vocals similar to Scott from GIRLS AGAINST BOYS and some decidedly JESUS LIZARD-like touches on a song like "Dirt." That song features lumbering bass and drums joined by jabbing guitar accents. They even add a catchy hook on the chorus of "Black." Guitar, bass and drums churn out a dynamic tapestry, pushing and pulling and drilling its way into your psyche with dynamic precision. (Forge, www.forgerecords.com)

I'll wrap things up with three new 7"s from Albany, NY label Loud Punk, two of 'em with current-day bands and one from the distant past. Let's take care of the latter first and that's a demo 7" by the UK combo EXTERNAL MENACE with five songs recorded between '79 and '84. To say this is a rough-sounding collection would be an understatement. In all honesty, it sounds like shit, which is a shame because the songs are good, snappy punk on the likes of "Tomorrow Today," "Ban The Bomb" and "No Mean Feat." The other two songs are in more of a UK82 vein. The mucky sound hampers things—pity. THE DISKONECTED, from Montreal, fare better on their four song EP. Definite '82 influences here, as well—the Riot City Records handbook, essentially, and well-played. "New War" certainly has echoes of ABRASIVE WHEELS in its arrangement. The NEUTRON RATS' *Feral Dogs* EP also has four tracks but the band's approach is a raw, fast, Dis-imbued style. Disjointed in spots but they play with unrelenting rage that I find somewhat appealing, if not all that original. (Loud Punk, www.loudpunk.com)

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net, www.sonicoverload.net



"Rock is dead. Long live paper and scissors."
—bumper sticker

I have an acquaintance who has this incredibly annoying habit of proclaiming something dead once it no longer conforms to his expectations, his principles or what he thinks ought to be done. Everything from a simple reading room/library project to a complex social movement like Occupy Oakland, things that he sometimes initiated, but definitely jumped into and at first enthusiastically supported, eventually go belly up in his estimation. Oh, they continue on and perhaps even achieve important things, but he has pronounced them D.O.A. and thereby dismissed them.

Of course, it's common practice to declare dead that which one no longer considers significant, or hopes to make insignificant. Socialism, communism and the Left were all declared dead when the Warsaw Pact and the Soviet Union collapsed in the late 1980s. The Republican Party was declared dead with Johnson's landslide electoral victory over Goldwater in 1964, as was the Democratic Party in 1980 and 1984 with Reagan's victories over Carter and Mondale respectively. American democracy was declared dead when the Supreme Court sided in favor of George W. Bush over Al Gore in the Florida deadlock of 2000, and again in the Citizens United ruling of 2010. Rather than delve into such highly political debates, let's bring this practice a little closer to home. We'll inject politics into the discussion soon enough.

Rock and roll has been declared dead time and again. Folks into 1950s style rock considered psychedelic rock to be the music's death knell, while fans of 1970s prog-rock were aghast at punk's angry snarl and were more than willing to bury the whole genre. No need to cite the numerous times punk itself has been erroneously pronounced dead. Of course, there are always people who aren't appalled by the changes in music so much as think that things have evolved beyond what the standard categories allow, as when David Byrne said: "As I define it, rock and roll is dead. The attitude isn't dead, but the music is no longer vital. It doesn't have the same meaning. The attitude, though, is still very much alive—and it still informs other kinds of music." In general though, those willing to declare rock'n'roll dead hate the current state of the music, and are looking to abandon the present for some nostalgic past.

This very magazine has been declared irrelevant, if not dead, a few times itself. When *Punk Planet*, *Hit List*, *HeartattaCk* and *Shredding Paper* emerged circa 1994, these zines all harbored the notion that *MRR* was a punk rock monopoly that needed to be broken, if not killed off and buried. *MRR*'s main competitor at the time, *Punk Planet*, made no secret of its opinion that we were obsolete and moribund. And yet, who remains standing today? One of *MRR*'s columnists who jumped ship to join *Punk Planet*, Larry Livermore, made it clear he thought we were history and, years after *Punk Planet* bit the dust, he expressed sneering surprise that *MRR* was still alive and kicking. Now, he claims, in the pages of this very magazine, that he is excited once again to be contributing to *MRR*.

Fucker.

Mention of Larry Livermore brings up another way of thinking about such matters, that being of the living dead, or more accurately, of the undead. There are numerous countercultures, subcultures and youth cultures that gave up the ghost years, even decades ago, but which still wander the land like mindless zombies or blood-sucking vampires. Beatniks, Teddie boys, mods, rockers, hippies, New Romantics, Rastas, Heavy Metal maniacs, skinheads, *et al*, exist side-by-side with today's punks, Hip-Hoppers and Rappers; a sad melange of faux rebelliousness and rampant consumerism. Those youthful tendencies, the individuals of which had or still have revolutionary intentions—their aspirations seem quaint, if not outright ludicrous.

Declaring this fragmentation of "youth culture" to be a nefarious capitalist plot to co-opt potential revolutionary youth movements, to redirect youthful energies, or just to get kids to buy lots of shit is absurd. Social atomization, niche marketing, and conspicuous consumerism is the way capitalism rolls these days, for everybody. Frequently, these characteristics of capitalism are more than sufficient to dispel working class militancy, nationalist agitation and social unrest without need for state intervention, at least in the developed West. When they don't, or in the rest of the world where capitalism is still engendering a consumer oriented middle

class, government violence can be meted out proportionally to maintain the status quo.

The Arab Spring is actually the exception proving the rule in this case. Born of societies where young people are majorities, youth spearheaded the uprisings in the region, where it affected some eighteen Middle Eastern countries, but resulted in only four regime changes. The quintessential example of the Arab Spring's success, Egypt, is still ruled by the military, which recently disqualified a slew of candidates in the lead-up to presidential elections.

The flip side of declaring something dead, whether it is or not, is to trumpet that something is vital and alive, when clearly it isn't. The acquaintance mentioned above also suffers from this equally annoying flaw, nowhere clearer than his evaluation of the so-called Egyptian revolution. Labor unrest in Egyptian textile mills, pharmaceutical plants, chemical industries, the Suez Canal and Cairo airport, the transportation sector and banks during the Tahrir Square protests was heralded by him as the beginnings of a proletarian insurrection, with workers councils imminent. The rather rapid dissipation of this working class agitation, not to mention elections held from November 28, 2011 to January 11, 2012, which brought into Parliament a sizable Muslim fundamentalist majority, have failed to dispel his fantasy of a revolutionary uprising right around the corner. And never mind that former, mostly secular protests have now become fundamentalist riots. One textile factory remains on strike, so that must be the spark that will start a prairie fire, that will usher in a true Soviet Egypt.

Chump.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.

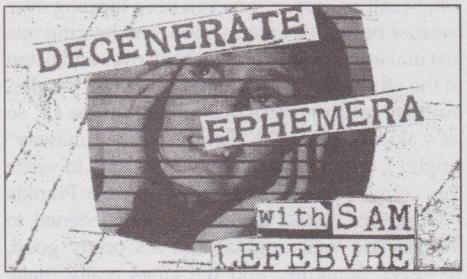
This month I want to continue my discussion of UK "starter punk" of the late '70s with two more bands that sit astride the divide between '70s pub rock, R&B and punk, Slaughter and the Dogs and Cocksparrer. As we have discussed in the past, when punk blew up in 1976-'77 quite a few bands that were already playing pub rock jumped on the punk band wagon. While some purists were offended, the fact remains that these bands brought a high level of musicianship into the punk scene to counter the raw amateurism of the "anyone can do it" set. There's always a tension in punk between energy and enthusiasm, (which can usually carry a fast thrashy band) and songwriting skill and chops (which are necessary to write good slow/mid-tempo songs). Since the '77 scene was mostly comprised of melodic and poppy punk or raw rock and roll influenced punk (as opposed to fast thrash which came with the "second wave") those bands which came on the scene with some experience certainly had an advantage. As was noted in Brace's recent columns, there was an overlap between the early UK punk scene and the psychedelic underground that spawned bands like the Pink Fairies and the Deviants. I would like to focus a bit on the connection between early and the pub rock bands and glam.

Pub rock is an easy genre to pin down, it sounds like music you'd hear in a bar in a working class neighborhood, influenced by '50s-'60s rock and blues or as they sometimes call it "Blooze." It seems like when music gets too far from the roots, in every generation, there's a grass roots movement to bring it back-to-thebasics '50s rock and blues roots. Pub rock was one such back to basics movement. A number of the pub rock bands were able to make the jump to punk notably, Eddie and the Hot Rods, Cocksparrer, Vibrators and Slaughter and the Dogs. Others like Dr. Feelgood seemed to be just on the fringes. While I would make some distinction between pub rock and glam, I think that musically, they share many antecedents. The amped up bluesy rock of Slade is surely a big influence on early UK bands, despite the audacious bell bottoms and long hair. Furthermore, the now disgraced Gary Glitter had some hard rocking glam anthems that sound catchy and epic in their original or Joan Jett versions. This guy claimed to have over 200 platform boots, more than Bowie, but the Clash still name checked him in a song.

One influence that is often overlooked is Mick Ronson era Bowie (also named checked in the same Clash song) Most of us who are used to the MTV rock star era of Bowie forget how trailblazing and influential his early work was. While Bowie experimented with just about every genre of music, the early LPs featuring Mick Ronson on guitar helped lay the ground work for what was to become punk. Some of his harder edged guitar riffs are dress rehearsals for what was to follow a few years later. I'm certain that many of the leading lights of late '70s punk learned to play guitar listening to the early Bowie records. Slaughter and the Dogs were from Manchester, and gained early prominence by opening for the Sex Pistols at their first gig there. When I first got into punk in the '80s I knew Slaughter and the Dogs mainly from their songs being covered by GBH and some compilation tracks. It wasn't too hard to track down their killer early work on vinyl, and I doubt it sells for much even today. Essential to your collection are the 1978 LP *Do It Dog Style* and the 7"s "Ready Now/Runaway" and "Cranked up Really High/The Bitch." After this material the band's output got much slower and more rock (or returned to being slower and more rock, depending on your point of view). That said, these works are true classics of UK '70s Punk. Almost everyone knows "Where Have All the Bootboys Gone," as it's appeared on a lot of comps, and as I noted, a lot of people know "Boston Babies" from the GBH version. Slaughter and the Dogs managed to amp up the pub rock style with a speed, energy and intensity that made it click with punk, but still keeping the rock and roll roots. The result was super catchy punk songs that are barn burners even thirty years later. The 1978 LP *Do It Dog Style* is not quite "all killer, no filler" as a few of the songs aren't quite as raging as the best ones, and the Velvet Underground cover is pretty weak. That said, there's more than your money's worth for the keepers on this LP and a few minutes with the tape deck (or ipod) can weed out the weaker tracks for a more crucial home remix. The singles pack some real power "Cranked Up Really High/The Bitch" (from 1977) is the band at its best, super revved up and raw fist pumping, foot stomping high energy punk rock. This single is what I call a "flipper" one you keep flipping over because both songs are so good, and hearing one just makes you want to flip it back over and listen to the other. There are a handful of other singles, but they feature tracks that appear on the LP, so let's skip to the 1979 "Ready Now/Runaway" single. I did not know until I set out to write this column that "Ready Now" was a Frankie Valli cover. Thanks to the internet I listened to the Frankie Valli original and it's pretty good, however, Slaughter and the Dogs really make this 1966 pop tune shine with their more intense version. I couldn't get into much of this band's later material, but you can't lose with the LP and first few 7"s. I know they are far from cult or obscure, but perhaps sometimes you need to get back to the basics of straight forward punk and high energy rock as an antidote to all the envelope pushing music out there.

Next I'd like to talk a bit about Cocksparrer. I don't feel like I need to write much about this band as they are now much better known and respected than they used to be. This is a band that has seen its notoriety increase greatly in the internet age. In the '80s Cocksparrer was never very popular. Known mostly by Oi Collectors, their records were hard to find and they weren't touring. They got lumped in with the Oi/Skinhead scene which turned off a lot of people who otherwise would have liked their music. Cocksparrer seem to be one of the ultimate "we got jerked around by our record label" bands. They started in the early '70s as a pub rock band and then sped up their sound a bit when punk exploded. Like Slaughter and the Dogs they signed to the Decca label. But unlike Slaughter and the Dogs they didn't get any records, distribution or promotion. Cocksparrer is one of the best examples of a band whose music was excellent and just needed to be re-discovered, re-released and spread around for people to get into them. I'd put them on a par with the Wipers in this regard. It took record collectors, fans, and bootleggers to keep the band's flame burning and then finally reissues, reunions and the like followed. Now the band enjoys the popularity that eluded them in the late '70s and early '80s. All that aside, I want to talk about just one Cocksparrer record, the so called Decca LP. This was a demo recorded by the band for the Decca

label, which someone at Decca decided to sit on rather than properly produce and release. It was only released in Spain. It was later re-released (and is back in print) as the *True Grit* recordings. To me, this record is one of the very best bridges between punk and pub rock. There is a punk spirit to these recordings, but the sound and vibe is almost more like Rose Tattoo or Slade. I love these recordings as I grew up listening to hard rock bands like AC DC and here you get the best of both worlds, ballsy hard rock and punk. It was a real thrill to see this band at Chaos in Tejas a few years back, they sounded great. When we were all singing along to "Runnin' Riot" you could hear the crowd drowning out the PA, I could only imagine the norms on the streets of Texas bracing for the punk revolution to burst onto the streets. Sadly that revolution didn't happen, but the music is still with us.



Twice in the last month I've heard singers in otherwise reputable punk bands reference television shows from the stage in a positive context, gleefully insinuating that they would rather watch television, usually an HBO series, at home than go out. In each instance, I was overcome with a profound sense of loss and depression, comparable to watching a childhood playground demolished to make way for a gas station or freeway. Leave your favorite HBO series out of my fucking punk shows. It's the traditional television narcotic rearing its haggard face in a subversive environment, only adorned in chic, vintage suits and pseudo-realist, risqué subject matter.

The first wave of punk was fraught with sneering diatribes against TV, and the negligible artistic enhancement of television programming hasn't rendered such sentiments obsolete. TV is conventionally regarded as a clever opiate, an insidious vessel of indoctrination, a crucial facet of consumerism and a basic cornerstone of the complacent lifestyle of boring people that is inherently antithetical to punk. All of these marginalizing effects of television are perfectly viable today. In fact, the instant availability of television shows via the internet enhances their potency. It should seem obvious why the infiltration of television in punk is so troubling.

In the specific case of a punk show, referencing television also just indicates laziness. Banter and general stage activity are arguably just as pivotal to the caliber of a show as a band's songs. No one in the crowd is amused to learn that a performer would rather be at home watching TV. If people in the crowd relate, they likely feel too guilty to admit it, or if they wholeheartedly agree, it's either an incredibly dull show or that particular attendee is present on accident. If television commentary is the only banter a front person can muster between songs, a reevaluation of the group's stage activity should take place. There are many schools of thought revolving around stage activity, none of which are necessarily superior to another, but most of which are better than referencing HBO.

Administering barrages of feedback, guttural crust punk slam poetry, staring at band mates in silence, shotgunning beer, tuning again, thinking about tuning, kicking fickle distortion pedals, texting, sexting, pompous explanation of indecipherable lyrics, political rhetoric, scoffing at inept sound people, berating violent attendees, conjuring diabolic riffs, lighting fireworks, articulating messianic delusions, baptizing bullet belts—these are all better than referencing the ironic misogyny in *Mad Men*'s zillionth episode.

For groups lacking inspiration to develop their own between song banter, I have an idea. I've waded through the ether, been catapulted over holy mountain and imbibed molten shellac to distill the essence of stage banter into one phrase. "Do you remember my sixth Japanese girlfriend? The one I really loved?" It makes no sense out of context and those who hear it will quizzically ponder, but not intently enough to ignore the next song's beginning. It's an inquiry that only begets more questions, and of course through usage of the word "you," each concert attendee will subconsciously assume it is directed specifically at them. Punks expect a level of intimacy at concerts, and a question like this seems like it was plucked out an extremely intimate conversation between two people with a mutual understanding of one another's personal history.

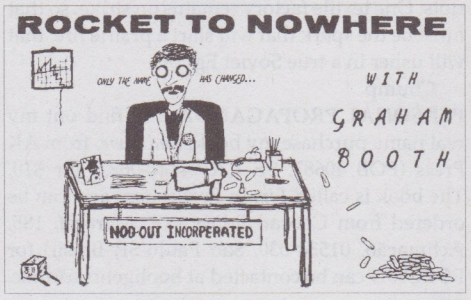
Furthermore, there is a certain poetic rhythm to the words' syllabic pattern. Read it out loud and see that your voice is naturally inclined to rise in pitch throughout the question, imbibing a sense of earnestness. Visualize anyone saying it and it is likely that their eyes will widen and gaze longingly at the ceiling.

Super stars with more money than we can imagine performing in stadiums, or dead people reanimated through technology pathetically attempting to commune with "fans," is completely alienating. Punks prefer to stage their concerts underground with attendees and musicians on the same level, both geographically and theoretically. We are repulsed by the alienation of massive shows and actively seek to cultivate the opposite of such environments, but punk audiences can be alienated in other ways as well.

For many people inclined to punk, alienation works through both inclusion and exclusion. Alienation manifests when one can not relate to their peers, but many punks feel alienated once they are part of a group as well, whether it be a group of punks or not, since inclusion smacks of marginalization. At a show, when a singer references HBO, I feel alienated because there is an implication that I can somehow relate. It is implied that I have the same interest in vapid television programming as millions of other people. Every day we are faced with advertisements and dull conversation making a concerted effort to homogenize our interests. That's not remotely why I pay money to attend punk shows.

In regards to life after Record Store Day, the reissue of Pussy Galore's first EP, *Feel Good About Your Body*, is one of few releases worth spilling ink over. In hindsight, the record seems seismic. "HC Rebellion" contains everything that made Sonic Youth decent throughout their mid-period in a single track, and they reportedly only rehearsed twice prior to the EP's recording. The vocals on the track were apparently just read aloud from the letters section of this very magazine. Letter writers; keep this in mind when composing your screeds or praise to this publication. Are your sentiments succinct and poignant enough to provide lyrical content for an EP that will be deemed worthy of re-release a quarter of a century from now?

The news will have broken before this column gets around, but Shoppers are no more. Their LP made every single top ten list in this rag for the best records of 2011 and their recent split release with Panzram seemed to portray a group with much more depressive and introspective damage to inflict, but they are done for. A posthumous interview of sorts with Shoppers' Meredith Graves will appear in the next issue of *Degenerate*. When asked what happened to the band, Graves only offered: "Exactly what we were told was going to happen from day one."



Wow! I was just looking at My eBay, and noticed the AGENT ORANGE *Your Mother Sucks Cocks In Hell* 7" EP I'd been watching just sold for a ridiculous sum. It's funny, I've written about rare and expensive records in this column for many years, but I usually avoid typing out pricetags or winning bids… lest this space becomes some eBay Market Watch column, honestly that shit is so boring. It's weird how the collector's mind craves the number, without it, there's this huge unresolved question looming… How much!? Well, if you care that much, google it. So rather than get bogged down with numbers, let's just talk magnitudes. This AGENT ORANGE 7" EP sold for roughly three-five times the amount it was trading for back when I tracked down a copy sometime in the late '90s/early '00s. Back then it wasn't cheap, but it wasn't really "expensive" for a hardcore record, especially for one that fucking destroyed. I think my first copy cost $150 and that seemed crazy. I remember that was one of the few hardcore records I could get my '70s punk obsessed friends to acknowledge. I guess back then I had some idea that the records I was fanatically tracking down then would someday

be worth some money, but it's more the idea of the long haul than picturing X record would be worth Y dollars.

I can remember some old punks looking at the money I was dropping on hardcore records, looking at crazy trades I was doing to get some of these things, just in utter disbelief. Most rare hardcore records aren't like rare punk records. With vintage punk records there are definitely true "rarities," records known to exist in quantities of ten or less; by those standards, hardcore records are pretty common. There are some exceptions, but even for "rare" hardcore records with 2-300 copies pressed, about half of those copies could probably be accounted for nowadays. Obscure local punk records got tossed in the trash throughout the '80s, but hardcore… hardcore records went straight into collections, via mailorder, and traded around the globe. Never trashed, hardcore records were cherished fetish objects from the start. All along, hardcore records have been valuable, but due to the quantities floating around, prices remained pretty constant throughout the '90s/'00s. Shit was kinda rare, but there was always another copy around the corner. As a collector back then, you had to learn when to cough up and pay the man, and when to wait for a cheaper copy. I learned pretty quickly that with hardcore records, except for a few key rarities, you'd have tens if not hundreds of opportunities to buy/trade for any given record. I cycled through two/three copies of most hardcore records during that time, upgrading or trading something away knowing I could get it again. I know I've had at least two AGENT ORANGE 7" EPs over the years, maybe three. I never even bothered to get their second EP because it seemed downright common, I figured I'd eventually pick it up for twenty bucks.

I think I've had three WRETCHED/INDIGESTI EPs, two KORO EPs. These were "rare," but pretty gettable if you had some decent trades or maybe $400. Fast forward to 2012, 400 bucks won't get you too much in terms of rare hardcore records. You'd have to sink most of that into getting just one of your favorite Dischord or Touch & Go EPs. Maybe you could squeeze two semi-rare Scandinavian or Japanese treats out of it. It's weird for me to see, as I've probably seen hundreds of copies of any of these records offered for sale/trade over the years, to me they just aren't that rare. I dunno, things seem to be changing with hardcore records lately. It could just be a random price blip, a couple big moneyed collectors are trying to buy everything. Maybe in six months prices will be back down to normal. But I'm afraid prices have finally started to go up across the board. Records have all been absorbed, locked up in collections, taken off the market. Records that used to pop up once or twice a month may now only pop up three/four times a year, the list of people wanting them will grow, and the bidding will get more and more intense. Somehow, I imagined the day I saw my record collection become priceless unobtainable artifacts to feel a little happier. Like, yeah, my investment totally paid off, score. It definitely happened too soon. I'm still a collector, I still want a bunch of these same records, now they're all expensive. Now they're a liability. I guess I imagined myself, grey beard lounging in a Lazyboy looking back at my life's accomplishments, "Oh yes, the records." Instead I'm 35, pretty much done with the wantlist.

It's been so long, I question whether I really need to replace that SOA 7" on green vinyl. It's not going to mean shit, I never liked that record much to begin with, I'll just file it in a box and forget about it. Meanwhile, I watch whatever grail is on eBay that week with everyone else, and it sells for way too much. I think about the type of people who have $700 to spend on records that should sell for half that to someone who probably cares more. I remember a time when records were attainable, I mean, you had to put in the time and effort, but somehow you could afford it in the end. It kinda bums me out. I hope there's still records these days that kids are fully stoked on getting into, because it seems like early '80s hardcore has finally crossed over into the investment banker scene. Adios amigos!

A Collection of Bullshit.

This is gonna be a bit of a rant jumble, a mind wanderer, because I really can't be bothered to concentrate and write something complete and coherent, and would rather listen to Flipper and watch *Beavis and Butthead* and pick my nose on the couch, maybe drink a Capri Sun. So here goes… On May Day it finally clicked for me that OPD is ridiculously fucked up. Once night fell, but still early on, like 9pm, the cops snatched someone from the crowd, as they do and consequently chaos erupted. They gave a dispersal order and I shit you not five minutes later they fucking charged at the crowd, beating people with clubs. I ran at top speed for three blocks with a line of cops twenty feet behind me in hot pursuit. Twenty minutes before all that I was lazily sitting in some grass and sharing a pear with a friend. There was music and people were dancing. Playing with dogs and babies. Which I say in an effort to convey the fact that the police have a special talent of making a calm/whatever situation into a hostile warzone in a matter of minutes. And I just want to say that if the supposed role of cops is keeping the public safe then please, dear cops, explain to me how charging full speed at a crowd with clubs swinging is keeping the public safe. Explain how snatching random kids at protests in order to cause chaos that you can then violently break up is keeping the public safe. Explain how launching three rounds of tear gas into a crowd that basically amounts to a street party in the middle of the day keeps people safe. Explain how surrounding and then arresting over four hundred people keeps them safe. And what exactly makes you (cops) so special that being hit by a balloon filled with paint gives you the right to tackle, use a stun gun on and then detain someone? Is this how you keep the public safe? Say it out loud. It makes zero sense.

***

I know it happened a bit ago but did you see that fucking panel on birth control? And how it was all men? WHAT THE FUCK. I feel like I need to spend the rest of my life staring these people down and just repeating *really*? Seriously? Over and over again in a futile hope that at some point they'll get it but I know they won't. There's this really cool trend emerging in the face of the above bullshit, combined with so much fucking legislation that is demanding increasingly more and more ridiculous bullshit women have to go through to get an abortion, along with the forever attempts at completely defunding Planned Parenthood, in attempt to combat or at least shed light on how absurd these things are women are taking to the Facebook pages of anti-choice politicians and leaving detailed wall posts about the state of their reproductive organs, everything from over-shares about gnarly periods to questions about yeast infections to specific descriptions of vaginal abnormalities and beyond. You know, since those fucking dudes keep on acting like they are experts on women's health or some bullshit. Another attempt at combating the constant attacks on women's health involves several politicians introducing bills calling for invasive exams that men would be required to get done in order to obtain things such as Viagra to balance out the deluge of legislation calling for ultra sounds and 72 hour waiting periods and not to mention Arizona's fucking absurdity of passing a bill saying that pregnancy begins two weeks before conception????? TWO WEEKS???????

A friend of mine who was involved in riot grrl has literally been told several times by several different parties that she shouldn't critique or say she doesn't like any band with ladies in it because it's fucked up. Like her opinion should only be positive of everything women do in music. This is fucked on double levels, not only is it essentially telling her she needs to shut the fuck up (haven't heard that one before) but also that women making music should somehow be free of critique from other (especially older and influential) women who make or write about music. This ideology of only-positive-support-nothing-else is bullshit. If anything, this type of thing will only create blandness and half-assery. When there is a lack of critique there is a lack of challenge. Total comfort. Comfort births stagnancy. When you are told that everything you do is great and super and inspiring, there's no reason to try harder because you're already perfect, right? You could shit on a plate and win an Academy Award. Worst environment ever.

***

My band got asked to be the opening band for this show that is kind of a big whoop, headlined by this band that was a big whoop some six-seven years ago that at this point every time I tell people about the show the number

one reaction is "They're still a band?" This is the second time we've had to deal with this weird level of legitimacy that includes sending booking agents links to videos and the most dreaded part, writing a band bio. Seriously this shit is so stupid. Like a pretentious act of licking your own butthole. I got so frustrated trying to pound it out that at some point I fell into a pit of absurdity that included swiping the bio of the big deal band and replacing every mention of the words "music," "sound," "song," "sonic" and "noise" with the word fart, writing a bio featuring nothing but the word "meow" for three paragraphs, and even going as far as making abstract band portraits in MS paint. And I know how to go about these things, it was basically my whole job when I was working at KRS, and man I wrote some fucking tongue and cheek bullshit, because I really despise the Decemberists. It feels dumb when you're doing it for other bands but it is horrifically dumb when you have to do it for your own band. But though I think it's funny to participate in shit like this (opening for big whoop bands at legit venues) all the rigmarole that goes along with it is so dumb.

A friend's band opened for Lightning Bolt a few minutes back at this club that looks like the warehouse party scene in *Clueless* where the Mighty Mighty Bosstones are playing, or maybe the club in *Wayne's World* where Crucial Taunt is playing and it was just weird. Like seeing his band on stage with stage lights and a fog machine and a bunch of brodogs watching with ten dollar drinks in hand just didn't make sense to me. Total cognitive dissonance. What I'm trying to say is the thought of playing shows like that for the sole purpose of promoting your band and trying to "make it" or whatever is just weird to me. Like doing that every once in a while is pretty fucking funny, but having to do that every night? It's comical that we're opening for this band or whatever but seriously having to write a band bio? Having to prove to some disembodied booking agent that we exist? Bro dogs in the audience yelling "*Freebiiiiiird*" and/or even better "Show us your tiiiiiiiits"? Tickets more expensive than my friends can afford? Doing that shit every night sounds like a fucking nightmare. I can't imagine striving for that, trying to go about it in a serious manner and wanting it to be my fucking "job." That shit sounds kind of boring and so fucking insular. And then people whine about how it's ok that they took that corporate sponsorship, because then you can just be in a band, you don't need that shitty job, but honestly I think a shitty job is pretty essential because it reminds you that the rest of the world exists. Sometimes it's good to deal with people taking a shit on you. Builds character...

Anyway, I'm on the cusp of taking two months off of my dumb job (plus two months off from writing for this here rag) to go on tour with my band stillsuit (info at stillsuit.org if you're nasty) for all of June and then filling July with whatever the fuck (can I stay on your couch? I am dead serious. perpetualmagics@gmail.com). See you at thecrossroads.

PS. FREE PUSSY RIOT.

Half of a C-60

While I stockpile new releases to write about for *Accept the Darkness*, I'm stumbling a bit to come up with content here. But while I've been excited about a limited scope of new releases from bands that have been consistently killing it, I'm having a good time enjoying stuff that has settled in more. I filled up half a tape with some loud guitars and flailing sonic spasms—here's some ink spilled on it.

BONE AWL – "Pendulum"

I watched my stylus lurch and crawl through pure scum for two minutes, and felt bugs crawl up my spine—this is what it sounded like. Can't get enough of that feral beat.

SOA – "Public Defender"

Hardcore is best played by idiots with earnest conviction—case in point. When it isn't, weird results come, often transcendent and rewarding. But, golden moments of gravel-guitars, simple riffs, and blind, childish rage like this feel perfect.

TOTAL CONTROL – "For Lease"

This song trembles with lunacy. Holy fuck. Listen to the vocals quiver and feel your sanity shake—the loud, creepy guitars bleeding over the pulsing beat. Throbbing. This band grasps the confusion and disillusionment of modern life better than any other band I've heard, wrapped up, mentally ill anxiety that seeps from every noise they make.

SONIC YOUTH – "World Looks Red"

This band always struck me as for the type of yanks who drool on about how Europe is better and scoff at anything proletarian, while being well versed in Marxism of course. Old people pretending to be young sits awkwardly in my stomach. But, the LP that this track is from kills all the way through, and I can see the attraction a little better. This song is perfect—grooving on the same throb TOTAL CONTROL have.

ICEAGE – "Collapse"

This band were all the rage about a year ago, but in a rare stroke of absurdity, they actually deserve it. This song is themed perfectly; it collapses all over itself, spilling all over the floor like a drunken, lovelorn teenager blacked the fuck out. Fittingly enough, I think drunken, lovelorn teenagers are playing it. Their pristine messiness is what makes them great, and this shows it at its finest.

INVASION ÷ "Guerra En Mi Cabeza"

The first time I heard this track a trigger set off in my brain like a bomb detonating. I could listen to this over and over again and still feel the same way about it. This shit tears a hole in my mind and sends me off to war, sweating and convulsing.

KORO – "Government"

Idiots with earnest conviction. This song spews the pea-brained, frustrated sarcasm that makes American hardcore so distinct—nihilistic and completely aghast with the world around it. The jittering speed and schizophrenic structures from this brilliantly named band hit the spot just right.

CÓLERA – "De O Fora"

There's something intensely appealing about Brazilian HC—the Portuguese language, the thuggish tones, the raw fidelity, the bounce and lurch and savagery...the images of thick-aired, desperate conditions and mutant bugs cutting through the oppressed air. There's heroism in these sounds.

CONFUSE – "General Speech"

This is the band's best record, when took all the noise-fucked violence they'd been cultivating and twisted it up into something genuinely fucking *weird*. One upping themselves. When that bass kicks in... *fuck*. Psychedelic leanings emanate confusion and hopelessness better than anything else smeared onto punk music, here's a picturesque example of why.

BROWN SUGAR – "Total Fucking Garbage"

I haven't stopped listening to this LP since I got it, and in my most recent daily listens, this has been the favorite. We laugh garbage, we fuck garbage, we huff garbage. The lyrics are gold, the riff kills and the saxophone squawks all over it help the confusion drool out in pools.

AGENT ORANGE – "Instrumental"

I discovered this one while cleaning my room and letting the stylus run past the end of "Kill the Police" for a change, and I was pleasantly surprised. The guitar slashing ever-present in both GOSPELFUCKERS and these freaks make them stand out from the pack of worshipped '80s HC swill, and this song is all about that and just that. This band had no inhibitions, and they sound all the better for it.

H100's – "Panic Attack"

Another aptly themed song. These cough-syrup chugging violent maniacs make most HC seem limp, especially as they roar and scream through the slow part of this impeccable tune—passing the true test of hardcore quality. Listen to that guitar open up and bleed, fucking hell. "I was born so now I suffer." I've never heard more real lines slobbered. The fast part is the visceral conclusion to it all, but that slow shit lasts an eternity, every second in a hellish bliss.

THE LEAVES – "Hey Joe"

It's cool when a tape takes a complete about-face in its sonic qualities. Panic attack in your fuckin' face to this sloppy, emphatic version of a great tune. This is a fine slice of guitar-bleeding punk slop from the '60s.

WIRE – "Mannequin"

The meandering sarcasm and evocative imagery of this band's sounds have an uncanny timelessness. There's a sneer and smirk to it all, a drifter's sadistic laughter and enjoyment of banality. Or something like that. This is one of the catchiest songs on an amazing LP full of music that is still distinct and admirable, some 40 years on.

That's it, 30 minutes. Send me your first REPOS 12" and all your copies of *Distort* Fanzine. c/o eggmangel@gmail.com

MIND LESS CONT ENT MENT
WITH CHUCK BARRELS

Damn. It's been awhile since I last rapped at ya. It's not like I totally forgot to write this column for the past few months. I was thinking about it the whole time. I was just busy. Busy chasing dreams. Ever since I was a wee lad I dreamt of the crack of the bat, the cheers of the crowd, the smell of the pine tar. All I ever wanted to do was play major league baseball. And this winter I began my quest. It began as a walk-on right fielder for the Dodgers of the Domincan Winter League this December, where my crisp .267 average got me sent over to the Mexican Pacific League as a hired gun and pinch-runner for the playoffs, since the DWL Blues were already out of contention. It was in Hermosillo where I had my greatest achievement, summoning the spirit of the Mexican Babe Ruth himself, Hector Espino, as I rocked a three-run clout over the left-field wall and into the bullpen/chicken coop to give us a 5-4 victory over Obregon in the bottom of the 11th. Sadly, we didn't win the series, but that one jack (my only homer of the winter) insured a further look for me in the Grapefruit League, where I headed to Kissimmee for a tryout with the Astros. Me, Chuck Barrels, about to take the field in the same uniform worn by legends like Cesar Cedeno, JR Richard and Art Howe. It seemed too good to be true. And it was. After six games and 18 at-bats I was raking at a .295 clip, with my highest OBP since junior high, and then my dream came crashing to earth. While playing an afternoon game of pepper with first base coach and ballpark legend Bobby Meacham I bent my elbow awkwardly while fielding a sharp grounder and shredded my UCL. While I attribute the true source of this injury back to my High School Varsity pitching coach, who refused to keep me on a strict pitch count my senior year and instead made me start consistently on two days rest, I never expected it to happen to me. I was a slap-hitting 35-year old phenom about to make it to the bigs, not some rubber armed 20 year old pitching prospect from Peoria. It shouldn't have happened to me. But it did. And I *will not* have Tommy John surgery, despite what the scouts suggest. My playing career is officially over as of this writing. It saddens me to know I'll never play in the show. But at least I tried. As I packed my cleats, chaw and cup in my travel bag and took one last look around that locker room, I only wanted to do one thing…

…and that one thing was to get back to Western New York, listen to some records with Hippie Johnny and just get straight up *wrecked*. And when you want to get destroyed and tear up the living room, there's one label you can always depend on: the mighty Load Records, the punkest fucking thing Rhode Island has ever had to offer this shithole planet. The weapon of choice this month is the fantastic long-playing debut from hometown RI boys WHITE LOAD, who have already become one of my favorite shit-rock bands based on a series of singles where they just kept getting shittier and shittier sounding as time went on, and I mean shitty in the best possible way. Their *Pig Eyes* EP on Ken Rock records is probably the ultimate small-gauge platter of the year already (go find it, now!), but on this 12" they really outdid themselves. It's really two LPs for the price of one, with each side being its own twelve-song mini-epic, with one called *Wayne's World 3* and the other called *Godfather 4*. Now, I don't care if the HUNCHES already used this joke like two years ago when they called their outtakes LP *Home Alone 5*, I still think it's funny. And this record is a fucking throwback to the days of yore, where any self-respecting punk band that wanted to record an LP knew that meant writing as many fucking songs as you possibly could, blasting them out in the studio while wasted, packing as many as you could on an LP and then getting the van and touring the shit out of it. While these boneheads might not have the touring part down, they at least wrote a shitload of tunes, twenty-five or so of them that blaze by in two-minute bursts, bleeding into and all over each other, all based on the almighty riff and a terrible drum sound, just like they should be. I feel like I'm listening to the first DRI LP every time I spin this, and I feel the same flip-over-the-coffee-table surge of energy from both records. And I swear they steal the riff from "Dead In A Ditch" on one of the songs (even though I know that it isn't on the first DRI LP anyway), but whatever. The singer of WHITE LOAD babbles and screams with the best of them and they whip up some nasty sounds to keep up with him for the duration. Buy this record if you think you can handle some blown-out hardcore punk fuckery. You won't get more bang for your buck out of any other long player this annum and it goes great with beer and speed. (www.loadrecords.com)

And when you run out of beer and speed and have to start looking to something else to keep the train rolling, well that's when you throw on *Saddle Up* by Philly's FNU RONNIES, one of the most twisted-up and frantically energized records of recent memory. It's an entirely new interpretation of punk rock for this scary new age, so innovative that I'm having trouble putting it into words… it's high energy BPM punk rock, but not really in a dance-like sense, just super rhythmic and nearly robotic paranoiac beats that sound synthetic yet human at the same time. Like in *Alien* when they didn't know Ash was a cyborg, but they knew something was weird about him— that's what this is like. I know they're playing guitars and drums and stuff but it comes out sounding like you've never heard them before. Sometimes head Ronnie/singer/guitar guy Jim sounds like he's singing the lyrics through an oscillating fan, sometimes he sounds like a Dalek and sometimes his mouth sounds like the guitars, which sound like angry mosquitoes or someone playing an electrified fence. It's phenomenal no matter which way you slice it, absolutely punk and weird and little like anything else you're going to hear all year. It's not "arty" if that's what you're thinking now, as this is some straight from the dirt punk-fuck here, but it's different enough to make you pay attention and maybe teach you a trick or two. Next level shit, that's what I'm saying. With just these two releases Ben Load has practically already walked away with the Grammy for Best Label in 2012. (www.loadrecords.com)

While I was on my minor league baseball adventure, the records really started piling up here. It would be silly for me to try and go back and recap them all. Some of them sucked, most of them were mediocre and there were a few really good ones. One of those really good ones is from a band that's already broken up, sadly enough, and a band I've adored for over ten years now. That band is from Wisconsin of all places, and they are called the MISTREATERS. One of the brightest lights of the turn-of-the-century garage-punk scene, the 'treaters played it rough and tough and with slabs of scrap metal when most of their contemporaries were Ripping Off better bands trying to get Lowery's attention or just aping OBLIVIANS and/or GORIES. They knew the value of a heavy bass lick, less-is-more guitar playing, stomping drums and a frontman with a bad attitude/personality (depending on who you asked). They always delivered live and on record, and their swan song is no exception, a self-titled compilation of rarities, singles, comp tracks and outtakes. Some of their best shit: the 'Personal Space Invader' EP, a lot of choice covers (GARY NUMAN, THE BEGUILED, and more), stuff from their first single and debut cassette… it's all great, and rock'n'roll that fans of PUSSY GALORE and BLACK LIPS can enjoy equally. Real music from when the term "garage-punk" meant a band would have some balls and not end up playing neo-psych-indie-rock. Sigh. You turkeys need this mammoth 25+ track double slab pronto. (www.dustymedicalrecords.com)

IN THE RED RECORDS DEPT.: Manager of the Year Larry Hardy has kept his stable running strong for what seems likes years on end now, and 2012 has been no exception thus far. The smokingest gun blazing out of the ITR bullpen of late is the new LP from Young Jeff Novak's outfit CHEAP TIME called *Wallpaper Music*, and as usual, he's upped the ante from his last offering (2010's *Fantastic Explanations…* LP, which I felt had him in a temporary holding pattern) and tweaked the formula a little bit in great ways. The SAINTS-esque guitar punkers from last year's 7" on Cass Records are here and then some, and he's toned back the SPARKS-isms even more and turned this version of Cheap Time into a firing-on-all-cylinders power trio with equal parts punk, pop and glam, with some mellower Seventies folk-rocker vibes (no wimp) as well. Not too much overt power-popping and certainly no pop-punking, just hooks, hooks and more hooks. One of the most talented young songwriters of our times touches all the bases on this one. Plus, the packaging is immaculate, it's

as if the thick, tight and glossy gatefolds were transported in time from 1975 to today, including a portion of the cover art from *Physical Graffiti*. A mandatory purchase. (www.intheredrecords.com)

SMALL SIZE CALIBER DEPT.: I've listened to at least 100 singles while compiling this column (and hit a few this winter as well), and one that stands above the rest is the latest from Atlanta's GG KING out on the Total Punk Records label. It's a two song blast, as all true singles should be, and a definite double A-side offering. "Joyless Masturbation" is something all you frustrated dudes out there know more about than me these days (although I've been there too, bro), and it's an up-tempo ripper in the CARBONAS mold with a great riff and chorus to match. I think the B-Side might be the MVP on this platter though, as "Bag" is total punk (duh) with manic lyrics and guitar, one of those tunes you just keep playing over and over and over and over....catchy and fast. GG is one of my favorite frontmen of recent vintage, with great delivery, attitude and sound. A real three-tool player, and the fact he's writing and playing a lot of this stuff by himself is testament to his skills. Really can't wait for his next LP, which is in the works as we speak...and if anyone catches him on tour this spring, look out for a special tour-only 12" of the *Last of the Night Wiggers* demos committed to wax in an injuriously rare pressing quantity. Special editions of this single also come with a great looking fold out promo poster as well, suitable for framing. (www.floridasdying.com)

ONLY COMPILATION SERIES THAT MATTERS DEPT.: Yes, it's true, THE WORLD'S LOUSY WITH IDEAS compilation series is back after a few years absence with volume 9. This installment finds us back in the 7" format, with a massive A-Side punch-in-the-gut from our favorite misanthropes the CHEATER SLICKS, with "Silver Fox", a twin-guitar anthem perfect for drinking beer and feeling low—another classic in their already perfect catalog. The B-Side packs two stunners, THEE SPIVS from England prove there are still punk rockers left in the UK with a big beat banger, and first ballot Hall of Famer Ron House and his men in PSANDWICH cover the FUN 4 classic "Singing in the Showers" to great effect. All hits, no misses, you better get some of the various cover variations while they're still hot. (www.almostreadyrecords.com)

WEIRDO JAMS DEPT.: There's a debut 12" making the rounds from a band called the BLIMP from the Pacific Northwest (Eugene, OR to be exact) called "Not Beer" that is one of the most strange and refreshing tastes that will invade your ears this spring. Four tracks of avant-rock genius pulling from BEEFHEART and Clevo weirdos like the MIRRORS and/or ELECTRIC EELS, with garbage cans, theremin, a killer drummer, masks and more in the mix. You will hear nothing else like it this year, at least until their LP is released. And if you need to see some credentials, frontman Lucas Gunn is the brother of Chris Gunn from the HUNCHES, who were probably the greatest band of the past decade. So there. Get a piece of the action. (www.violet-times.com)

That's all I have time for folks, I have to hit the showers and ice my elbow for now. I promise to be back real soon. As always, keep your powder dry. RIP MOOSE SKOWRON.

"Kirk to Enterprise," I say into the Samsung cell phone model number #SCH-8500, that I'm holding at arms length in The Mars Bar a few years back.

"What the fuck are you doing, Tabb?" asks the drunk guy with the reddish-blonde hair whose name I can never remember, but I pretend I know so he doesn't get mad.

"Calling my ship," I explain to the guy, who had earlier asked me to tell him his name as proof that I knew it.

"Your ship?" he asks, as he slobbers Rolling Rock all over my black denim vest with the Dwarves pin, the Furious George pin, and my new L.E.S. Stitches pin.

"Yeah," I tell the guy, who I told that if I had to repeat his name it would be not only an insult to me, but to him as well. He just nodded his head and agreed.

I look at the Samsung cell phone model number #SCH-8500, which also connects to the internet, as it dials my home. When I hear my answering machine pick up, I hang up. I guess P.J., my seven pound Yorkshire Terrier wasn't home.

"Mr. Spock isn't there, Tabb?" says my drooling pal.

"He must be in Engineering with Scottie," I tell the St. Bernard.

"You smell good," he says, putting his nose right up to my neck.

"It's Jovan Musk For Men," I explain, feeling his cold snot against my warm skin.

"Smells nice," he says.

I again flip open the Samsung cell phone model number #SCH-8500, which, with its metallic look, is almost a dead ringer for an old school Star Trek Communicator. Not like those new pussy ones on *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, or *Voyager*, or even *Deep Space Nine*, which you wear on your shirt like a broach. How lame is that?

"Beam Me Up, Scottie" I say into the phone, then quickly finish the rest of my double shot of Jose Quervo, a fine alcoholic beverage I have been enjoying these past few months.

The phone starts to dial and then someone loudly says "hello?"

"Scottie!" I say into the Samsung cell phone model number #SCH-8500.

"How'd you do that?" says the drunk with the reddish-blonde hair.

"Voice Recognition Software," I tell the guy.

"What's that?" he asks.

"Hello?" says the voice on the phone, "is that you playing with that damn phone again, George?"

I tell my step-dad, Nick, to hang on, that I am at Mars Bar, and I am explaining VRS and cellular technology to a drunk guy.

He tells me he has better things to do at three in the morning, like sleep, and hangs up.

Step-dads.

Geez.

"I bet that thing uses alien technology they stole from Roswell," the drunk guy tells me as he walks over to the pinball machine, and starts to play some game where you rack up points for nailing little green men.

"Probably," I tell him as I put the Samsung cell phone model number #SCH-8500 in my vest pocket and order another double shot of Jose Quervo.

"Can I try it?" he asks, as he lets his first ball slide past the flippers only scoring a thousand or so points.

"If you buy me my drink," I tell him.

Just then the bartender interrupts our conversation to inform me that I have dirt all over the sides of my face.

"It must be because I was looking at my picture in *The New York Waste*, and the ink must have rubbed off," I tell her.

"It doesn't look like ink," the drunk guy at the pinball machine tells me."

I touch the sides of my face and feel it. Them. The fuzzy things I'd been growing for over a month.

My sideburns.

"They're sideburns!" I exclaim loudly, "You noticed!"

"Looks like dirt to me," says the bartender, as she pours me a drink, and doesn't let me pay.

"This took me over four weeks!" I say, pointing to my face.

"Ain't puberty a bitch," says the guy at the pinball machine who then misses his second ball.

Ha.

"By the way," says the bartender, "what's that smell?"

***

A few nights later I find myself at The Continental checking out Nashville Pussy after a Furious George set. The Pussy's new album, *High As Hell*, had rocked my world for the past few weeks, and I was more than ready to see them play live.

"Hey George," says Noel, my pal who books and does sound at the club, as I walk up to the mixing board.

"How'd you know it was me?" I ask. Noel had not moved his eyes from the many black knobs he was futzing around with.

"Your smell," he tells me.

"Jovan Musk For Men," I tell him.

"I know, I know," Noel replies.

"So what do you think?" I ask Noel, as I point to my face.

"About?" he asks.

I point to my sideburns.

"Uh-huh," says Noel.

I tell him that these sideburns are very Nashville Pussyish. That they epitomize rednecks and white trash. And that I so much want to be trailer trash.

"You're a Jew," he tells me.

"What?" I yell, "And Jews can't be redneck white trash?"

"If you grow them long they could be payess' like the Orthodox Jews have," Noel explains to me.

I tell him to go back to mixing the bands, then leave him to show off my 'burns in the downstairs hallway near the bathrooms and in the "backstage" room.

"Hey George," says some tall hot chick, "how are you?"

I tell her I'm fine, drinking lots of Jose Quervo, and can't wait to see Nashville Pussy.

Just then my bass player, Mini-Me, walks up to both of us. Well, he really isn't "Mini-Me" anymore. Although he still wears black women's stretch jeans like me, New Balance sneakers like me, a black t-shirt like me, and a denim vest like me, he now has brown hair instead of bleached blonde.

"How you doin'?" Mini-Me, errr, Stevie says to us.

"What's that smell?" the girl suddenly asks, "it smells so good!"

I'm about to tell her it's Jovan Musk For Men, that I, as well as Stevie, wear the stuff.

"Farenheight," replies Stevie.

My jaw drops to the ground as the hot chick starts to sniff my bass players neck, then put her arms around his shoulders.

"How you doin'?" Stevie repeats.

I feel ready to bash his skull in. First he changes his hair? And now his scent? Et tu, Brutus?

"You smell really sexy," the girl tells Stevie, then asks if she can buy him a drink.

"How you doin'?" Stevie says for a third time, then begins to walk away with the chick.

"Wait," I yell to her, "You didn't even say anything about my sideburns!"

"What sideburns?" she asks, then tells Stevie how nice and smooth and baby-faced he is.

"Norelco Triple Action Blade," he explains.

I hear her giggle as she walks him up the stairs.

After Nashville Pussy's awesome set, almost as good as the one the Dwarves had put on in the same club a couple of weeks earlier, I found myself out front on the sidewalk.

"Great show, eh?" I say to Michael, my drummer, as I turn my face side to side to see if he'll notice what he hadn't noticed at the past four rehearsals. My sideburns.

"They fucking rock, dude," he tells me.

"The singer has kick ass sideburns," I say, fishing for a compliment on mine.

"Who cares about that?" he says, "didn't you see the girl guitarist deep throat that beer bottle?"

I ignored him and hailed a cab. I'd had enough for one night.

"Where to?" asks the cabbie with a name like Singvh Mohammed, Mohammed Signvh, or Singvh Inda Rain.

I tell him the City Hall District and he just stares at me.

I give him the address and he goes, "Oh, Tribeca":

As he makes his way down Third Avenue, and over to Broadway, he blasts a Heart song on the radio.

"Can you please turn it down?" I ask him, as Jose Quervo had decided to play drums in my head along with the fat ladies from Heart.

"Rock musician?" he asks.

I look at his eyes in the rear-view mirror, and they are fixed upon my guitar case.

"Yes," I scream.

"Hard rock?" he asks.

"Yes," I scream again, knowing I should really say "Punk Rock", but not wanting the conversation.

"I like hard rock," he says, and then turns the Heart song up even louder.

He drives for a while saying nothing. Finally after the Heart song ends, he turns the radio down and speaks again.

"Colon?" he asks.

"Excuse me?" I say, wondering if the guy likes anal sex along with his hard rock.

"Colon?" he asks again.

"Yes I have one," I tell him. And it was beginning to hurt.

"No," he says, "When you get into cab, it smells. Colon?"

Knowing damn well that I washed my ass earlier, as I *always do*, I try to figure out what he is saying.

"Cologne?" I finally ask.

"Yes, Colon!" he replies, "what kind?".

"Why?" I ask him, and then, not waiting for an answer, tell him it's Jovan Musk For Men.

"Joe who?" he asks.

At this point, Jose Quervo is not only playing drums in my head, he's taken up guitar, bass, tuba, and jackhammer as well.

"Jovan Musk For Men," I repeat.

"Oh, says the cabbie, as he writes it down on a pad of paper, "Oh-von Musk For Men!"

"It's Jovan," I say, pronouncing the "J".

"I know," says the cabbie as he shows the pad of paper to me where he spelled it correctly, "but the 'yay' is not pronounced.

"Uh-huh," I say, praying I'll get home any second, and that the cabbie doesn't try to kiss me goodnight.

"It smell good. Do jew get lot of girl with it?" he asks.

"Yes, lots of them," I tell him.

"Very good! Yes! I like lot of girl!" he exclaims.

Just then we pull up to my building and he stops the cab and speaks.

"I go buy colon tomorrow to get American girls."

I tell him that that's a good idea as I pay him his fare and exit his cab.

As I'm closing the door he says, "Jew have nice sideburns".

And with that, my jaw wrapped around my ankles, he speeds off into the night.

Take My Life, Please!

Endnotes:

1. *Mass Movement* editor Tim has a couple of new E-books out that are fucking great! Really punk rock, really emotional, and really hit you where it should. In the heart. First, there's *What Would Gary Gygax Do*, which is a collection of short semi-biographical stories that rock! It's on the Kindle and all that stuff I don't understand. Also, he's rereleased *Compression*...which I reviewed a while ago. Tim tells it like it really is in the U.K. Punk Rock world, and you shouldn't miss this for nothing!

2. Got the "new" Joey Ramone album, *...Ya Know"* I like it but I'm not so sure how I feel about it because some of the songs just break my heart. He sings about being sick in tunes like "Cabin Fever" and "There's Got To Be More To Life" and "Seven Days Of Gloom." He also does some real folksy tunes like "Waiting For The Railroad". Then there's the eighties AC/DC silly song "Rock N Roll Is The Answer", which I'd hate if I didn't know that Joey did this tongue in cheek after a tune I did called "Cleavage To Beaver" with Iron Prostate. "New York City" is a real hit here, as well as his new jazzy version of "Merry Christmas, I Don't Wanna Fight Tonight." I could see that song becoming a *standard* Christmas classic. Finally! A classic song that'll make Joey's legacy last forever! The album ends with a melancholy version of "Life's A Gas" that had me in tears. It's so sad, yet uplifting. So, like I said, I'm not so sure how I feel about this album as it has all these ups and downs. What you won't hear here is great Ramones type tunes like on the last album. ...*Ya Know* is a lot more personal. Which makes it really unique in the Ramones world. And for that, it's really really worth it!

3. My pal Clint at Aggronautix made a Handsome Dick Manitoba "Throttle Head"! Now Dick stands on my desk, head bobbing all over, still telling me he won't give me a free beer from behind the bar nor will he sing "Master Race Rock," no matter how much I tip him!

4. I got Prong's new album. I've been pals with Tommy Victor, the singer/songwriter/guitarist of the band since day one. This album kicks a lot of ass, but I doubt anything will ever match up to "Primitive Origins" and "Freezer Burn".

5. I just got the new album from the guy, Brandon Smalls, who does Dethklock in Metapocalypse. Haven't had a chance to listen to it yet, but if it's anything like his past couple of albums, it should be a lunar blast!

I just spent a mad week working up in Stockholm and rounded it off by going on a bender with my good friend Marko who is just as madly crazed by records as I am, if not more. By

the way, Marko finally pulled his fat thumb outta his arsehole and started a fanzine, called *Levande Begravd*. Issue one and two came out in quick succession and the third one is due this summer sometime. Hold your horses, it's in Swedish, but if that is not a barrier for enjoyment then you probably already know all about it, if not, then head down to your local record shop and buy it immediately. It's no-shit the best Swedish zine in years. There is no competition. Best writing on underground music, cult rock and music enjoyed by collectors and freaks in the Swedish language! Think *Distort*, think *Touch & Go*, think not *More Noize*! Unpretentious and full of raw power! Gaaahhh!

I met Marko at Sound Pollution in the Old Town—incidentally one of the only places where you can buy *MRR* in Sweden—because I had to drop off a record for a friend there, a record that funnily enough I had been carrying for a week all the way from London. Mailer left behind the counter, and then I had a quick browse in the shop, encouraged by the stock but saddened by the low value of English money, but ended up knocking off a death metal CD for a trade I am doing with someone in Japan. But luckily I had already made a vinyl purchase via the internet with Mattis from Skrammel Records.... MISSBRUKARNA and SEXPISTOLSTANTEN LPs!!!! Marko hooked it up because Mattis was going to Berlin earlier in the day so I had no chance to meet him. I also scored a MISSBRUKARNA t-shirt. This is turning out the month of MISSBRUKARNA!

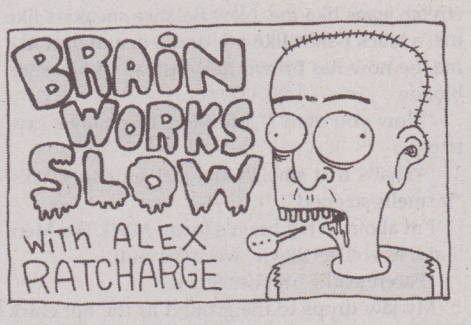
I have probably already been going on about the MISSBRUKARNA reissue in this column. I remember first hearing about them via TOTALITÄR's cover of the song "Kristen Resning" on their *Vänd Dig Inte Om* 7" EP. This would be some time in the first half of the 1990s, but surely it was not until fifteen years later that I finally got to hear MISSBRUKARNA, and wow! Fast as hell, short songs, early lo-fi hardcore that is still firmly rooted in the original punk wave. Kind of like a Swedish version of VAGUE or BAD BRAINS. Hardcore from 1980! But in Swedish! And I always liked the fact that Rolf Rebellion and his co-punks had accents that I always associated with the old Sweden of the 1960s and 1970s that I have seen via reruns of old Swedish black and white TV from the 1970s!

The LP reissue is of course ultra-mandatory. I assume there will be a proper review of it in this issue of *MRR* so I am not going to steal the reviewers thunder. But without even having played the record, I can proclaim the following: The B-Side has got 20 songs! Gate-fold album cover! In short, buy buy buy!! As a funny aside, I must have seen at least five dudes in MISSBRUKARNA t-shirts that day in Stockholm, which is funny because it's rare to see Swedes openly show off an interest for råpunk. No shit, "Bonden" at Sound Pollution said they have not bought as many copies of an LP since the GHOST LP a few years ago and that the MISSBRUKARNA reissue is quickly becoming a bestseller! In 2012?? Hardcore survives!!!

Anyways, Marko and I had planned to go ransack Trash Palace and a few other record shops but the weather was too fucking great so instead we ended up in a bar. As usual we started where we left off last time we met, talking underground fashion in Uddevalla and in Bohuslän generally.... waaaaay back in the boring days of 1991. Touching on other delicious discussion topics ranging from whether UNION CARBIDE PRODUCTIONS really were unpopular back in the day, or if that is a later-day myth, the fact that a lot of black metal kids turned church burners by reading in fanzines that it's what black metal dudes do, the identities of dudes we saw back in the day wearing authentic Ramones uniforms and all sorts of other obvious important world events. Eventually we ended up at a dingy bar called Viking, where we grew to a happy group of ten, fifteen or five assorted survivors from Sweden's glorious punk hey-days, past and present. Then we went to a boat ("Named after the third BLUE ÖYSTER LP"???) where some bands Marko just had to see were playing. I have no recollection of the names. But then I mostly stood outside debating the old chestnut the CLASH vs CRASS with some old timers. I do recall glowing in the company of two other nerds who shares my love for RAPED TEENAGERS, one of the best hardcore bands ever, to which Marko said "You don't meet fellow fans of RAPED TEENAGERS in London, do ya? It's time to move home, mate!"

Other all-important subjects thought upon this night are, in no order, as follows:
Sprängkullen 1983 (DISCHARGE played two nights in a row, with ANTI-CIMEX as support; which members of the drinking party went to, who didn't?), someone's hatred of the current hype for Japanese punk versus the uncontroversial fact that GAUZE is the worlds best hardcore band of all times, ANTI-CIMEX, (*the* ANTI-CIMEX, none other). BLACK FLAG's tour of Sweden and Finland and respective opinions of hatred of Rollins ("As if a topless muscled macho American could tell the Finns to think and not to drink"), MISSBRUKARNA (of course), the lingering question mark regards why ARSEDESTROYER (famous for its anti-PC noisecore) got invited to come up to Umeå (famous for its pro-PC straight edge scene) and how the French oi-band (previously friendly with the ARSEDESTROYER gang) suddenly refused to talk members of ARSEDESTROYER due to one McDonalds milkshake. (Do you remember the politics of the 1990s?) Uppsala D-beat and the greatness of the second TIMES SQUARE PREACHERS EP, the amazing milestone year of 1994 when I received in the same month two of the best demos ever (DISKONTO and COUNTERBLAST), fanzines past and present (mostly past), the unbridgable divide between playing in a band and doing it totally for life (NITAD!), and on the other side some armchair moron is typing poison letters and retarded opinions about punk bands in shitty fanzines (*More Noize*), the need for both people who make punk music and those who write about it, but the continued mutual hatred of each other, and the ever-lasting fucking piss-poor joke of it all, life being a never-ending circle of cross-purpose talk when in reality everyone is actually in it for the same thing as everything else (but what is it?), and lastly on a personal level I am sad to say that I had an uphill struggle convincing anyone that 16 BLÅSARE UTAN HJÄRNA is one of the most underrated Swedish hardcore bands of all times (I am right, everyone else is wrong).

Through a muffled sound, and filtered through drunk and illegal senses, I heard a band on the deck below that sounded great, but down below I witnessed a sleaze rock band that sounded like shit. Some minutes later I walked home to the hotel but came around only at the airport, when wearing a MISSBRUKARNA t-shirt I released what I was wearing is hilarious in this context (translated they're called The Addicts) and then I laughed like a teenager and went through the security check. Fun times! But I miss London. "Borta bra, men hemma bäst". Besides, I am still waiting on my PEOPLE LP!!! And since last month no less than five people wrote me to ask my opinion of said record...
Write me at slobodanburgher@gmail.com



Not that I want to complain, but where the fuck does time go? I got drunk on NYE, then opened my eyes and it was already May. I'm sure you're busy as hell, too, so I'll get straight to the point this month and just tell you ten things I think you should know.

1. If the Desperate Bicycles had mohawks, if the Vaselines wore studded jackets with Destrucción backpatches and sung about making fanzines instead of not being wanted by Jesus Christ, if some shitty indie-rock kids suddenly discovered the virtues of keeping things raw and not giving a fuck about musicianship, chances are the result would sound more or less like Irreparables, the only current band I've been listening to on repeat for the past couple months. They only have one self-released demo tape out, I don't know if they're a "real band" or just a one time project but holy shit do I love this tape. This is just what you need if you've been feeling a bit burned out and bored with punk—anthemic inept jams like if Miss UKDIY met Mr UK77 and they fell in love in a squatted kitchen. The perfect antidote to everything cynical about modern life, and my favorite release of 2012 so far.

2. I saw Warning/ Warning play last week and they kicked my ass so hard I still can't sit. Last time I saw them was their very first gig, it was great and all, but since then they've played a bunch, toured the US and Europe, released two tapes and two records, even an album, and now they've just become a mongoloid noise punk monster, total primitive destruction, if there's a proper soundtrack to rolling around naked on

the floor in a puddle of beer flavored vodka then that must be it. Get their LP. French/ Basque motherfuckers Hondartzako Hondakinak played that same night and I was just as impressed, their two tapes are great but this was another thing, so insane you couldn't really tell if they were super tight or super sloppy. Other than that I really enjoyed dancing around like a drunk baby gorilla at the Lebakko gig, if you don't know about them you should go and read their interview in last issue of *MRR*. Melodic punk from Finland with their own take on life, death, and electric guitars.

3. I just put out a new issue of *Ratcharge*, except this time it's not really called Ratcharge but Black Line Fever. If you ask why I'll ask you why not, so don't even try. It's a collection of posters by Ben Lyon, one of my favorite punk cartoonists ever. It's got everything you could possibly want from an art zine: bloodshot eyes, dumb/ crazy/ insane looking people, pills, needles, cigarettes, beers, bunnies, UFOs, Elvis, mutants, or, as his friend Matt wrote in the intro, "rock 'n' roll trash, psychedelic monsters, horror movie double features, French pop beach parties, bubblegum sounds, LSD sock hops, martians and martinis, Tiki gods from beyond Mars, punk rock pizza, greasy chickens and, last but not least, hotrods and hotdogs." Get in touch if that sounds like your deal.

4. Oddly enough "Pain Frites records" isn't the name of a record label but of a new tape label from my city. Why they didn't call it "Pain Frites tapes" is a bit beyond me, but it could be because they're French. Who knows. They just put out three tapes in as many months and it seems they love it enough to keep it going for a while so I'd suggest you keep an eye on them. So far they've released stuff by local indie / no wave band Morse, some great synth-punk destruction courtesy of La Course à la Mort, as well as the new album by Canadian goth-punks Blue Cross. When you order stuff from them make sure to get the Larsens Chroniques comp tape as well, it features sixteen bands from Lyon playing everything from shitty melodic punk to pure noise to violent modern hardcore and so on, and believe it or not, most of the bands are great. It's a benefit for La Luttine, the place where you can find local punks selling their cheap 7"s and drinking coffee all day, beers all night, every Saturday in my neighborhood. Painfrite.blogspot.fr.

5. The Avengers movie sucks ass. Worst two and a half hours of my week.

6. The White Cop tape finally got reissued, this time on a cheap one-sided 12" thanks to Ian at Leather Bar Records. White Cop was a shortlived Australian band that sounded like the Reatards demos minus the melodies, early Pussy Galore minus Jon Spencer, or a sunny day minus the sun. Raw, primitive, negative punk. When I get bored with Irreparables this is what I blast these days.

7. Not a lot of assholes are great writers, but quite a few great writers seem like real assholes, and Emmanuel Carrères is one of them. I've been reading all his books lately, but I'd never want to have a beer with him, and I regret even seeing him talk on TV. Writers should stay in books! Fuck modern times. Anyway, Carrères is French, so not all of his books are available in English, but two of his best ones are. First, *The Moustache* can be summed up pretty simply: what would happen if you shaved the moustache you've been sporting for the past ten years, only to realize that no one even notices the difference? Worst, they all say you never had a moustache. Maybe you'd start losing your mind. Maybe not. Very simple and very efficient story. Then there is *I Am Alive and You Are Dead*, a biography of Philip K. Dick that reads more like a Bukowski novel than a traditional biography. It is trying to tell the story from Dick's schizophrenic perspective, and does a pretty good job at it. Worth it especially if you'd rather read about the horrors of real life than about spaceships and time travels.

8. Crazy Spirit, Europe is waiting for you.

9. Oh yeah, my column last month wasn't written by me but by Tony Gunnarsson, that's why it was so much more clever than usual. Thanks Tony! If you also want to write a column for me please send it to ratcharge@gmail.com

10. Ten.

BRACE BELDEN is THE LAST PUNK

Priorities, priorities. Now, that's one of those words that when, if you repeat it out-loud over and over Van Morrison-like, and stop listening to your voice until after a bit you realize you're beginning to sound like some Dr. Phil Hare Krishna. Priorities, that great Western word, just ends up sounding like lower-European mush. Not English, Queens or Western American or Urban or any English, just like some wop vomit. Priorities. What are your priorities? What are the priorities of a person who reads *Maximum Rocknroll*? What are the priorities of a person who writes for *Maximum Rocknroll*? I think about you a lot, Reader, a hell of a lot.

I'm twenty-two, but even that's running out. Each month feels like ten, fifteen regular ones. I have a weak stomach and it hurts to shit. Dirt under my nails doesn't come off, and I don't think it's romantic anymore. Fat again and I throw up when I drink. Priorities. Throw up sober. Priorities. I don't feel young at all, but I don't feel like a deep-voiced wise old African either, and that's wrong, that's not how it's supposed to be at all. You're supposed to on the mouths, grow and blossom and shoot jism all over the place and swear and fight and kiss men and women. Priorities! Instead you (I) lay (lie) around on expensive dope or on screaming cold tile barfing in your (my girls toilet while you (I) fib about what you (last time--I) did last night. You get screaming phone calls from who the hell knows and forget them right after because who's got room in their fucking brain for that shit, after everything else? I've got my priorities to think of.

Glad I've got 'em, priorities that is, because a lot of these creeps I meet don't got even one to speak of. These are little educated boys who wouldn't fuck anything in the ass. That speaks volumes about their fucking priorities (to tell the truth I don't even know if I really intended that pun or not). Amateur voyeurs—they'll jerk off into socks for a thousand years. Fuck them. Onanist cretins. Internet dogs lapping up shit. You wanna talk about punk? I don't wanna hear nobody talk about punk ever again. Jesus Christ. We should all be adults by now. Internet's already ruined romance and privacy and the sanctity of whatever you'd care to talk about. Old lady run over by a milk truck and a thousand little twerps laugh and touch their nipples and cocks. Fuck them all. Little straight edge sex-crazed twerps who'll end up raping something sometime and getting away with it, too. Fuck all the internet hyena boys, but that's it, that's all they'll get, all they can hope for. I can't call that a priority, not when it's just a god dam pathetic mistake.

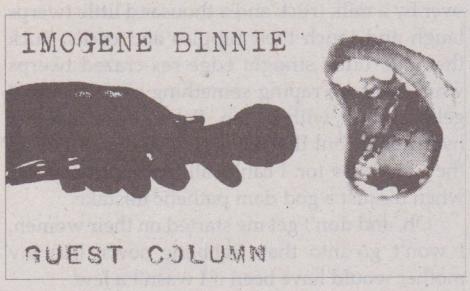
Oh, and don't get me started on their women. I won't go into that. Babbling sows, like my mother would have been if I wasn't a Jew.

Listen, if you want to be a human being you have to exercise absolute control under absolute freedom. Make that your utmost priority. You wanna live like a human dog? *Why*? I mean I can never get a straight answer from god dam anybody. I ask all the time, I make it a priority to find out. I even ask a bunch of different ways but nobody gets it or else they think I'm off. That's why I tell jokes all the time and act nervous with my hands—what I am is in actual, total, complete control of everything. If I feel a room get loose I cinch it like a knot. I see a man sweat—I lap it up. It's a problem. I feel like Crocus Behemoth on a rainy day with nothing to eat. Nico with the clap, a White Power cock boy at a Fishbone concert. Horny and confused, but with my beady little eyes on my Priorities. Nipples hard under a wet t-shirt.

But I can see that I'm in the minority here. Most people are content to let life tread over them, as long as it doesn't scuff their tongues too much. Me, I could never understand that, but then I could never understand much to begin with. Here are some things I don't understand: Old people at the supermarkets arguing with the cashiers over a five year old photocopied coupon. Wide boys crying while eating hamburger after hamburger. Anyone, any age, any sex, licking an asshole* (*let's have the asterisk right here, why not? Anyways, I fully acknowledge that "weird sex stuff" {a nebulous description if there ever was one but c'mon we're all adults here and besides don't rely on my column for your kicks anyways} isn't all that weird and we all have our little licks and pets that equal ejac, male or female, but I draw the line at asshole licking. I don't mean that I'm some snooty prude or a little kid that thinks assholes belong in either straight porn or gay reality. I just mean that I don't want to be at some party two years after I put my fucking mouth on another human's asshole and have

them look at me and have me look at them and both of us and maybe some nearby/close friends know that my lips and tongue have been in and around the place where they shit. This may seem like a hysterical measure to preserve some sense of sexual dignity, and maybe it is, but really it just means that there are some tricks that I just won't turn). All examples of a lack of priorities.

If I can be honest for a moment: I don't care if you, like me, skip over my column completely or at least cringe reflexively when you see that godawful header or even if you've read this whole column and dismiss it as nothing but the Thunderbird-soaked esoteric babblings of a thesaurus reading egg sucker. Just get your god dam priorities in order and lend me some money.



Hey Maximum.

It's weird how you don't get to read these things until like like three months in the future from when I write them, isn't it? Like, we just played this benefit last night, but by the time you read this, the money we raised will probably have solved all the problems already. Hopefully. There's this hilarious and amazing mysterious feminist punk collective or band or something from Russia called PUSSY RIOT that does these surprise confrontational shows in like the subway, sometimes, or wherever. They wear bright-colored dresses and balaclavas over their faces and once I saw a compilation video of them—I'm pretty sure they are all lady-type punks—running up and kissing lady cops on the mouths, which was like, the best thing I have ever seen. (It's funny how I've maybe got a little loophole in my humorless attitude toward nonconsensual kissing when it comes to cops in uniforms, isn't it?) They rule and one time they ran up in a giant cathedral in Moscow and played a song where they asked Mother Mary the Blessed Virgin to please chase Putin out of Russia, which I guess the police didn't like, so three members of the band—Marija Alechina, Nadezhda Tolokonnikova and Ekaterina Samutsevitch—got arrested and have been detained since February. They are looking at seven years in jail for being in a hilarious and political punk band.

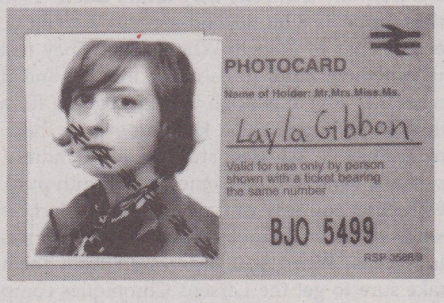
So this guy Rob put on a benefit show last night at the Space gallery, like, right downtown on Congress Street. It was a killer show. Not only did I not have to stress about if we were gonna get paid and therefore whether it was okay to play that venue because of Boring Punk Rock Ethics, but it was my band Correspondences' first show not in a basement, and Swaath let us use their enormous amplifiers so we sounded like fucking armageddon. I mean, we didn't sound as much like armageddon as Swaath does, but we sounded like... most of armageddon? Or an armageddonlet , or something. The armageddon that opens for armageddon. Also Emily borrowed an electric cello so she looked kind of dorky playing this bizarre skinny green bowling-ball-colored thing, but it didn't really feed back at all, which was a cool experience. My bass still fed back all over the place though. Whatever. Lee flipped out on playing through a PA and was like "all I ever want is to have my kick drum miked." We also played with this band Dead Dog—who totally ruled, fast poppy punk with a lady singer- and this band Metal Feathers that was some dudes playing rock'n'roll, which is not really my thing, I dunno. Swaath played last and let me tell you that they are my new favorite live band. I think maybe being a nice person who plays terrifying doom metal but smiles and says thank you between songs is blowing up right now? I thought my band invented that but Swaath totally does it too and I think they might have been playing shows for longer than us. We are talking about doing a tour from Maine down to Baltimore in late June or July with them, I hope it happens.

Also Lee's parents and Emily's parents were there, which I guess isn't technically punk after like age fifteen, but it was awesome. My parents were in New Jersey. Does anybody in New Brunswick want to have us over for a basement show? I'll bring my parents, you'll like 'em. Anyway, I guess we raised like a thousand dollars? Google Pussy Riot or something. Ben from Swaath said he got video of some of our performance so maybe it'll be on youtube or something by the time you read this. I'm the tall one.

This other thing happened where I have no idea what's going to happen in the next couple months but CeCe McDonald, a black trans woman from Minneapolis who was attacked by a bunch of white dudes who were calling her and her friends words beginning in F, N, and B—one of whom smashed a beer glass on CeCe's face, puncturing her salivary gland—on June 5th, 2011. She tried to run away but when a white dude with a swastika tattoo chased her down, she pulled a a pair of scissors from her purse and defended herself. He died from the wounds she inflicted and then she went to jail. For killing a nazi who was trying to kill her. Anyway the day I'm writing this is the day after she took a plea in court; she's probably going to get three and a half years in prison for not letting a nazi kill her, although I don't know yet exactly what her sentence is—you will know by the time you read this. Guess what, I don't know what your country is like but those of us who live in the US live in a racist fucking nightmare that hates and marginalizes trans people with all its heart; where women still don't make nearly as much as men for doing the same work, believe it or not. (Do you think women of color make more or less money on average than white women?) Whatever, not to get all preachy but think for a second about the fact that if you are a person of color, *and* a woman, *and* trans, in the United States you are *legally expected* to lay down in the street and let any nazi who wants to just straight-up fucking kill you.

Let's all sit with that for a minute. One or more deaths of trans women of color has been reported every week in this country for the last few months—and it's not like this is a recent development. Fuck this epidemic of murder and fuck the fact that when trans women of color walk away from these attacks—or fight back—they're imprisoned for it. . This is why your "tranny" jokes aren't funny, by the way. Hopefully CeCe will be out of prison by the time this gets printed, but I'm not optimistic. I don't think she considers herself a punker but you can ask if you want. Send her a letter. Google "mail CeCe McDonald" or something for her address, I don't know.

Ugh, that's what's on, I guess. Shit is fucked but I am in a cool band. The Bouncing Souls have a new record coming out by the time this gets published in June! That is good news! I grew up in New Jersey so I was actually issued a Souls tattoo; they were my first real punk band back in like 1993 or something and I'm not gonna lie, the fact that the cover of the new one looks like Brian drew it with a sharpie on the back of his notebook makes me feel more stoked about it than I've felt about a Souls album in a little while. I hope there are songs about drinking and friends and liking music on it. ...Whoa I couldn't really figure out how to end this mess of a column but the mail just came and Francesca sent me a package with a Fifth Column tape, a pin, a comp on a CD, and—if I'm reading this postcard right—a threat of blackmail? I'm gonna go investigate. If you wanna talk about it, email imogen@keepyourbridgesburning.com.



A ceremonial top five!

1: Huggy Bear live in 1994 video on you tube!! This era of Huggy makes me so nostalgic for my teenagerhood... Hardcore records and mod girl haircuts. Angela Davis and the Wipers...

2: Gun Outfit, Spiritual Warriors, Replica and Index live at Thrillhouse. Replica are amazing; ex Duck and Cover and Infect, most girl raging HC with Dharma destroying all previous front people's attempts at frontpersoning with her total reality. Send off for their tape already. Google that shit. Bay Area hardcore, it's going off. Index played their first show, Eric from Jump Off a Building/Nodzzzz, Jess Brilliant Color on vox and I think a Traditional fool (I might be wrong) and they sounded like Kleenex playing Sham 69 songs; ie totally sick. Spiritual Warriors are a new mutant Olympia hardcore band, they have a tape you gotta get it. Weird TV and Gun Outfit peoples making your destructive urges seem more necessary. Sick! Gun Outfit bummed out the HC scene who wanted Replica to play (I sympathise, Replica is the best) but Gun Outfit paint landscapes of dark times and loneliness in a specific Northwestern manner that makes me feel like I am watching a movie or reading a

book, there but not there. It's so good and they are moving to LA?!

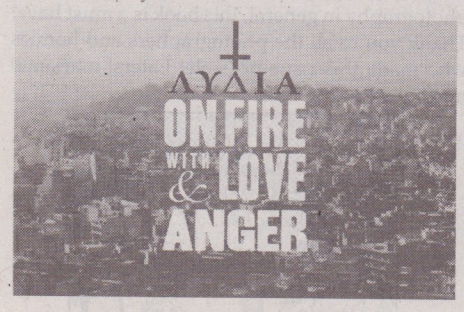
3: Proxy tape. We listened to this a lot during print week; great Blitz styled street punk from Montreal, I think Inepsy members are involved somehow? It sounds like Born Dead Icons playing Blitz, ie rules! The first song is just OK, but the good songs on this thing are *great*.

4: Weird TV test press for the new 12". Seriously, I love this band. This is what we have been waiting for ok?

5: So this is the first issue of *MRR* without my name in the coordinator spot! Mariam asked me if I was gonna keep writing a column; I think so... We'll see! Lydia got here from Greece at the end of last month and has been impressing us all with her masterful editing skills and attention to detail, and I am happy to hand over the joys of running the magazine to her. As I am sure I have stated a million times in this space, I intend to keep on working on the magazine in various behind the scenes activities and will continue to contribute content. (As you should too!! Send in a scene report/interview already). I am working on several things at once even as I type!

You may have read Mariam's column about having to move on from coordinating *MRR* this year also; she has some family responsibilities that mean she has to shift focus. That means *you* could be coordinator still! Seriously; you could be the person who picks what runs in the magazine, what interviews with super secret cult bands from 1982 or from last week, what theme issues and what projects... You get to live at the *MRR* house for free, rent and bills paid, with over 40,000 punk records and a hundred or so shitworkers passing through the house assisting you in your endeavors! You have to live in San Francisco, at the Maximum house and you gotta have your shit together (ie to be able to edit and run a magazine), whilst at the same time being absolutely consumed by punk rock and all it has to offer. Email us at mrr@maximumrocknroll.com and let us know why you are interested and what you think you could bring to the magazine and we will send you an application. It's a two year commitment. I lasted four years, the longest anyone (aside from Tim Yohannan, obviously) has lasted is six, but most people put in two or three years. It's hard work, like going to graduate school for punks, but it's the most fun/gratifying thing too. So much music to discover, punks from all over the world to correspond with and to coerce into contributing to the magazine! DIY or DIE!!

You can read old columns by me here: whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com and you can email me at layla@maximumrocknroll.com



Home is Where the Heart Aches

"Athens burning" seems to be the slogan of the year, and not just because it's the name of a 7" re-issue by old-timer Greek punks STRESS. You're probably sick of hearing how things are messed up in Greece, the media I'm sure doing their part to exacerbate the problem. One particular event that was heavily manipulated by the local media was the protest march that occurred on Sunday February 12, when the centre of Athens "turned into a battlefield" and "historic buildings looted and burned." Inside the parliament, a plenary meeting took place and Greek politicians singed off on new ways to "save the Greek people," by way of a new loan agreement with the EU, IMF, ECB and other similar loan sharks. All of it was pretty much expected; the dramatic headlines, the police brutality, the finger pointing, the mixed emotions, collateral damage. All of it part of the staged spectacle that is (Greek) politics. Most of us are used to it. So much so in fact that it is almost as if we are immune to the crudeness of it all.

True to our ancient theatrical heritage, everything is part comedy, part tragedy. The Greek people are, and have been, so divided, that whatever amount of collective will there is to teach those bastards a lesson, there's no way of coordinating a successful plan of attack. Even within smaller, tighter groups of people, complete alignment of both theory and methodology is a rare phenomenon. At least this is what I have gathered so far. Whatever happens down on the streets is never correctly transmitted to the rest of the people, because the role of the media is to shape opinions and alter impressions, not give you the facts. And more often than not, we end up preaching to the choir, or in most cases, the deaf. 170 buildings were damaged and/or looted, 93 of them badly destroyed; 65 buildings caught fire, 28 of which were shops, 20 of them banks; 80 civilian cars and 3 cop motorcycles were destroyed and/or burned, 79 people were arrested (53 Greek and 26 foreign) and 92 people adduced and 109 cops were sent packing to the local hospital. Given the fact that all this happened in an area of about six square km (3.6 sqmi), that's a lot of fucked up shit.

The facts are: This situation can't continue, we demand change and pose resistance... We are also very angry and desperate, and feel betrayed... Most of us are young with no future and just don't know any better, because we weren't taught any better... But a lot of us are old and stick to what we know and just want to get on with our lives and vote for the same assholes every four years and pretend everything is fine. So, what we ultimately end up with is a mix of blind hate, misdirected vengeance, spiteful anger, indignation and pointless barbarity.

I explain: The comic side is that everyone was so ready to cry out against a few dozen buildings getting burned, but no one seems to remember or even care about the few *hundred* publicly owned buildings that are sitting unused, many of them neo-classical and/or eligible for restoration... or not! They purposefully let them rot so they can tear them down to build more profitable entreprices. Everyone is so fast to judge the actions of those on the streets, but forget to judge the inaction, or even downright corruption and lies, of those behind the closed doors of public officials, and the subsequent amount of people they poison with their activities. Everyone condemns the koukouloforous who "spread mayhem and terrorize the capitol" because they actively fight the system, but why does no one condemn the politicians for actively fighting the people and serving the system? How can burnt concrete suddenly matter more than human lives? How can people be so short-sighted so as to think that the hooded youth are the real enemies of the state? If anything they're your warning shot that the state isn't working in favour of the people. And people are products of their environment and biological makeup.

Which brings me to the tragic side. Yes, arson is a crime. But buildings have both insurance and a price. Human life has neither. And whereas it was expected of the media and politicians to condemn such an act (for if they didn't they'd be seen as putting up with criminals and then where would we be, anarchy?!) it was what the people had to say that left me pondering. A small handful agreed that it is a semi-effective way to make a dent in the capitalist system. Then again, others argued, repairs after the riots cost the tax payer a pretty penny, fifteen million euros in fact, and that such "vicious activities" (like using 40 tones of smashed marble as ammo) are uncalled for at peaceful demos... Well, if you want to bend over and take it, be my guest. You are one of many who deny yourselves enlightenment. "But what about the poor shop keepers? And the looted shops? And that old movie theatre? What was the motivation behind that? Where was the police? Don't these children have parents?!"

Well fuck me if I know the answer to any of those questions. Maybe they just got to their wits end and said "Fuck it! The system fucks me in every way imaginable, so I'm gonna fuck with *it*!" Or maybe, they're just *too fucking disaffected* and *confused* and *lost* to know the difference between right and wrong, society is so sickeningly jaded; and there's lots of invented grey area for people to manipulate. So it shouldn't surprise you that there's no rhyme or reason behind today's patterns of society. We are all as biologically predictable as we are mentally unstable, there's reason enough to snap. I don't know if anyone told you but things are pretty serious...

A couple months down the line, on April 4th, a pensioner committed public suicide in Syndagma square, attributing his action to the country's worsening economic situation. This is merely one of many suicides occurring in Greece and elsewhere these past few months connected to the "economic" "crisis." A few weeks after that, the government announced the opening of the first "immigration centers" (read concentration camps?!) and the police went on a week-long "clean-up" of the Athens city centre, just days after the elections were officially announced. What a coincidence...

People are slowly grasping the fact that both New Democracy (ND) and PASOK (Socialists) are useless liars and many are intending on giving their vote to the smaller parties. Among them unfortunately is Golden Damn (Χρυση Αυγη, fascist thugs who go on killing sprees) gathering close to 8% in the polls. For a country that only got rid of fascists four decades ago, it seems like our mistakes have taught us nothing.

Yet such is the justice of democracy and we all know it: stupid people cast stupid votes. If elections changed anything, they'd be illegal.

***

Ehm. In other news, I am the new *MRR* magazine coordinator. I flew in from Athens, Greece at the end of April and I am honoured, and rather overwhelmed, to greet you all and I promise I will do my best to help in the magazine's effort to bring you the best punk from across the globe. I do not take this responsibility lightly and very much appreciate being given such a unique opportunity. I also strongly encourage you to send in your own scene report, interview, photos, column or whatever! You make this magazine what you want it to be and we want to hear all about it. Also, if you're interested in distributing this here zine to your friends/local record store/area, get in touch!

The second issue of my zine *N o w h e r e* is out in Greece. My man has taken on print and distro duties in my absence, so he will be handling Greek and European orders. I must print a few copies here and start hustling people to check it out! But fret not, sooner or later, you'll get your copy. I might upload the whole thing as a downloadable PDF someplace online, but for now I must learn the *MRR* ropes. Last but not least, here is my chance to say thank you and I love you to my family, friends and my better half, Mike!

You'll be hearing from me no doubt next month... P.S. *Sorry* about the typos in the Greek scene report in last month's issue (#349), I don't know how that happened. If you have any questions or want to send in something, mail me at lydia@maximumrocknroll.com or contact me via my blog at www.nemesisknox.com

Hey Everybody! Welcome to the Photo Issue! Can I get a "Fuck Yeah!?" I hope your minds are blown by the amount of raw imagery of punk is in this fucker! I don't have a ton of room to dazzle you with something because we have so much content! Theme issues are a killer, but they are definitely worth it. Enjoy this one! If you take a peek on the website, we will be selling some amazing prints.

Since I don't have much room for this column, I decided to give you lucky bastards an update on the recent "activity" in the house. A few months back I wrote a column about the haunting of the *MRR* compound. Supposedly in times of stress or change, haunting activity tends to increase and based on the recent action around here, this is true. The recent string of episodes began when Amelia moved out. First there were strange noises, knocking and some doors slamming that let me know that the recent changes at *MRR* were about to kick-start to some weird shit. After I had heard knocking every two hours one night on the bathroom wall opposite my closet I actually sat down and had a "talk" with Tim, explaining the recent changes and what to expect. It was literally just me talking out loud in my room telling Tim, and any other ghostly presence, that there were new people moving in, people moving out and that the magazine is doing well. I also reiterated that although I don't mind him being here, I never want to see him. Everything seemed cool again and no one really experienced anything beyond some knocks on the wall until Francesca, the new distro coordinator moved in and Layla moved out.

One of the reviewers sub-let my old room upstairs and was staying here for three months. At the risk of sounding like a crazy, a few days after thsi guy moved in I decided to mention that he might *experience* something and if that were the case, to please let me know. "I know this all sounds crazy, but..." In the middle of giving him the low down, he cut me off, "it's not weird at all...something happened the first day I was here."

The first night he slept here, he said that he was awakened very early in the morning to the sound of someone trying to open his door. He said he sat up when he heard a bit of a rattling sound and realized that it was coming from the knob of the door leading to the hall. He described to me as he watched the door handle slowly turn and return back to its original position in the faint morning light. Against the silence of the morning, he said the sound of the knob slowly turning seemed so incredibly loud—an excrucitaing and terrifying high pitched grinding. After a second of confusion, he jumped out of bed and opened the door. There was no one there.

Francesca has a wiener dog named Luigi that is living between here and her girlfriend's house. There have been several episodes of Luigi having uncontrollable barking and growling in the direction of the long hall lined by the record collection. It's a long, dark corridor that gives everyone the creeps, but, man, Luigi doesn't like it... Anyway, after one of these episodes, the next morning Francesca tells me with a grave face, "Something happened." Now, keep in mind that Francesca makes fun of the rest of us for believing any of this stuff. She does not believe in anything supernatural, ghostly, etc... so hearing this from her is a shock to me. She proceeds to tell me that while she in the bathroom, her electric toothbrush turned on in the bathroom cabinet. Imaging how startling it would be sitting on the toilet and something in the cupboard starts moving around, she and I begin discussing possible explanations. Just then, Danny comes in pale and serious.

"Did something happen to you too?!" She asks Francesca. The story is retold. Danny shakes her head.

"Just now, while I was in the bathroom brushing my teeth, I noticed in the mirror reflection that the shower curtain moved a little. I didn't really pay attention, but then I watched the curtain slowly open half way." We all look at each other. I don't care how tough you are, that's some scary shit...

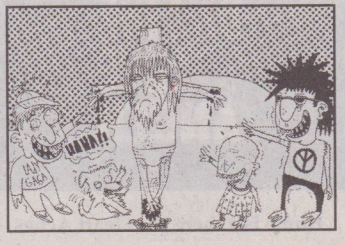
One night I woke up out of a dead sleep to the sound of the doorbell. It's a high-pitched electronic sound that stays on as long as your finger is on that buzzer—it's fucking obnoxious. Anyway, I jumped up as I listened to the bell ring for about ten seconds. Rubbing my eyes, I look at the clock—2am. Startled and pissed off, thinking that some one is trying to kill me, or just fuck with me, I threw a T-shirt on and grabbed a bat (*MRR* has various handy weapons stashed all over the compound...no shit). Freezing in the pitch black I crept downstairs and heard a soft knocking on the inner door from the garage. I almost shat myself. See, the only way to get into the compound is through the garage and there is no way to get into the garage unless you have a key for the outside gate. You have to get though a series of doors to arrive at this one and this door is never locked when I know Danny is coming home late. It's a safety thing for women and if you saw the layout of the house, you'd know why. So, I stood there for a second, feeling really raw and exposed in my t-shirt and underwear. I feel the bat in my hand and it's as if I am about to fight off a vicious, bloody-mouthed, razor-taloned demon with a cinnamon toothpick. If what ever was on the other side of this door wanted to come in, it could. I did not lock this door.

I poised the bat for a quick jab to a potential assailants face. I took a quick breath and yanked on the door...but it was locked. I never lock this door when she is coming home late! WTF! I hear a small voice on the other side, "Mariam?" It's Danny. I unlock the door and open it up to see Danny's poor tired eyes after an undoubtedly long work shift. Before she can say I word...

"Holy shit, I did not lock this fucking door, dude," I am still standing there bewildered with the bat still in position. Standing in the dark, we both realize that aside from the two of us, there is no one in the house. The house seems oddly silent and bigger than usual. The darkness wraps every surface in the house and our voices seem hollow in the faint echo hitting the hard surfaces surrounding us. There is only a feeling of emptiness and vulnerability as we stand there seeing only the faintness of each others wide eyes as we try to figure out what the fuck happened. We both shiver.

After a few seconds of this eerie feeling, we start to laugh a little. Danny says what we are both thinking, "Tim Yo locked me out of the house!" Our nervous laughter eventually gives way to the natural hearty laugh of two people sharing a joke—or in this case, three.

Ah! I have run out of room, so I will give you more later! Big ups to Ricky Adam and his new book, *Destroying Everything ...Seems like the Only Option*. If you like punk photography, or photography in general, this book is a must have. Thank you to all the photographers and homies who made this issue possible! Laters! mariam@maximumrocknroll.com



SOUTH TEXAS
HARDCORE THRASH
DOWNLOAD DEBUT E.P. FREE!
www.worthlesspukes.com

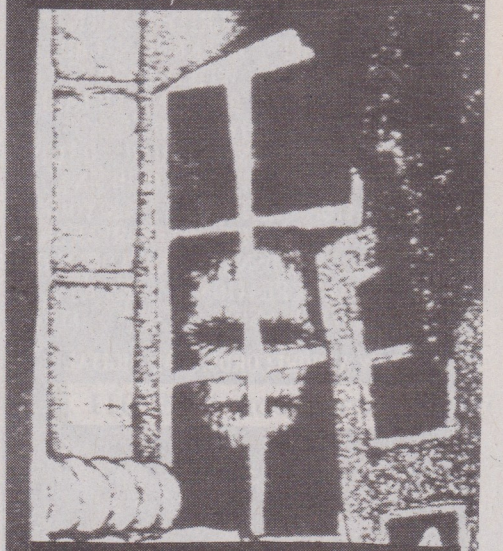
WHEN YOUR BAND HAS BUTTONS YOU GET LAID FACT.

1" buttons
100 - $25
500 - $100
1000 - $180

button packs available
e-mail for details
orders@buttonkings.com

BUTTON KINGS
www.buttonkings.com
TELL US YOU SAW THIS AD
AND GET FREE SHIT.
WE PROMISE IT'S NOT REAL SHIT.

PRESSURE'S ON
WEEKLY
PUNK/HC PODCAST



combatmusicradio.com
/pressureson

HOSTED BY BEN SZALMAN

MAMMOTH SOUND
MASTERING

FLAT RATES PPD
7": $40 PER SIDE
LP: $100 PER SIDE
CD EP: $125
CD FULL LENGTH: $200

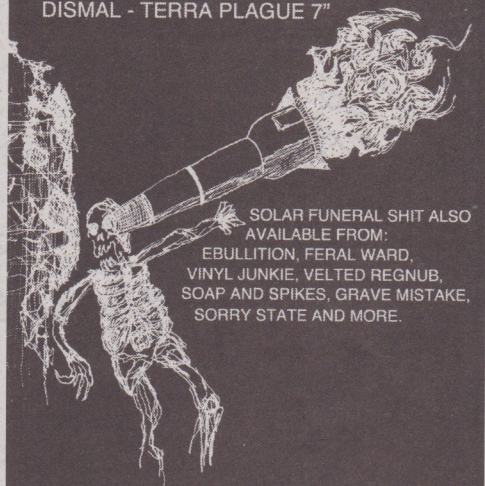
PROUD TO HAVE COMPLETED PROJECTS FOR ARTISTS INCLUDING

CRUCIAL CVS SPIRIT VOLTURE MAGRUDERGRIND DEEP SLEEP WASTED TIME COKE BUST CAPITALIST CASUALTIES MDC GOVERNMENT WARNING cülo CHAOS DESKONOCIDOS DIRECT CONTROL FYFAN CREEPY SEASICK NOOTHGRUSH HJERTESTOP CLOAK DAGGER VRGNS ANNIHILATION TIME CANNABIS CORPSE NO FRIENDS AUTISTIC SEEIN RED TOTAL ABUSE AMDI PETERSENS ARMÉ RATIONS YOUTH

CALL / EMAIL FOR QUOTE
WWW.MAMMOTHSOUNDMASTERING.COM
(831) 566-5381

VICTIM OF SONIC ATTACK?

AVAILABLE:
NEMESIS - DOU-KOKU 7"
WARNING//WARNING 12"
NUKKEHAMMER - SOVIET RUST BELT 7"
BLACK DOVE - NO FUTURE/NO FATE 12"
SILO - DEMO CS
DISMAL - TERRA PLAGUE 7"



SOLAR FUNERAL SHIT ALSO AVAILABLE FROM:
EBULLITION, FERAL WARD, VINYL JUNKIE, VELTED REGNUB, SOAP AND SPIKES, GRAVE MISTAKE, SORRY STATE AND MORE.

COMING SOON:
ICON GALLERY 7", BETONG HYSTERIA - DEMO 7", PARALYZER 12"

WWW.SOLAR-FUNERAL.ORG
SOLAR FUNERAL

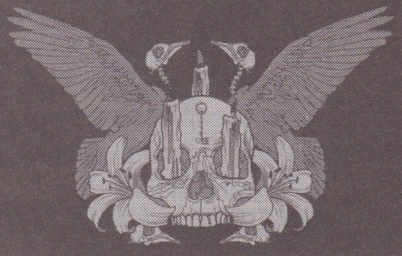
A389 Recordings

DIGITAL SAMPLER/MIXTAPE MMXI FEATURING

DEATHAMMER / ANCIENT SHORES / HATEWAVES / HOMEWRECKER / FULL OF HELL / PULLING TEETH / PALA / GRAVEHILL / INTEGRITY / SEVEN SISTERS OF SLEEP / WEEKEND NACHOS / WITHDRAWAL / WITCH-LORD / SERAPHIM / ANNE / ROSES NEVER FADE / MIGHTY SPHINCTER / XIBALBA / PHARAOH / RINGWORM / TRIAC / ROT IN HELL / THE LOVE BELOW / GEHENNA / PENETRATION PANTHERS / PICK YOUR SIDE / BLIND TO FAITH / OATHBREAKER / CREEPOUT / MINDSNARE / CHILDREN OV GOD / PALE CREATION / AMEN RA / INTEGRITEETH / SHIN TO SHIN / OAK

WWW.A389RECORDS.COM/DIGITAL

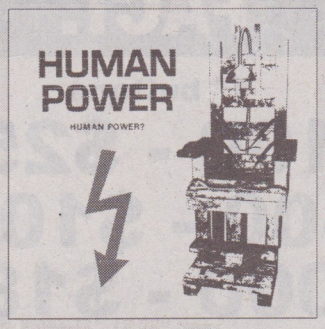
ENTER CODE: A3892011



FOR RECORDS AND MORE VISIT
WWW.A389RECORDS.COM

HUMAN POWER

HUMAN POWER? 7"



FOUR TRACK 7" ORIGINALLY RELEASED IN ONLY 200 COPIES IN 2004 NOW FINALLY AVAILABLE AGAIN!

OVER THE TOP KYUSHU DISTORTION, BURNING SPIRITS GUITARS AND THE MENACING WHISPER OF GISM - DELIVERED BY A COUPLE OF NOISE PUNK LOVING BLOKES FROM THE UK.

BLINDEAD PRODUCTIONS

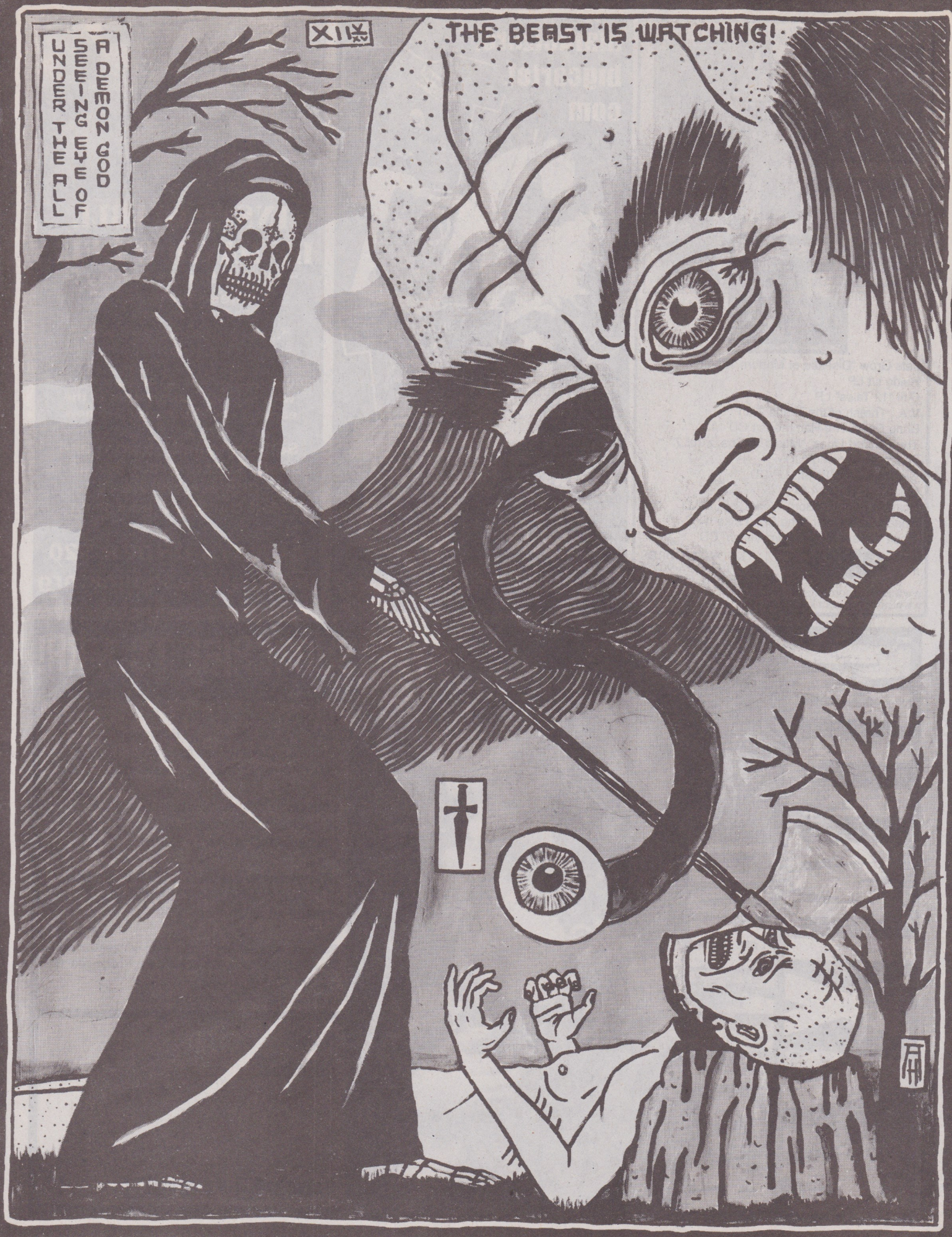
BLINDEADPRODUCTIONS.COM

HEADACHE RECORDS CATALOG 2012

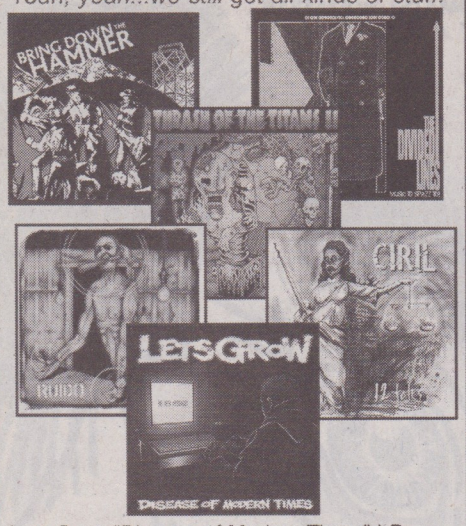
5" CANDY SNATCHERS – live on a five
5" DROPKICK MURPHYS – live on a five
5" WRETCHED ONES – live on a five
7" STEEL TOE SOLUTION - debut
7" LIMECELL – bloodthirsty stalker
7" THE CUFFS- cut thoat (clear wax)
CD THE WRETCHED ONES – make it happen
CD THE WRETCHED ONES – go to work
CD NIBLICK HENBANE – happy happy oi oi
CD LIMECELL – destroy the underground
CD LIMECELL - s/t debut album
CD URBAN RIOT-public enemies
CD SQUIGGY- hate, destruction, and...
CD LOUSY BREAK – don't wait for the next ...
CD WRETCHED ONES – we don't belong to...
7" BRASS TACKS – the good life
7" MENTAL DECAY – walking stick (grey wax)
7" LOUSY BREAK – no reason- (pic disc!)
7" TR6 – psychobilly mayhem
7" HEIDNICK STEW – trials and tribulations
7" NOTORIOUS GRUMBLE (orange wax)
7" THE WRETCHED ONES – rut/lady boss 45
CD STEEL TOE SOLUTION- eight year war
CD/LP THE WRETCHED ONES – s/t
CD/LP THE WRETCHED ONES –we don't....

ALL TITLES AVAILABLE FROM

www.headacherecords.com
www.interpunk.com


A DEMON GOD
SEEING EYE OF
UNDER THE ALL
XIII
THE BEAST IS WATCHING!

Yeah, yeah...we still got all kinds of stuff.



Lets Grow "Disease of Modern Times" LP
Ruido s/t LP
Ciril "12 Tales" LP
V/A "Thrash of the Titans 2" LP
Bring Down The Hammer s/t CD
The Divided Lines "Music To Spazz To" 7"
Larkin "Reckoning" CD
Ciril "Hysteria Driven" LP/CD
Meet The Virus s/t CD
Scarred For Life "Born Work Die" LP/CD
Dead Man's Choir "She Don't Like It" 7"
Insult "I Wanna Be A Burn Victim" CD

KNOW RECORDS
KNOW RECORDS
P.O. BOX 90579
LONG BEACH, CA 90809
www.knowrecords.com
www.myspace.com/knowrecords

marketzero.
bigcartel.
com

punk
crust
doom
nwobhm

INSEPARABLE

BY DAVID O'DELL

"...the definitive history of Chinese punk rock."
Christiaan Virant of FM3

"...it reads like a movie."
Shaun Jefford, Director of Beijing Punk

200 pages including translated lyrics with over 100 rare photos of the earliest scene from 1995 to now.

Self-published, in print and ebook, 25% of proceeds go to Chinese children's Half the Sky Foundation

ALWAYS UNDER $20
www.chinesepunk.org

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

SUBSCRIBE TO MRR!

12-issue subscription for $42
($45.50 for California Residents)
6-issue subscription for $24
($26.60 for California Residents)

Canada and Mexico Rates (airmail)
12-issue subscription - $57
6-issue subscription - $32

Everywhere Else in the World (airmail):
12-issue subscription - airmail $112
6-issue subscription - $59

Send checks/money orders, or concealed cash to: MRR PO Box 460760 San Francisco CA 94146-0760 or subscribe online: www.maximumrocknroll.com

NAME:
ADDRESS:

12 MONTHS? ☐ 6 MONTHS? ☐

NEWS

Maximum Rocknroll Compiled by Dandelion and Lydia

US DEA KILLS INNOCENT CIVILIANS IN HONDURAS

By Dan Kovalik from the Huffington Post.

According to the Honduran newspaper, *Tiempo*, as well as the Honduran human rights group, COFADEH, agents of the US Drug Enforcement Agency, dressed in military uniforms, killed at least four and possibly six civilians in a raid which took place on May 11. The victims included two pregnant women and two children. Tiempo did not pull any punches, writing that those killed "were humble and honest citizens." Apparently, the DEA agents fired from helicopter gunships upon a boat carrying civilians on the Patuca back to their community of Ahuas, which itself is located in the Mosquito coast of Honduras. According to Tiempo, the DEA mistakenly fired upon the civilian boat because it was well-lit, while the intended target—a boat carrying drug traffickers—was floating down the river without its lights on.

According to Tiempo, the mayor of Ahuas decried the killings, saying that "[t]hese operations were performed irresponsibly," and that the people in his community live in fear, "because they now have the threat of operations, because they kill poor people."

COFADEH, the Committee of the Families of the Disappeared of Honduras, has been very pointed in its condemnation of the role the US played in these killings. COFADEH was founded in 1982 in response to the disappearance of 69 people that year. AS COFADEH explains on their website, it believes that the disappearances which took place in the 1980s (a total of 184 between 1980 and 1989), were the direct result of the National Security Doctrine that the US imposed on Honduras. This doctrine, according to COFADEH, "included a systematic and selective form of human rights violations. The most emblematic violations were torture, murders and enforced disappearances" of the type which the US had sponsored in the southern cone of South America in the 1970s.

COFADEH has taken on renewed importance in Honduras after the 2009 military coup against President Manual Zelaya, which was at least tacitly supported by the US. Since that time, the types of killings and disappearances that led to COFADEH's creation have started again and are entirely the responsibility of the US-supported coup government. Thus, according to a February piece in the New York Times by Dana Frank, who relies heavily on COFADEH's figures, "at least 34 members of the opposition have disappeared or been killed and more than 300 people have been killed by state security forces since the coup," including at least thirteen journalists. Sadly, in researching this article, I discovered that a kind and brave woman, Vanessa Zepeda, who I had the honor of meeting on a School of Americas Watch delegation to Honduras shortly after the coup, has since been killed as a direct consequence of this coup.

In response to the DEA killings, COFADEH put out a statement entitled, "Effects of the Military Occupation," which blames the US's decade-long policies in Latin America for the continued violence in countries like Honduras. As COFADEH stated, "A foreign army [i.e., the US army] protected under the new hegemonic concept of the 'war on drugs,' legalized with reforms to the 1953 Military Treaty, violates our territorial sovereignty and kills civilians as if it was in Iraq, Afghanistan, Libya or Syria.

"[T]he 'failed state' of Honduras gave way to the foreign military occupation under the script of the 'war against the drug cartels,' similar to what has happened in the past eight years in Mexico, Colombia and Guatemala. And this reality, from the perspective of a human rights organization, is unacceptable and reprehensible."

As COFADEH recognizes in this statement, the US is very much at war in Latin America, from Mexico through Central America and to Colombia, leaving a wake of violence and bodies in its path. A recent article by Tom Burghardt descirbes in detail how the US is indeed the prime source of the grisly violence plaguing this region. Thus, the US, in fighting the so-called "war on drugs," is fueling the conflict with guns and advanced weaponry — weaponry that helps to prop up repressive governments such as those in Mexico, Honduras and Colombia; which in any case ends up in the hands of the very drug cartels the US is claiming to fight (e.g., through the Fast & Furious program); and which is killing massive numbers of civilians (50,000 in Mexico and 250,000 in Colombia). No wonder then that the entire region was united against the US and Canadain calling at the Summit of the Americas for the end to this war and to the de-criminalization of drugs.

Yet, due to the media blackout on such issues, the vast majority of [people from the US] do not even know that the US is at war just south of our borders and do not understand why our southern neighbors are crying out for a change in this senseless policy. The media's failure in this regard is inexcusable.

FOURTEEN COPS HELD HOSTAGE IN LIGHT OF DRUG MURDERS

by Agence France-Presse

Inhabitants of an indigenous community in western Mexico detained fourteen police officers and a local official after illegal loggers killed eight of their neighbors.

Thursday's detention was the latest flare-up of tensions between the community in Cheran, Michoacan state, illegal loggers, armed gangs and the police. "They took our colleagues to punish us, because, supposedly, we were not patrolling the area well," said a state police officer, declining to give his name.

The state government was trying to reach a deal to free the detainees, he said. After surprising illegal loggers who were cutting down trees, eight indigenous rangers were shot dead on April 18, state officials said.

In April 2011, members of the 17,000-strong Purepecha community blocked access to Cheran—near famous sanctuaries for migrating Monarch butterflies—after two of their neighbors were also shot dead by loggers. They accused organized crime groups of shielding illegal logging. Illegal loggers have deforested about 80 percent of the region's 30,000 acres of forests in recent years, according to the community.

Michoacan is among the regions hit worse by violence blamed on drug gangs, that has left more than 50,000 dead, according to media reports, since the start of a government offensive on organized crime in December 2006.

CHICAGO ACTIVISTS SUBJECT TO ILLEGAL RAID AND HARRASMENT

By the Chicago Chapter of the National Lawyers Guild.

The National Lawyers Guild condemns a preemptive police raid that took place at approximately 11:30pm on May 16 in Chicago's Bridgeport neighborhood and instances of harassment on the street, in which Chicago police are unlawfully detaining, searching and questioning NATO protesters. The Bridgeport raid was apparently conducted by the Organized Crime Division of the Chicago Police Department and resulted in as many as eight arrests.

According to witnesses in Bridgeport, police broke down a door to access a six-unit apartment building near 32nd and Morgan Streets without a search warrant. Police entered an apartment with guns drawn and tackled one of the tenants to the floor in his kitchen. Two tenants were handcuffed for more than two hours in their living room, while police searched their apartment and a neighboring unit, repeatedly calling one of the tenants a "Commie faggot." A search warrant produced four hours after police broke into the apartment was missing a judge's signature, according to witnesses. Among items seized by police in the Bridgeport raid were beer-making supplies and at least one cell phone.

"Preemptive raids like this are a hallmark of National Special Security Events," said Sarah Gelsomino, with the NLG and the People's Law Office. "The Chicago police and other law enforcement agencies should be aware that this behavior will not be tolerated and will result in real consequences for the city."

In another incident, three plain-clothed police officers unlawfully stopped, handcuffed and searched a NATO protester on Michigan Avenue and Wacker Drive, at approximately 2pm on May 17. According to the protester, he did not consent to a search and there was no probable cause to detain him. The police also photographed and questioned him about where he was from, how he got to Chicago, how long it took, what he was doing here, where he was staying, who he was with and how long he was planning to say in Chicago. The protester refused to answer any questions and was eventually released.

The NLG has received reports that at least twenty people have been arrested so far this week. Two people are still in custody, not including the Bridgeport residents, who are still unaccounted for. One of the protesters currently being detained, Danny Johnson of Los Angeles, has been accused of assaulting a police officer during an immigrant rights rally on May 15. However, multiple witnesses on the scene, including an NLG legal observer, recorded a version of events that contradict the police's accusations.

During the week of NATO demonstrations, the NLG is staffing a legal office and answering calls from activists on the streets and in jail, while it will also dispatch scores of legal observers to record police misconduct and it represent arrestees in the event the city pursues criminal prosecutions.

PALESTINIAN INMATES IN ISRAEL END MASS HUNGER STRIKE

from BBC news.

Palestinian prisoners in Israeli jails have agreed to end a mass hunger strike, which began over two months ago. More than 1,500 Palestinians have been refusing food to demand an improvement in conditions. Under a deal, Israel conditionally agreed not to renew detentions without charge, which had been a key grievance. The protest had raised fears of a violent Palestinian backlash if any of the inmates died, correspondents say.

"All of the factions signed an agreement," Qadura Fares, head of the Palestinian Prisoners Club, told Agence France-Presse news agency. The Israel Prisons Authority later confirmed the deal, which was brokered with the assistance of Egypt and Jordan. It said the prisoners would now sign a commitment "not to engage in actions contravening security inside the jails," according to Reuters. An Israeli government spokesperson said the deal was clinched after a formal request from the Palestinian leader Mahmoud Abbas.

The Palestinian inmates went on hunger strike to protest against the so-called "administrative detentions"—the policy of detention without charge or trial. The deal envisages that such detentions can no longer be extended for another six months if no new evidence emerges, in what is seen as a big concession by Israel, says the BBC's Jon Donnison in Jerusalem. It means that more than 300 prisoners could all be freed by November. Such detentions have been condemned by the Palestinian Authority, which threatened to take the matter to the United Nations. The inmates have also complained about being kept in solitary confinement and being denied family visits. An Israeli government official confirmed that more family visits would be allowed from prisoners' relatives living in the Gaza Strip, but denied that Israel had agreed to end solitary confinement for inmates. Many of some 4,500 Palestinians held by Israel are suspected of being members of militant groups, but many see them as heroes on the West Bank and Gaza, where there have been protests in solidarity with the prisoners.

QUEBEC STUDENT STRIKES TURN INTO CITIZEN'S UP RISE

Nearly half a million people took to the streets of Montreal on May 22, in protest of a new law that goes against protester's civil liberties, including the right to protest and freedom of association and expression. Children, students, professors, citizens from all paths of life peacefully marched in defiance of Bill 78 and certain of its article, which make all gatherings of over 50 protesters against the law.

The following day, Wednesday May 23, over 3,000 people gathered in Emilie-Gamelin Square in Montreal, for the 30th nightly protest. Yet thousands of others across the city also took to their neighborhood streets, turning the Maple Spring into a widespread citizens' rise up.

The police arrested 512 people and in many cases did not allow protesters to leave the kettle. Until they were transported to the local detention centre for identification, protesters were kept cramped into city buses, denied water and access to toilets. Most were fined ($612), twelve were charged under the criminal code, while 176 people were arrested in Québec City for staging a sit-in.

FAIR USE STATEMENT:

This magazine contains copyrighted material the use of which has not always been specifically authorized by the copyright owner. We are making such material available in our efforts to advance understanding of environmental, political, economic and social justice issues, etc. We believe this constitutes a 'fair use' of any such copyrighted material as provided for in section 107 of the US Copyright Law. In accordance with Title 17 U.S.C. Section 107, the material is distributed without any profit to those who have expressed prior interest in receiving the included information for research and educational purposes.

HALO OF FLIES

out now:

NEGATIVE STANDARDS I-V 10"

ENTH / AMAROK split LP

ENABLER / split 7"
DRAINLAND repress

MOMENTUM
whetting occams razor LP

PROTESTANT
stalemate 10"

MASAKARI / ALPINIST- split LP

NOT ON TOUR
not on tour TAPE ep

prices: :us/can/mex/rest:
10"/LP = 11 /15 /15 /22 (cash/mo payable
CS / 7"= 6 / 6 / 6 / 9 to cory von bohlen)

-- Halo of Flies is distributed by:
EBULLITION, REVELATION, ROBOTIC EMPIRE, DEATHWISH, and DIY DISTROS ALL OVER THE WORLD.
support your local distro/label. --

HUGE DISTRO AT THE WEBSITE.
Carrying punk/ hc/ grind/ doom/ metal /post rock from all over the world for the lowest prices i can.

DISTROS, STORES, AND LABELS
GET IN TOUCH FOR WHOLESALE AND TRADES

contact:
halooffliesrecords.com
halooffliesrcds@hotmail.com
3444 n bremen st milwaukee, wi 53212 usa

SUPPORT DIY.
put your money where your mouth is.

DANGERS LP
MALADIE LP
ACTS OF SEDITION LP AND 7"
MOHORAM ATTA EP
REIVERS DEMO TAPE
OVERVERT TAPE
SURRENDER LIVE TAPE
NEGATIVE STANDARDS TAPE
SALTED EARTH DEMO TAPE

MORE TO COME...

PENGUIN SUIT RECORDS

FIVE-TEN TAPES

FIVETENTAPES.COM
PENGUINSUITRECORDS.COM
PO BOX 22083
OAKLAND CA 94623

NORTH CAROLINA HARDCORE 2012

STRIPMINES
CRIMES OF DISPASSION LP

JOINT D≠
STRIKE GENTLY LP

OUT MARCH 1 ON
SORRY STATE RECORDS

COFFEE ADDICT RECORDS PRESENTS

BRAND NEW FULL LENGTH CD!!!

UK / EURO DISTRO THRU CODE 7

AVAILABLE IN NORTH AMERICA
FROM THETHINGZ.BANDCAMP.COM
CDBABY AND
SELECT RECORD STORES

"MORE FUN THAN A BARREL OF ROBOT MONKEYS!!!"

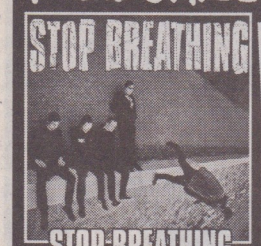
HARDWARE RECORDS
SUMMER 2012

ANNOTATION/BENT CROSS - Split 7" Sick HC/Rock
WICCANS - 2nd 12" Gruff, fast, melodic Hardcore
NATURAL LAW - Spring Trash 7" Noisy Hardcore
SICKOIDS - s/t 12" Punishing yet melodic Hardcore gem
KREMLIN - s/t 7" Raw Canadian Hardcore Punk
SURF NAZIS MUST DIE - Demo 7" Cult Hardcore Punk
ADOLF HITLER KLAN - Demo 7" Culter Hardcore Punk
BRAIN SLUG - Distort New York 7" Nasty NY Hardcore
CRUSADES - The Sun Is Down... 12" Unholy Power Pop
OMEGAS - Blasts Of Lunacy 12" No-frills Hardcore classic
ANNOTATION - s/t 7" Rocking, thunderous Hardcore
DEAN DIRG - Verpisst 12" Eiersack Hardcore Punk Rock
GOLDUST/CURBBITE - Split 7" Black-soaked Hardcore

+more

www.hardware-records.com
P.O. Box 1646 49006 Osnabrück Germany
check for online catalogue!

NOIDEARECORDS.COM



STOP BREATHING
LP/CD

POST TEENS
"The Heat" 7"

BURNING LOVE
"Black Widow" 7"

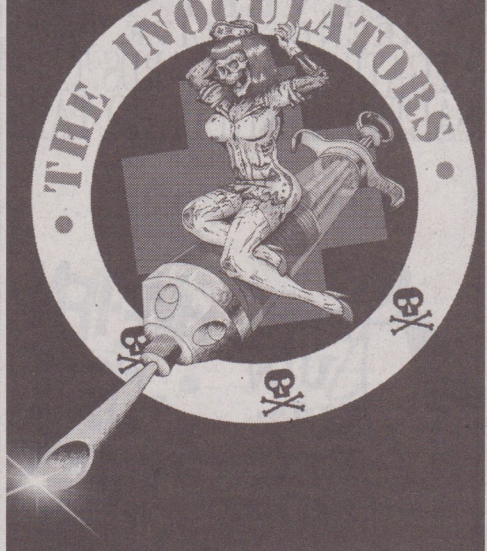
NEW BRUISES
"Chock Full..." LP/CD

BLACK GOD
"II" 7"

DNF
"Hurt" 7"

NO IDEA
MAILORDER!

INOCULATORS



www.inoculators.com
www.myspace.com/inoculators

The Mentally ill

!!!!!! GACY'S PLACE 7" EP !!!!!!

!! 1979 Chicago PUNK monster !!
AKA the SICKEST record ever made
is available once again !!

Also: fresh slabs from The Normals,
The Incredible Kidda Band,
The Embarrassment, The Nubs, The Knots,
The Features and much much more !!!

Last Laugh Records
american made punk reissues
www.lastlaughrecords.us

LAST LAUGH

MRR SHIRTS!!! EVEN ANIMALS LOVE 'EM!!!

$M1.50(US) $15(MEXICO/CANADA) $18 (REST OF THE WORLD)
WWW.MAXIMUMROCKNROLL.COM/MERCH
MONEY ORDERS OR U.S CHECKS HERE:
MRR, PO BOX 460760, SF CA 94146-0760. PLUS WE HAVE
12" SIZED TOTE BAGS FOR ALL YOUR RECORD COLLECTING NEEDS,
AND BUTTONS, RECORDS AND BOOKS!!!
SEND CONCEALED CASH,

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL'S PHOTO ISSUE

Top to Bottom: Amala by Rafael Yaekashi, "Waking" by Will Kinser amd Xenofobia by Rene Olvera

Until February 2010 *MRR* had not put out a photo issue over in over twenty years. That issue, February #321, actually sold out, proving that above all punks are always reacting to whatever assaults their senses—this fact is an absolute when it comes to music and images of our subculture. We are animals!

The last issue had a heavy concentration of mostly newer photographers—people who are out there, at every show, documenting the current scene—as well as a handful of those who never stopped, like Murray Bowles! In this issue we tried to dig up some lesser-known photographers that documented early punk into the present, who have a bounty of priceless, unseen images.

While planning out this issue the main problem seemed to be too many ideas; we knew that we wanted to include more obscure old school photographers, as well as some classics, like Cynthia Connolly or Edward Colver. The NYHC photo book *Making a Scene* got reissued and we knew we wanted Bri in there; and Mark Murrman talked about a DC photographer who took lots of classic DCHC pictures and now works as an embedded photojournalist in Afghanistan... Well, none of those worked out for this issue, but watch out for future *MRR*s, because they are in the works!

We also received about one hundred emails and submissions from photographers all over the world; making this issue one of the most difficult we've worked on because of all the amazing material you sent to us. I guess we will just have to do a photo issue more regularly…Without the tremendous help of Mateus Mondini, whom you might remember from *Fodido E Xerocado* or from an interview in our last photo issue, this issue would not have come together as smoothly as it did. Mateus undertook the huge project of selecting photos, doing the layout and the formatting for the six photospreads throughout the magazine. He is also responsible for introducing *MRR* and the punk world to the photography of Maria Da Piedade Morais, whose rare photos you will see as you read on. Another giant thanks goes to Matt Average for taking on the fascinating interview with Justine Demetrick, as well as the epic layout.

As you read on, you will find images and interviews with Jeanne Hansen, Ricky Adam, Chris Boarts Larsen, Don Pyle and, as I mentioned, Justine Demetrick. A big thank you goes out to all of you, for taking the time and giving us the freedom to print your images! Thanks to the interviewers! There is a double spread dedicated to Maria Da Piedade Morais and numerous spreads including the photography of Jussi Jänis, Ashley Jackson, Virginia McCormick, Rene Olvera, Matt Average, Mattin, Will Kinser, Cece Manning, Taigo Rossi, Rita Golsalves, Daz Reject, Ben Pepin, Mia Söderberg, Paradise, Laura Camerato, Pete Craven, Nukka, Nathan Edenhofer, Old HC Dude, Hood, Jeff Boyes, Damien Inbred, Breno Carollo, Darryl Reid, Bash, Rafael Schmucke, Amy Harrison, MD Ifran, Tarja Halkola, Fil, Rafael Yaekashi, Virus, Dave Earles, Darragh Hayes, Ross and Adams. *MRR* thanks all the photographers who submitted their work and who let us print their point of view in this issue.

One of the things that makes punk what it is, is that the audience is just as important as the band: the people that set up the show, that make the fliers, that write the zines and take the photos of the band, even the kids hanging out in the street after the show...the punks that make up the community. This collection of photographic documents of punks will hopefully inspire you to get out there and make your own *My Rules* photo zine, or start a band. Or you know, just hang out with your friends after the show and someone takes a picture and bam, twenty years later, it's in *Maximum Rocknroll*. Punk is ever changing and being able to see images of our past along with the indelible mark of our sounds, is a testament that punk is not dead and will never die.
—Mariam Bastani and Layla Gibbon

JEANNE HANSEN

Vale of Re/Search fame posted some incredible wild pictures of punks in San Francisco in the early '80s, by a photographer I had never heard of, Jeanne Hansen-her work was full of the possibilities of art, destruction and freedom inherant in the early years of punk... I wrote her, and she said she was going to be in town, so she stopped by the compound with a collection of incredible prints, as many of kids hanging out as making music, demonstrating that sometimes it takes an outsider's eye to capture a movement/moment...
Introduction by Layla Gibbon
Interview by Martin Sorrondeguy

MRR: Please introduce yourself.
I'm Jeanie Hansen and I'm a photographer. I have photos from the San Francisco '80s punk scene as well as all the other cultural and social activities that were going on at that time while I was out documenting.

MRR: How did you become a photographer in the first place?
Well, I grew up in small farming community in Washington State and I bought my first camera with my money from picking strawberries. I've always been a very, very visual person so it was a great outlet to have that kind of immediacy of film at the time. So I started there and was always in art classes, sewing and stuff like that. When went to college at WSU, I was thinking of going into Psychology but I realized it took a lot of studying. Art was always really easy for me so I ended up dropping out. I worked for a year, saved more money, and went down to Brooks Institute for photography, which was great to really get that technical background. After a year at Brooks, I met a friend Forest McFarland. He dropped out of Brooks and moved to San Francisco. We were communicating with letters and post cards, and he was like, "Oh you gotta come to San Francisco, it's like so happening!" That was around '79-'80, so I also ended up dropping out of Brooks, which is a very commercial school. I still needed to complete my degree, so I looked into the SF Art institute. With that, I was able to transfer credits and complete my Bachelor of Fine Arts degree. I absolutely loved it. I mean, here was an art school and it was expression. Being in San Francisco, in the early '80s was a pretty amazing time with the whole punk scene. We had a collected group and a storefront called the Attitude Gallery. I had a home base of these friends at the Attitude and I was at the Art Institute, so I'm shooting school assignments and exploring all that. The scene in the Mission had *Ego Magazine*, *Damage Magazine*, *The Music Calendar*, *The North Mission News*... I started shooting for publications and they maybe paid for my film. (laughs) I mean, nobody had money but it was just really fun to be involved on all these different levels. Of course, the music scene—I've always loved music; I've studied music—eight years of forced piano lessons. So having a strong appreciation for music, but not really feeling like being a musician was my calling. For me, it was more about documenting and being around and appreciating the music. So, of course, you know hooking up with a musician was another part of the formula (laughs).

MRR: Moving here from the Northwest, what was your first punk show or encounter? How did you stumble upon that and what was the reaction to it?
Well, my friend Forest had already been to the Deaf Club. So they were already immersed in the music scene of new wave and punk. I think the first show that I remember was DNA at the American Indian Center. That may have been the first up-close encounter, if that is considered punk?

MRR: Right, it's very wavy but I'm sure you saw some of the harder stuff too. What did you

think of it?
I love the energy. You know, just that hard drive, the emotional and political side of it, the anarchy and questioning society. Questioning our government and questioning who we were supposed to be as a society—growing up for me, I don't want to say conformist, but my family is all Republicans, I am the only Democrat. So here I am in this community of real radicals expressing themselves; there was an amazing freedom in that, "Yes! This is bullshit!" Having the group of friends I was involved in from the Attitude—we had two friends from England in our collective and they were very political, extremely political—so for us, punk wasn't just sticking pins in your ears and screaming "Fuck you," it had a political side to it. I really liked that, having that group around, to influence me and share information. I'm not naming bands as far as what it was, who it was... There was a lot of reggae too, tons of it. We had a great sound system in the storefront, music was constantly being played, there were all kinds of influences in that way as well. I mean, I read Karl Marx. "Here, you gotta read this." So just getting more political awareness of alternative "not-so-radical radical" in a way...

MRR: So, coming from a Republican family, the radical politics really drew you in. Would you say that you were making a statement with your art? Is that what the photograph with the black dagger is reflecting a political statement?
Well, I think the dagger, that one shot you mentioned, was my own private, personal statement. It wasn't for an audience. I mean that's how I related to the world so I was definitely making statements.

MRR: How was it at that time as an artist? Photography was so expensive and time-consuming, considering what it is nowadays. I know San Francisco was way cheaper, what was your rent like at that time?
It was reasonable because we shared flats and stuff like that and we lived in the Mission, we wouldn't even consider North Beach or anything like that. That was all workable. Once I moved into SF, [in the apartment] there was a staircase and there was this little space carved out. I said we gotta get the lab built in there! Forest and his friends were doing construction, carpentry work and having access to tools and stuff, we got the dark room set up. We were always really, really conservative; it wasn't like I'd go out and buy a box of 50 or 100 sheets of 8x10 glossies and just start throwing everything away. I was extremely conservative in my printing. I have work I have never even printed from that time. I've got folders and folders and folders of the film I was shooting and maybe a roll of safety film—at the time I think it cost $3.50? I don't even know. That was what you spent your money on, that was it; you did all your own processing. I guess I was a procrastinator and I would spend a lot of time in the lab doing my assignments or getting some prints out. You don't really think about it. To me it's an escape, I love the dark room, I still love the dark room, I still work in the dark room; it's my space. You shut the door and you're away from everything else, nobody can bother you, nobody can come in, no phone calls! I put the music on, there's always music, and it's a wonderful time because you're working with the light. Burning and dodging is with your hands. I have a visual memory so I see things, so the shooting is one step of the process and the next step is being in the dark room and editing and figuring out what looks right to you.

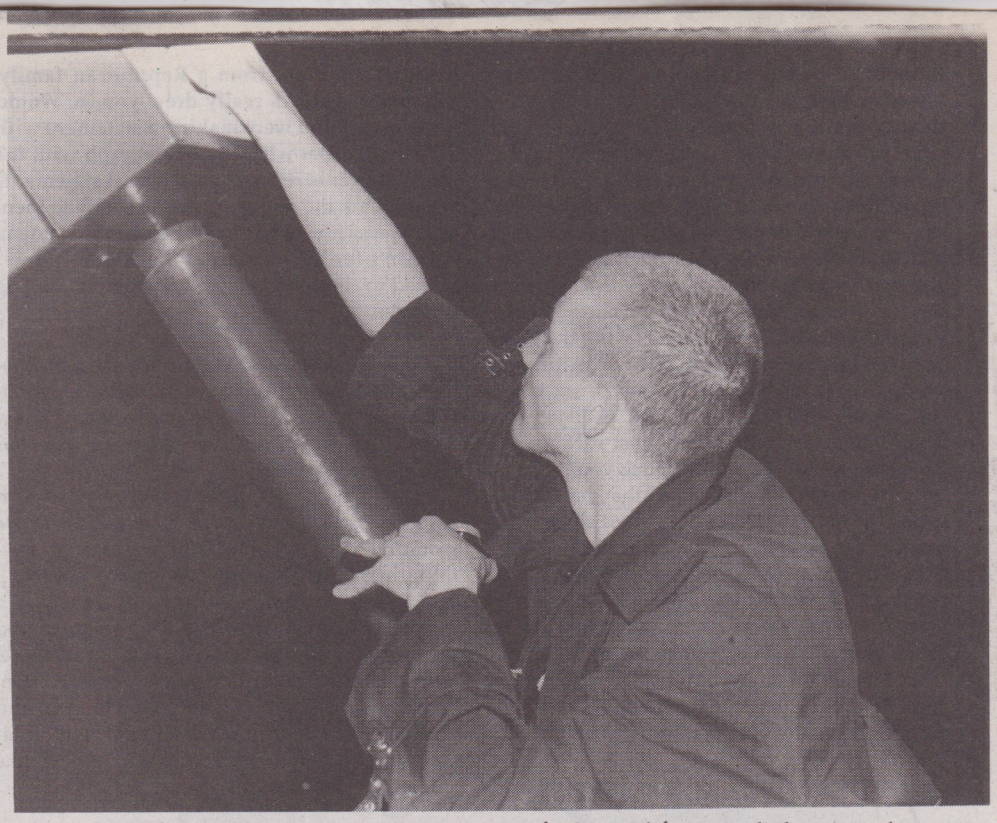
Temple Beautiful bathroom//This was a former synagogue in the Fillmore that had punk shows, apparently near Jim Jones' place

MRR: What were some of your challenges when you would shoot at some of these spaces
Well, I had cowboy boots with a point on the end and they were always a size too big. I'd wear some socks inside to fill the boot. *So* I had these big boots on, I'm about 5'8" and I'm pretty strong, I always felt kind of strong, and I would wear jackets that had padded shoulders and leather, so I felt like I had a shield on—where I could move into a crowd and not be pushed around too much, you know? The fact that I'm a woman... I've always felt pretty androgynous and I would try to feel androgynous when I was out shooting because it just felt safer that way. You just kind of get in there, go where you want to go and never feel threatened. You don't want to feel scared when you're out there and with a camera you have a purpose too. You're there with a purpose wherever you're shooting and not just with the punks. I still feel that way; I can go anywhere as long as I've got that camera. I'm not there to rob you, I'm not there to hurt anybody, and I'm there to take pictures.

MRR: Cool, I'm going to pick your brain on some music that you photographed and bands. So what are some of the acts you photographed, and one that didn't even come out? I lost about 80 rolls of film on two tours, it was painful, and it put me in a slump for a long time but I got over it. I know you had photos of Code Of Honor, the Mutants in there... Did you meet Tim and the *MRR* crew, because there's a photo of them, or did you just go to the radio station?
I went to the radio station; I was shooting for *Ego Magazine*. Peter Belsito who published *Ego Magazine* was a good, good friend of mine. I was this young art student so he just took me under his wing. In some ways, he'd say OK "Let's go shoot that," "Let's go do that," or "I need a picture of this." So I didn't really know any of those people.

MRR: And how about some of the more interesting shows you can recall photographing?
Well, I loved the Mutants and I was friends with Fritz after awhile. When I first moved into the

city and the Mutants were playing I was like, "Oh yeah, the Mutants, these guys are a great local band!" As I was in the scene more and more I got to be friends with Fritz. That was a lot of fun. Einsturzende Neubauten was a great show at Club DB8 just because I was really into that show. I was fearless; absolutely fearless because I got up on stage and I got backstage with the band and that was just for me. I was just shooting, it wasn't for *Ego*, it wasn't for *Music Calendar*, it was just my own "get in there and do it" attitude. The Temple Beautiful—when I was shooting there it was the Flaming Groovies and Generation X that was a project I was doing for school when I had first moved into town. The punk scene was happening and I thought, "I gotta document this, this is going to be my photo project for class." So a friend of mine, Susan, and I went to some of the shows. She was more of what I would call a punk. Those were great shows, the venue was amazing—you're in this Jewish synagogue and it's still got the tablets up! It's this amazing space and I'm just kind of looking at it from all different angles it's not only the stage. What's happening in the bathroom? What's happening up front on the pew? People practically getting it on! The music was an important part but everything that was going on was just fascinating to me. There's this whole social scene, this culture, and the drugs. I've got shots at that show of that happening too.



MRR: So you're a true documentarian, that's what you are, you're documenting everything!
Yeah, I thought it was all part of it. There are the viewers—without the viewers then what's the band? I mean, the band is there and they are playing for the audience. And there's this whole thing happening with the audience too, which I was a part of.

MRR: Awesome, did you ever get to photograph the Dead Kennedy's?
No, I never did them.

MRR: You mentioned some clubs earlier, what were some of the clubs you photographed in?
The Eye Beam, the Sound of Music, the Valencia Tool and Die that was in my neighborhood in this basement area. That was pretty tight. It's always a challenge as far as the space you are working in and how you can move around it, to get the angles of the band. You know, you've got a big beam in front of the band, and it's like OK! The Hotel Utah, there would be a lot of bands playing in there—Critical Chip was there. I've got others; I've got other music that I haven't printed yet.

MRR: Do you ever want to go back and kind of look through all that stuff?
Oh, I've been doing that, yeah! That's been pretty amazing because I forget a lot of who it is and as I look more and more it slowly comes back. Facebook has been really great because people will identify it or identify the musicians. I've been kind of working more on my research as far as the publications I have at home, any of the music publications like Peter Belsito's book, *Hardcore California* on Last Gasp, Bob Davis, Marian Kester. *Ego Magazine* has a lot of the work and the names; you know everything written out.

MRR: Did a lot of the local zines, like *Damage*, ever ask you for prints and things like that?
Well, *Damage*, I think Dan Lapin was the editor? I didn't really work with *Damage* mainly because I was really working more with Peter Belsito because he was the friend. But I was around, I would go into the warehouses where they were publishing, I had friends that were working on editing, or a musician that was living there. *Damage Magazine*, I mean, they used to have after-hour parties there. Each publication had sort of their own little group of people and scene. Stannous Flouride was with *Damage Magazine* and he was a really good friend of our friends.

MRR: What would you hope to do with your photos? Because I know throughout the years there have been so many photographers and people who did art, did everything, and it's all lying dormant.
Well now I'm dreaming of putting together a show—on fiber rope from a wet lab, not scanning and digitizing it, so the real black and white silver prints. A show and a book. The book would be in collaboration with a writer—I'm not a writer. So I've talked to one friend that was a poet at the time, to work together with me. I've got other friends that are like, "Why are you asking me!? Why aren't you asking me to help with the book?" (laughs) You know? But to work together with somebody and to have the same vision as far as what I would like, the social commentary of what was happening at the time on many different levels, not just the music.

MRR: Cool, I have one more question I wanted to ask you: at the time were there many opportunities for a lot of the artists to actually exhibit their work?
In alternative spaces absolutely! I showed at Twin Palms, at …

MRR: What was Twin Palms?
It was South of Market. All the way down there used to be a place called The Ramp. I don't know if it's still around but it was South of Market when it was still all warehouses and stuff. So it was in a warehouse, an alternative gallery space. So there were a lot of alternative gallery spaces that you could show in. F-stop Fitzgerald had space and that was on 22nd Street and that was across from where I was living. I was in a show there called "Weird Angle" with a group of photographers and that was a really cool exhibit to be in, because you've got other photographers that were older and already established.

Bruce Loose putting Flipper flyers up

I had been shooting at weird angles just on my own and then he puts together this show, so I got in that one and it was great.

MRR: When did you finally decide to bring this work out again? I know you've been working on it but I just heard about you yesterday! I was just like, "what?! I mean who is this?" These images because they've been talking about doing the photo issue. "Martin, think of names!"
Oh because you're a photographer so you should know everybody?

MRR: Ya, I've been in punk for a long time and have kind of done some research. I know some people but I came upon your stuff because they showed it to me, but I didn't know you were going to be here the next day! So when did you kind of put that together, that Facebook and all that?
I guess because I saw Peter Belsito started posting pictures because of all his publications, he's got a lot of work from a lot of different photographers. He said, "I don't have names on this work, I don't know who shot it so please identify the work." And I started seeing my work and when I wasn't quite sure I said, "I think that's mine but I have to find the negative and make sure that it's mine before I claim it," because there's copyright, which is very important for all of us photographers. So I started pulling out of my archives all my binders with all my contact sheets and all my negatives and going through them. And they are kind of in order (laughs), so I would find them and then I would indentify, "That's mine, that's mine." And so it started generating that kind of excitement and interest again in the work. I started scanning and posting the work. The feedback was really amazing and I think now that it's been 25-30 years, you know, it's kind of like when the hippie era was over —not that the punk is over at all, but it's sort of like, "Wow there's this whole generation between us now that there's this interest from the '80s."

MRR: What are you doing now with photography?
I'm very active: besides working part time in the lab, I also print for the Historical Museum in Bellingham, The Washington Museum of History and Art. I've got work up in a hospital with an exhibit called "Harvesting the Light." For Skagitonians to preserve farmlands up in Sandro Valley; for a-year-and-a-half, eleven photographers shot farmland, how they wanted to approach it. There was no guideline, you just go out and shoot however you wanted to approach farmland or people. All eleven of us are professional photographers and it produced an amazing book and exhibit. So I have that. I'm going to show at another museum so I'm constantly working and showing. I've had some of my own exhibits. I love portrait work and people. I shoot weddings, did that quite a bit for a while, though that's tapering down. You know it's the struggling artist; however you can make it all work! I teach a class of eighth graders black-and-white photography; I've done that for the last six years. I don't promote myself as a teacher; they just find me. A lot of the time it's just people finding you, you know? So that's always really cool.

MRR: So when did you leave San Francisco?
I left in 1990, I was pregnant with my son and I went home to have my baby. So my son Miguel Carlos Hanson will be twenty one in December. He's at the University of Washington and he's also an artist.

MRR: So during the '80s to '90s things were changing in the city. What happened? Did you photograph bands and things during that time, or did that just fizz out?
Yes, in 1987 I went to Europe and traveled and then I went back and lived in Europe for about nine months with a boyfriend. So things were kind of fizzling out for me in the end of the '80s.

MRR: Did you see things changing as far as the whole scene, art and music? Was everything kind of shifting?

Yes, I was commuting into the city and I worked at a jazz club, called Kimball's Jazz Club. So I wasn't as involved in shooting documentary type of art. I was doing more nude photography and kind of self-expression with that. That's a whole other area, a huge area and none of that I really want to post on Facebook. It's more personal and I find it really more like fine art, but it's pretty powerful, I think.

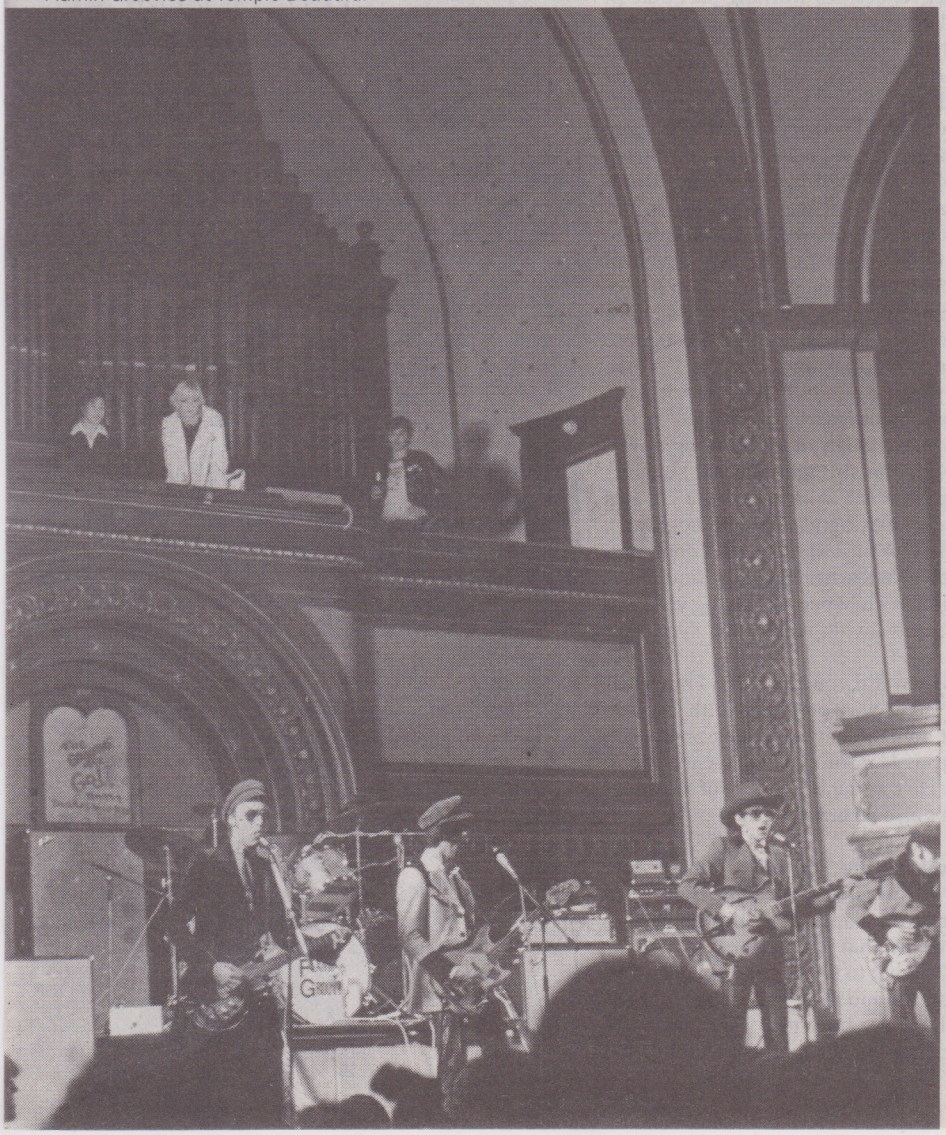
www.jeannemhansen.com

Tim Yohannon, Jeff Bale, Ruth Schwartz early days of MRR radio!

Punks at an art show at Tool and Die

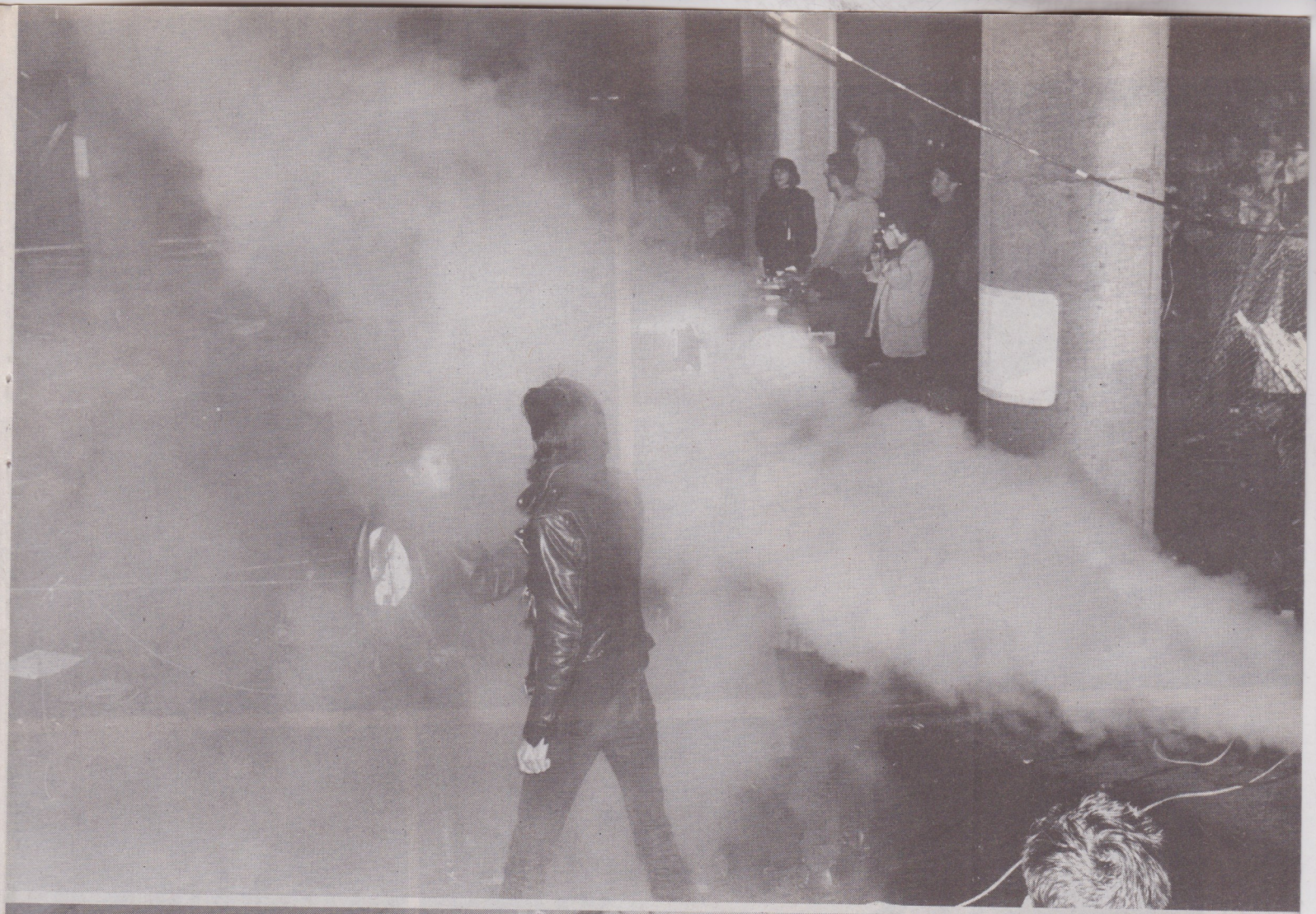
Young Marble Giants at Civic Center

Flamin Groovies at Temple Beautiful

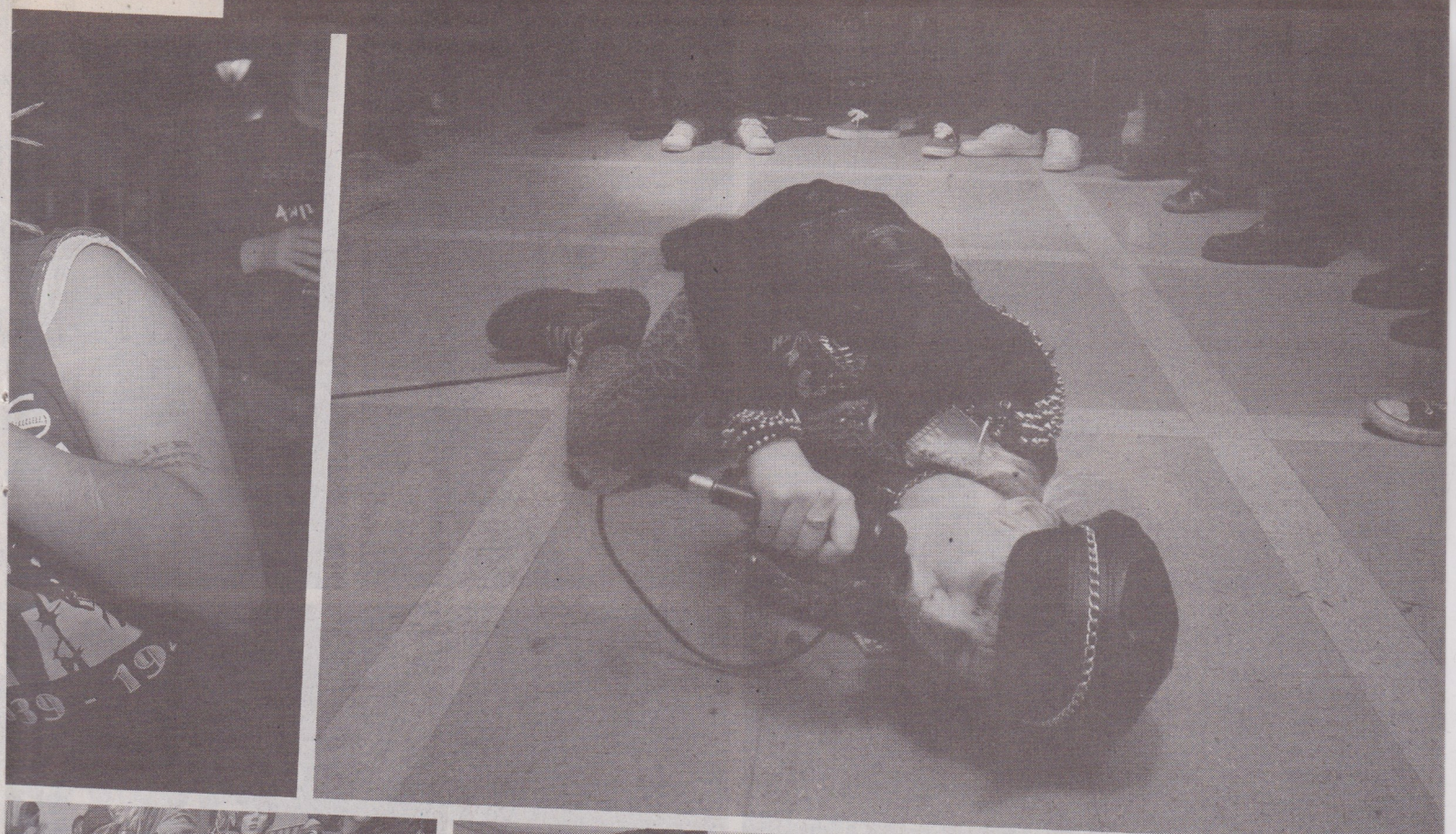


Mutants

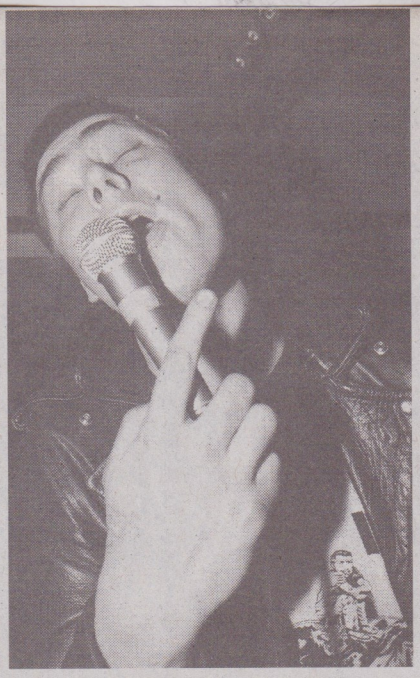
Dave Vacant



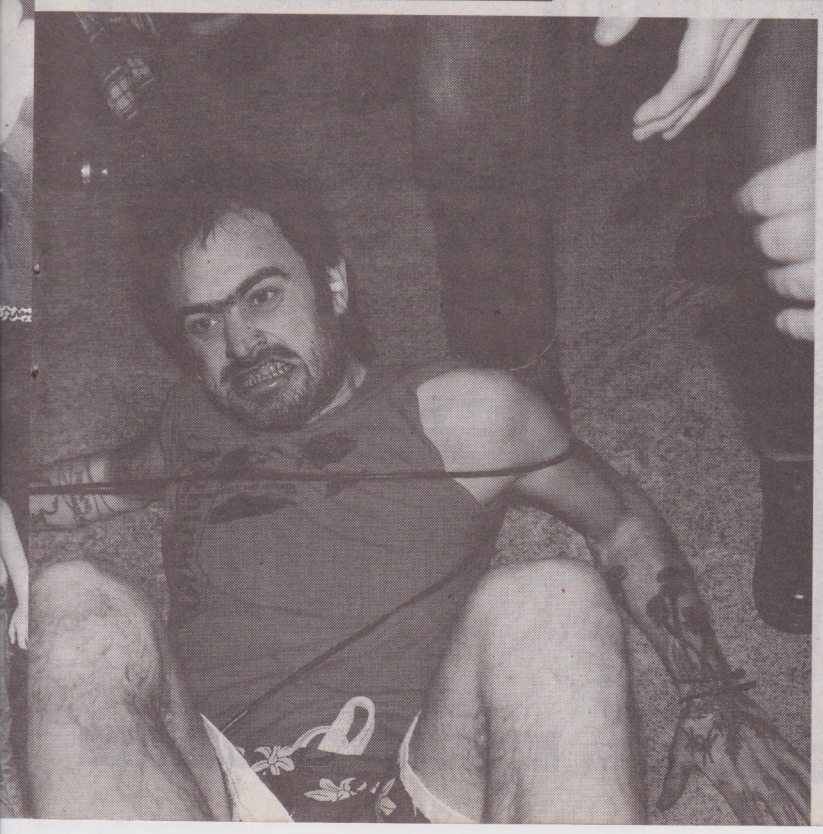
Code of Honor //Top photo: Survival Research Labs under the freeway



Clockwise from top left corner. Kansalaistottelemattomuus, Viimeiset Sekunnit , Melusaaste and Noituus by Jussi Janis/ GDR by Ashley Jackson/ Bloody Phoenix by Virginia McCormick/ Xenofobia and Clamor Inexorable by Rene Olvera/ Havitys and Valse Triste by Jussi Janis



tetshuset
ANTE



Clockwise from top left: Culo and School Jerks by Matt Average/ Las Otras, Los Monjos and Über by Mattin/ Pyramido, Skitkids and Terrible Feelings by Will Kinser/ Ratface by Cece Manning

Inimical records

www.inimical.com
PO Box 2803 • Seattle, WA 98111 USA

Out Now!

CRIMINAL CODE
"Cold Thought"
12"

MISERY
"From Where The Sun Never Shines"
2xLP

ARCTIC FLOWERS
"Reveries" 12"

+ Many More!

-SOON-

Star Fucking Hipsters / Jesus Fucking Christ split 7"

Sod Hauler LP
ltd to 100

Available direct or via Coalition, Midheaven, Revhq etc. etc. etc.

INDEPENDENT MANUFACTURING FOR THE INDEPENDENT COMMUNITY.

RECORD JACKETS

Imprint has everything you need to complete your vinyl package...
JUST ADD VINYL!

7" *starting at* $95
10" *starting at* $400
12" *starting at* $475

*For complete vinyl package solutions, check **iloveimprint.com**!*

COMPACT DISCS

1,000 CDs
complete with 4/1 4 panel folder and tray
up to 3 colors on disc face
packaged and shrink wrapped
$925*
plus overs and shipping

1,000 BULK CDs
price includes:
up to 3 colors on disc face,
glass mastering and shipping
$495*
no extra charges

POSTERS

11x17 *starting at* $135
18x24 *starting at* $475

**** CHECK OUR WEBSITE FOR UPDATED PRICES AND MONTHLY SPECIALS!***

imprint indie printing

3449 TECHNOLOGY DRIVE, STE. 212
NORTH VENICE, FLORIDA 34275
PHONE: 941-484-5151
WWW.ILOVEIMPRINT.COM • INFO@ILOVEIMPRINT.COM

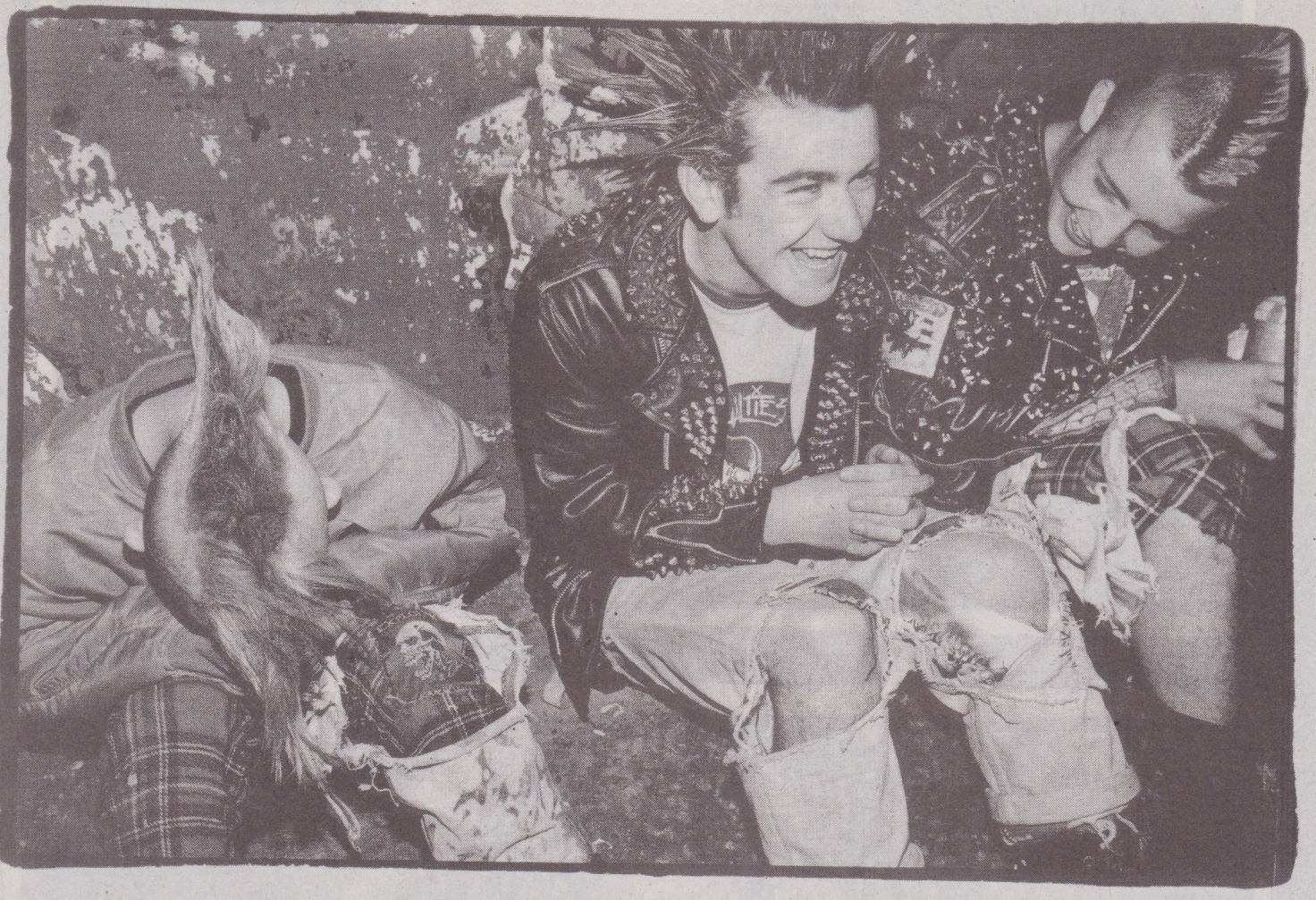
MANUFACTURING QUALITY GOODS FOR YOUR BAND SINCE 1994.

Riot Radio

Playing Local Punk and Oi! from around the World!
Send Music to:
Riot Radio (any format)
P.O. Box 3696
Philadelphia PA. 19125
or MP3's to
riotradiopodcast@gmail.com
Listen for Free!
on itunes or at
Zobnoba.com/riotradio

Look for us on Facebook

Ricky Adam is a Belfast-born photographer, punk rocker, and BMX rider who has been documenting his passion for punk and BMX culture for decades, which can now be witnessed in his new book, Destroying Everything… Seems Like The Only Option. *Ricky Adam has way of capturing the solitary moments and the feeling of actual individuality of his subjects even though they are absolute members of this subculture that many of us belong to. In his photography, I can see the individuality of each person, a hint of what brought them to punk—and really, what brought us all to punk... His images prove that being a punk is not a function of being part of "just another subculture," but about a group of isolated people making this weird fucked up family where it's perfectly alright to be in your head. Intro by Mariam Bastani, Interview by Allan McNaughton.*



Warzone Centre - Belfast, Northern Ireland 2003

RICKY ADAM

MRR: How long did it take you to compile the photos for the book? What was the process like? Once you'd decided to do a book, did you find yourself shooting with that in mind, or was it all just stuff you already had in your archives?

The book idea itself for *Destroying Everything* came about quite suddenly. Just under a year ago I was going through a bunch of my photos and I realized that I had a lot of images that possessed a certain quality and connection to one another.

It was a very steep learning curve. Things like sourcing a printer who could do it on budget, what size the book should be, what weight the paper should be, cover detail, right down to designing and laying the book out and getting it all sent to the printer, etc. etc.

I started out with something like 1000+ photos, which was ridiculous! These were edited down to around 500 and then finally 104 photos. A few trusted people that I know helped out as well which was great. You really need another perspective on it after looking at the same photos over and over. There were a bunch of photos that I particularly loved but they just didn't work within the context of the book so they had to go.

I spent the good part of a year putting the book together in my spare time. During this time I kept thinking, maybe I should wait another few months and see if I get anything else that I could put into it. It seemed never-ending. But it got to a point where it was now or never. There had to be a cut-off point otherwise I'd never get it finished. I had to know when to stop.

The photographs in the book were almost entirely made up of photos that I had already taken. There are a couple of photos that I shot just weeks before it went to print. However, I didn't go out of my way to take these especially for it.

MRR: What does the title of the book mean to you? It's quite a negative concept, and in some ways it colors how one interprets the photos in the book; there are a lot of gritty images, but there are a lot of hopeful ones too, with some positive, creative subjects. Does the somewhat negative title reflect your view of life?

I would disagree that the title of the book is necessarily a negative one. It all depends on how you interpret the book as a whole. People will inevitably interpret it in many different ways depending on how they perceive the pictures within. It needed a punchy title to reflect the content/subject matter and: *Destroying Everything...Seems Like The Only Option* seemed like a perfect fit.

The majority of the photographs focus on youth sub-culture and deal with the frustration of being young and oftentimes directionless, kids winging it, rebelling, doing their own thing.

There is a somewhat apocalyptic thread running through the book, but there's

Warzone Centre - Belfast Ireland, 2001

"Grunge V's Crust" Belfast, Northern Ireland, 2001

also another side that shows passion and creativity whilst other photos are quite ambiguous. I know the story behind them but I'd like to think that people looking at them will make up their own story. These varying aspects play off and in my mind reinforce one another.

I'd say a lot of the subjects I photograph have a somewhat self-destructive personality, I'm going to include myself in that category as well. I think everyone is self destructive in one sense or another. It's all part of being human.

As for the title reflecting my view of life. I wouldn't say that I'm a negative person. For example, I've always tried to stay away from photographing the more obvious negative aspects of where I grew up in Northern Ireland. This is the reason why BMX and the punk scene were, and still are, so appealing to me. It was a break from the norm and was something positive that I could channel my energy into.

Sometimes, however, I am drawn to certain things that people might in turn deem as negative. Maybe (to quote the Circle Jerks) "I'm a product of my environment."

MRR: How many of the photos in the book were shot on film versus digital? Do you think it matters at this point?
I'd say over half the book was shot on film, which meant having to get high quality scans made and then clean all negatives and prints that I wanted to use.

What made it even more difficult was trying to find certain negatives and prints from years ago. A few of the photos in the book were some of my very first photos taken back in 1997. Photos that I knew I had but couldn't find for months because of my crappy filing system. I've moved around a lot over the last lot of years, which didn't help either.

Some of the negatives were in really bad shape. I'm guessing it was down to storage or maybe the chemicals weren't washed off correctly. A few of the Kodak slide films were in particularly bad shape. Some of them had mold and the film emulsion was eaten away. Luckily, the ones that I needed for the book were OK to use. I just about got to these in time.

I've shot film/developed film and made thousands of prints in a darkroom. I've also been shooting digital for the last lot of years. As long as I get the pictures that I want it doesn't matter to me what format they were shot on.

MRR: There's something of a disconnect between the bands you like to shoot and the random punk rockers. A lot of your shots are of spiky-haired, studded leather glue punks, while I think it's fair to say that the bands you tend to shoot tend to attract a more conservatively dressed audience. I have a feeling your musical tastes lean more towards the DC end of the spectrum, do you find yourself going to certain gigs where you don't necessarily care about the bands, but think you'll find some good photo subjects?
You haven't seen the amount of crust records in my collection! I'm an obsessively curious person and out of that curiosity comes a desire and appreciation to look, listen and absorb other aspects in the world of punk. Personally, there is a direct relationship between the bands and the punks featured in the book, and many of the "spiky-haired studded leather glue punks," as you refer to them, are personal friends of mine.

As you can imagine the punk scene in Ireland, where many of the punk photos were taken, is fairly small and as there aren't many shows pretty much everyone hangs out and goes to see whatever punk band is playing, regardless of what they look or sound like. The punk community in Northern Ireland transcended the sectarianism and brought like minded people together, even if they were from opposite ends of the punk genre spectrum… Also, punks in general just look good aesthetically which often works well in the context of a photograph, which is a bonus.

In terms of my personal music taste, it's fairly broad ranging. I do like a lot of DC hardcore bands but I also listen to lots of other types of punk as well. I have lots of different photos covering many genres of punk, but in the end I felt that photographically a lot of them just weren't good or powerful enough to include in the book, so unfortunately they had to go. I had to be extremely ruthless when it came to the final edit.

You asked if I go to certain gigs just to take photos? I go to gigs to hang out with friends as well as watch the bands. It's not just the photography side of things that keeps me motivated. Taking photos at gigs happens when and if I see something that peeks my interest.

Also, when I got my first camera fifteen+ years ago no one else was taking photos at the shows I was going to, so apart from enjoying taking photos as time went on I also felt it was important to document certain aspects of the punk scene that I was involved with.

MRR: What relationship do you see between your portrait work, your documentary work, and the action-oriented BMX work? I know that the BMX work is how you make your living, but do you find yourself drawn to certain characters within that world more than others?
They are all very closely related. Most of my friends growing up were into punk, rode bikes and or skated, so the things I photograph are a direct response to this.

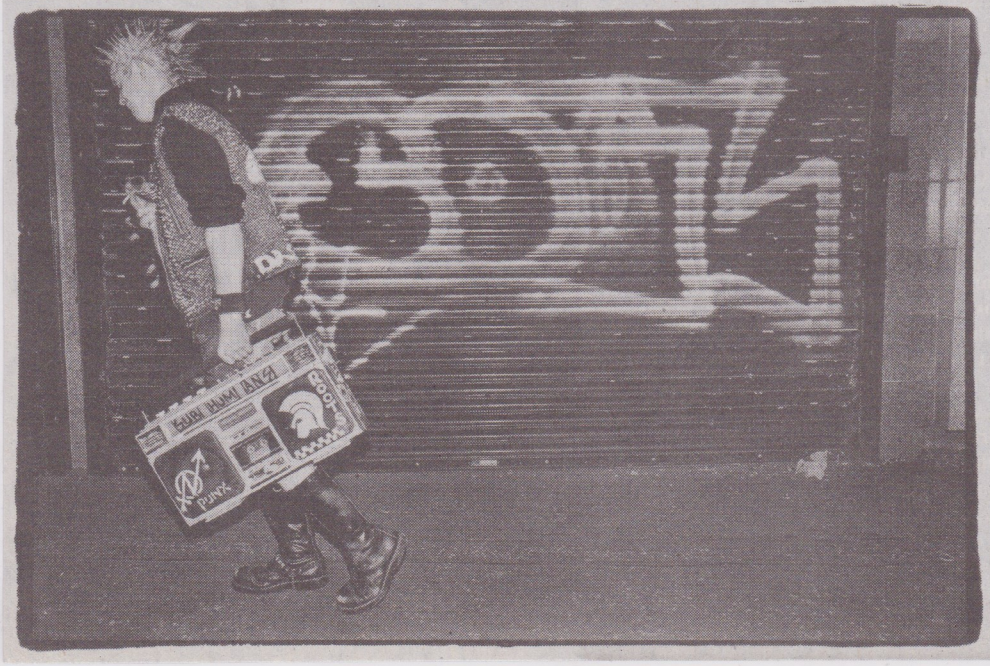
I'm pretty sure I would get burnt out if I only photographed one particular subject. Taking pictures of different things keeps me motivated. If something genuinely interest and inspire me I feel compelled to photograph it.

Destroying Everything…Seems Like The Only Option *is available from www.rickyadamphoto.com or cool bookstores near you. Distributed in the US by AK Press and The Building, and in the UK and Europe by Turnaround Distribution and 4 Down. Check Ricky's website for a full list of international stockists.*

Ramming Speed - The Royal Park, Leeds UK, 2010

Warzone Centre - Belfast Northern Ireland 2000

"James" - Belfast, Northern Ireland 2002



Warzone Centre - Belfast. Northern Ireland 2002

Warzone Centre - Belfast, Northern Ireland 1999

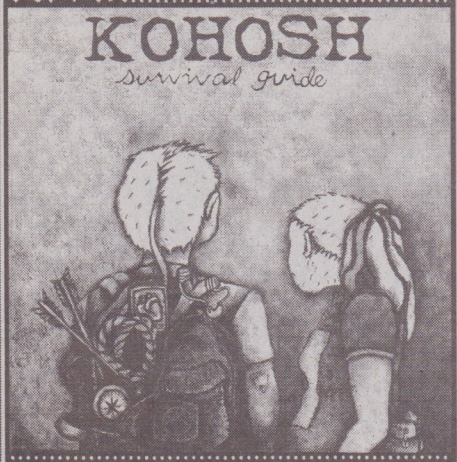
Liverpool, UK 2010

"Devils" Warzone Centre - Belfast, Northern Ireland 2001

LAURA
CAMERATO

Clockwise from top left: Lebenden Toten by Cece Manning/ Speed Kills by Tiago Rossi/ Clorox Girls by Rita Golsalves/ Thee Spivs and Gaggers by Daz Reject/ Hoax by Ben Pepin/ Agrimonia by Mia Soderberg/ Street Dogs by Paradise/ Arctic Flowers by Laura Camerato/ Melusaaste by Pete Craven

OUT NOW.....


KOHOSH
survival guide

KOHOSH "SURVIVAL GUIDE" LP PU 001

Debut Album by this powerful female fronted melodic anarcho-punk with Cello from Seattle, Wa.

(Maygun/Profane Exisitence) " They can best be described as melodic-anarcho punk, with whispers of influence from older bands such as CRASS, THE MOB, or ZOUNDS hinting at the roots" "I also hear influences from other international bands such as Sweeden's BURNING KITCHEN, and Poland's POST REGIMENT"

Released by: **Persons Unknown Records (Seattle), Trujaca Fala (Poland), Acclaim Collective (Japan), Cut The Cord That...Records (Germany), and Tomorrow Belongs To Us (Portland)**

PAY NO MORE THAN

$12.00 (shipped)

Send well hidden cash or Money Order to:

Craig Mckee
2558 s Graham
Seattle, Wa
98108 USA

PERSONS UNKNOWN RECORDS

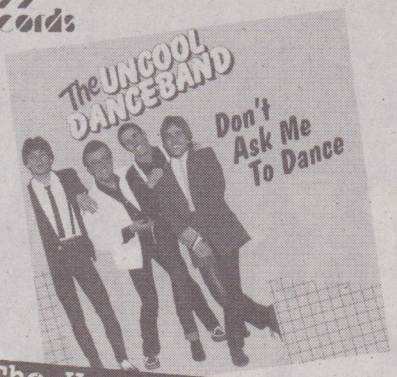
Distro's &/Record stores get in touch for wholesale prices!

UP THE ANARCHO PUNK!

CONTACT US FOR OTHER PAYMENT OPTIONS AT:

persons.unknown.collective@gmail.com

1977 records



The Uncool Danceband

Don't Ask Me To Dance LP

Limited Vinyl version includes bonus track!!

Distributed by:

INCOGNITO RECORDS

www.incognitorecords.de
P.O. Box 670111 * 10207 Berlin
Order fanzine-styled mailorder list from:
incognito@incognitorecords.de

Mailorder for '77-Punk, Powerpop, Classics, Re-Issues.

Always the latest releases of:
1977 • Detour • Euthanasie
Last Laugh • Rave Up • Rerun
Sing Sing ...

10
11
12
AUGUST
2012
FEAST
20
IEPER
HARDCORE
FEST

ABORTED AGNOSTIC FRONT
THE BLACK DAHLIA MURDER
BOLT THROWER **CONGRESS** CONVERGE
CORROSION OF CONFORMITY CROWBAR
DARKESTHOUR DEATHBYSTEREO **DEEZNUTS**
EYEHATEGOD **FUNERAL FOR A FRIEND**
GRAND MAGUS **KNUCKLEDUST**
KYLESA **MUCKY PUP** MXPX ALLSTARS
NORMA JEAN PIG DESTROYER
RISE AND FALL SCRAPS **7 SECONDS**
SHAI HULUD **SICK OF IT ALL** SKARHEAD
TERROR TRAPPED UNDER ICE **UNEARTH**
CATTLE DECAPITATION **THE CHARIOT** CRUEL HAND
D.O.A. DEAN DIRG **THE DEATH OF ANNA KARINA**
DEFORMITY **FOR THE GLORY** HELLBASTARD **INCANTATION**
MONGOLOIDS **OMEGA MASSIF** PIANOS BECOME THE TEETH
REIGN SUPREME SET YOUR GOALS **THIS IS HELL**
TOXIC HOLOCAUST **WISDOM IN CHAINS**
COKE BUST CORNERED MIDNIGHT SOULS **MAN VS HUMANITY** NAYSAYER **NEMEA**
STILL X STRONG **A STRENGTH WITHIN** SYDNEY DUCKS **VACCINE** WITHDRAWAL

TICKETS & INFO:
WWW.IEPERFEST.COM

PRIMUS

ENORMOUS DOOR

CD/VINYL MASTERING
for heavy music.

coming soon:
PRESSING & PRINTING

ENORMOUSDOOR.COM

FAT WRECK CHORDS

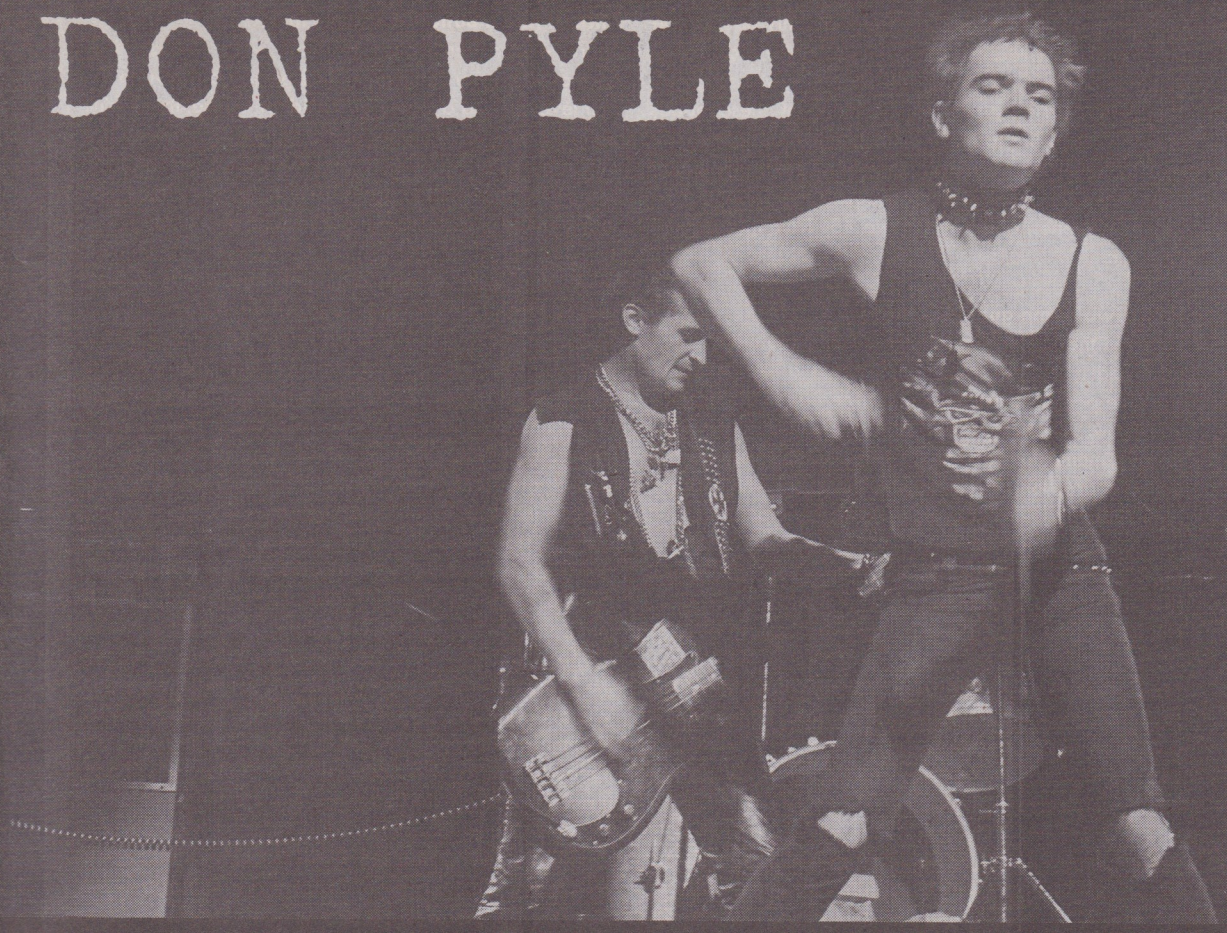
TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET
hot pink!
FREAK OUT!

CD / LP / DIGITAL. 7/3/12

Contains such hits as Headbanger,
Cruising for Chicks, In the Pit and Radical!

fatwreck.com

DON PYLE



Don Pyle has been an important part of the Toronto punk scene. He was the singer for a punk band called Crash Kills Five that self-released a single. Don went on to play in Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet, which people know from Kids in the Hall. Something that a lot of people don't know about Don is that he was a photographer. He showed an exhibit in 2007 called Trouble in the Camera Club, which led to a book of the same name. The photos are unbelievable and capture a lot of Toronto in the early days of the first wave of the punk scene.
This interview was conducted by Greg Dick on May 13, 2007 for the Equalizing Distort radio show.

MRR: Were you aware of an underground music scene in Toronto before punk?
Well, no because really, going to the Crash 'n' Burn was the first time that I was at a place that was a bar. That was a big thing because we were totally underage. I was lucky that I was a big kid and that I could get away with it. I never got asked for ID. Part of it was that the places that we were going to, like Crash 'n' Burn weren't asking for ID. We didn't have to worry about that. Going to the bars for the first time, you are trying to pass in the world of adults. We were kids entering this adult world that we had never been able to enter before—there's drinking and there's music! We were aware that there was some kind of an underground scene before the Crash 'n' Burn because we would go see bands like Rough Trade or the Dishes, but it wasn't until a bit later that we were able to identify that the things we liked were considered underground.

MRR: What was the first gig that you saw at the Crash 'n' Burn?
The Diodes? No. Actually...it is hard to remember. They seemed to be playing every single time I went there. The Boyfriends were probably the first band I saw there. The Boyfriends and then all I can think of was the Diodes. I've got these pictures implanted in my brain now. I saw the Dents there. They were another great young local band. Their guitarist, Mohamed, was later in Crash Kills Five.

MRR: Was he listed as Mohamed on the Crash Kills Five record?
I think it says Nagdee which is his last name.

MRR: I always liked him. I thought he was a cool guy.
When I first started going to shows, my friend Roger and I would go together, but I was also wary that he wasn't going to get in. He looked younger than me. There were only a couple of other people that were my age or around my age and the Dents were some of those people. This rock'n'roll band that were around sixteen years old and I made friends. I met Mohamed then and ended up playing in a band with him.

MRR: Toronto was quick to embrace the punk scene, which I have often felt that we have never been recognized for. How do you feel about that?
I always thought it was kind of surprising that Toronto didn't get as much attention and part of that is that not a lot of the early bands put out records and also there wasn't media. There was *Shades,* which came out around '78. There were other papers that would come and go for a while. I remember there was something called *Cheap Thrills* for a while, but things were very regional

.

MRR: That was a freebie that you would get on the streets. Did you ever get *T.O. Punk*? I think Johnny Garbagecan put that one out.
Yeah. It was like a fanzine. I had a couple of those.

MRR: Then there was the *Crash 'n' Burn* newsletter.
I don't remember seeing those. But the Toronto scene was really about

Viletones, New Yorker Theatre, 1977

bands not putting out records. The Ugly only put out one single until that recent compilation CD and that wasn't even the original version of the band that was so great. The Curse had only one 45. So many of these bands had only one 45 and many of them came out after their heyday. Even the Viletones, and they are the premier punk band in Canada. Some people say DOA, I think it's the Viletones, and it is just two 45s from that period. That is it.

MRR: Two damn good 45s though.
But even the second one, they crammed too many songs on it and it sounded really thin. It was a real let down from the power of the first single. The first single is still... you know, you hear it and it's intense. It has the most perfect momentum and build—first bass, then one big guitar chord, long drum roll and into the whole band, pounding one chord. It gives me goose bumps.

MRR: Did you go to the 3D concert with The Doncasters, the Diodes and The Dishes?
No. Didn't go to that one, but I have the poster!

MRR: Yeah, I guess the Diodes would have been the first official punk band to play in Toronto, I think before anybody, I would assume.
I don't know. It's hard to say because I don't know if there can be any defining punk band.

MRR: I mean for a punk band to do a live gig.
I remember at the time that Rough Trade were considered by some to be "punk" and I thought they were so lame. I remember looking at pictures of them and thinking "Wow. Really dark and threatening." They had this sex and leather image and I saw them and it was like risqué piano music.

MRR: Do you remember your first punk gig? Would it have been the Crash 'n' Burn? Using '77 punk as the dividing line. Did you go to the New Yorker shows?
Oh yeah. I saw the Cramps there. I saw the Ramones in '76 at their very first show there. I saw John Cale, The Vibrators. Lewis Furey. Regrettably, I didn't see Wayne County at that time. The New Yorker was primarily an art house movie theatre. Do you remember that Amos Poe film *Blank Generation*? That was the very earliest film in which we could see some of the New York bands. I remember seeing that there. Once I started going to things, I would go all the time. Once I got my first taste of freedom and my mom started letting me stay out past midnight I would just go to as many shows as I could. I went to shows all the time.

MRR: What do you remember of the Shock Theatre and about David's?
It was an old movie theatre. I remember it ran very briefly. It was a dark dirty movie theatre. I remember being very scared when I went to David's.

MRR: It was a pretty creepy place.
It was partly because it was a creepy place and being a little closeted gay boy and going into a gay bar for the first time. Not only was I going into bars for the first time but I went into a gay bar so I got really scared that somehow people would know I was gay because I was in a gay bar. I remember that it was a totally tacky, trashy place.

MRR: It had a bunch of statues in it.
There was a semi-spiral staircase with wrought iron railings when you came in, six or seven steps down to the first level around a statue of David, of course, that I think doubled as a fountain but was dried up. I just remember that it was dark and dirty and the waiter was Mr. Shit who I think became the bass player in the Hate, the band that I was telling you about earlier that had a 45.

MRR: You were saying that they had a 45, so that makes three Toronto punk singles I don't have.
I have a flyer for the single but I don't recall ever seeing the actual record. He was this guy who had ironed-on letters on his shirt that said "Mr. Shit" and that was when I met him. Later, he was part of a circle of friends who I went to gigs with. I went to David's a few times. It was in a back alley and there was a great clothing store right next to it, which at that time was one of the only used-clothing stores in town. That's where you would go to get straight leg jeans or running shoes, like army surplus running shoes—white '60s dress shirts and that kind of thing, so I knew the back alley there. I remember seeing the Ugly doing a New Year's Eve show there. That was the Cardboard Brains, maybe the Swollen Members, Viletones and the Ugly. At the end of the Uglys' set, Mike Nightmare is spinning the mic in the air and throws it into the audience. The mic lands at my feet so I quickly unplug it and put it in my pocket, so this microphone gave me an excuse to be a singer in a band. I used it when I was in Crash Kills Five. It had the word "Nightmare" scratched on it with a pin. I don't know whom I was with at the time, but I had this microphone and thought "they're going to find it so we better go right now". It was New Year's Eve of 1977-78 and the Cramps were playing at the New Yorker Theatre across the road, so we went around the corner and saw the Cramps. The next day we heard that David's burned down so I thought, "Phew, they are never going to know I stole that microphone."

MRR: I can't believe somebody actually stole something from Nightmare. That's a first. You have a photo in your collection of Rojer the girl with another girl, whom I remember but had forgotten about until I saw the photo. Her name was Rabies. Tell me about Rabies and Rojer.
The two of them were sisters and I met Rojer in high school. You would rotate classes and you'd be in a different classroom for different subjects. Someone had written some band name on the desk and then I wrote another band name and I wondered "Who is that? Who would write that band name?" We then started writing notes back and forth to each other; "Who are you" and "Let's meet." And so we arranged to meet through notes on the school desk. We met each other and we started to hang out and became pretty good friends. She lived right around the corner from the school, so at lunch we would sometimes go to her and her sister's (Rabies/Vera) place. They were two young women living with their father. Apparently there was a mother on the scene but I don't remember there ever being a mother around. They both lived with their father and they were both kind of wild girls. Rabies (Vera) started this band called Tyranna.

MRR: So she was the singer of Tyranna. There are some great pictures of them.
She had another band. There were several versions of

George Scott III, Pat Place THE CONTORTIONS, 1978

Tyranna. I don't even remember if the first one I saw was called Tyranna. In looking through my photos in preparation of the show, I found some photos I have of her and her band playing in a parking lot outside of a municipal office in Scarborough. This is maybe 1977. It's really funny looking at the pictures because every member of the band describes a different subculture. Everything was shifting at the time, at the first moment of punk, where Vera's in a kimono sort of thing and harsh make up, that is sort of glitter but sort of punk, and she has a bass player who has really long hair and looks like he is in Uriah Heep. He ended up being in the second version of the Ugly, after he cut his hair. And the drummer is wearing a sweater and looking like a businessman. I took pictures of my friend's band and then when she started Tyranna, I also took pictures of them. Rojer and I hung out a lot together. We would go to shows together because we lived in the same neighborhood and we would come home on the night bus after the subway had closed. She ended up living with different mutual friends, Virlana, Cram, Reid Diamond. She lived in a place on Parliament Street with different people that we would hang out with before going to gigs or after going to gigs. That Parliament Street apartment was a real social hub for a particular group of people. Rojer was an interesting person, really smart, a really nice person in many ways but very controlled by her constructed image that she had of an indifferent "I don't care about anything" person. She was hard, very deliberately hard and tough.

MRR: She claimed her turf. I remember seeing you at a Diodes gig at the Colonial with a homemade Diodes shirt and you were saying you had a jacket with a Diodes logo on it.
You know, it's funny because I thought about that afterwards and I did have a t-shirt, that I cut out stencil spray painted letters.

MRR: With cut off sleeves?
Maybe. I don't remember that part. My mother taught me how to needlepoint and I had a blue corduroy jacket, so I needle pointed on a piece of denim so that I could change the patch on the back of my jacket, because I only had one jacket.

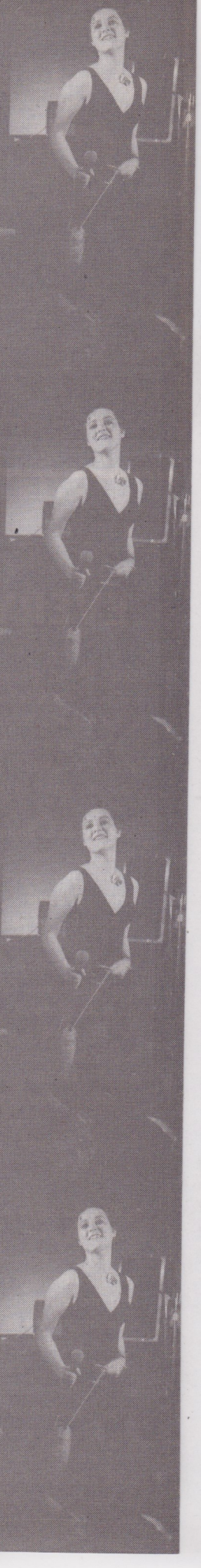
MRR: I always thought I was the youngest guy at a lot of these gigs and it turns out that you are a year younger than me. Everybody back then was, I think, in their mid-twenties or older.
Yeah, people who were around 22,
they didn't want to hang out with a fifteen-year-old so... I went there regularly and I think they were more kind of amused than anything, but ironically enough, through New Rose, I ended up in later musical circumstances because this guy had written to the Viletones from Calgary. I was in New Rose and I told Freddy and Margarita that I was going to be going to Calgary to visit my brother. Freddy said, "Hey, we just got a letter from this guy in Calgary. You should write to him and see if there are any punk bands in Calgary," so he gave me his address. I wrote to him saying, "I am coming to visit. Are there any bands there?" He wrote back saying, "Don't come here. It is awful. I'm leaving here as soon as I can. The only thing vaguely like a punk band is my brother's band." He said, "They are not really a punk band but they play some cover songs of punk bands and they do some originals and then they do songs by the Babys and Mott the Hoople and stuff like that." He and his brother and I became pen pals and when I went to Calgary I met them. So the guy that I was writing with was Steve Koch, who eventually moved to Toronto, and the band was his brother Alex Koch, Reid Diamond, Brian Connelly and another guy named Scott. They were called Buick Mackane. Steve and I immediately started a band when he came here, with Mohamed from the Dents playing drums and a guy named Boring Bill on bass. We did one show, at a gig in a Quonset hut called "Milton Madness," put on by the Milton band the Sophisticatos, and the Viletones saw him play and poached him from our almost non-existent band. Steve was in the Viletones and later in the Demics and many other bands. Reid, Brian and Alex came out to Toronto six or eight months later, leaving their singer behind. They wanted to lose their singer so they moved to Toronto without telling him that they were moving here. They got a rehearsal space and started rehearsing. They were basically living in my mother's basement at first. When they were rehearsing, I was the only person in town that they knew besides Steve, so I was hanging out with them. They asked "Do you want to sing while we look for a singer?" and I said "Sure." Soon they asked me to join the band, so that is how I ended up being in Crash Kills Five. Reid Diamond and Brian Connelly are also the guys I ended up being in Shadowy Men with. So, because of Steve Koch writing to New Rose, writing a letter to the Viletones, I ended up being in a band.

MRR: You guys did a great version of "Henry the VIII." Did you guys do any other covers?
We did "To Sir with Love" briefly and "Little Willy" by the Sweet.

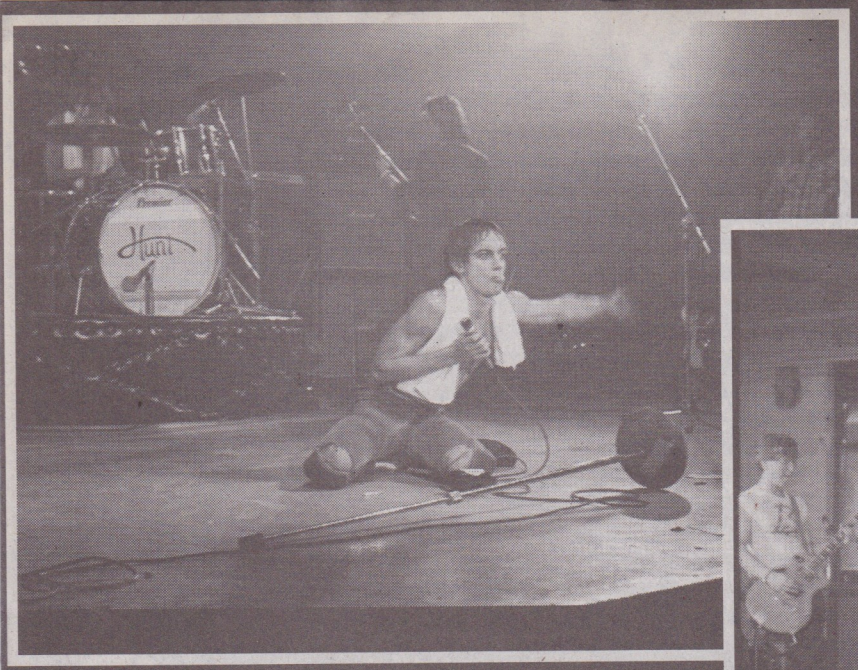
MRR: I remember "Little Willy." That was great. Did you guys play out of town at all besides Milton?
A little bit. Crash Kills Five played London. The Demics took us under their wing for a little while. We were renting the basement of the house they lived in on Baldwin Street for a rehearsal space and we did a bunch of shows supporting them, so we ended up going to London a fair bit. But we didn't really travel around too much. I don't even remember other cities. We went to Montreal and Ottawa. Those seemed to be really far to us at the time.

MRR: You released your record in '80. I am assuming you recorded it in '79? Where did you record it?
We recorded it in a garage on Bedford Road, which is still there and I pass it on the bus all the time. It is a totally posh neighborhood now, but at that time some of it was big, rundown mansions. It is hard to believe that Bedford Road was once a slum.

MRR: Well that would have been right behind the Turning Point. How did you finance it because records were pretty hard to put out back then?
We all had jobs so it was from that and gigs probably. It is funny because the guy who recorded that in his garage was Gerry Fielding. We ended up meeting years later in Shadowy Men because he was the audio tech on the *Kids in the Hall* that we did music for. It was very funny to cross paths with him in that way again.



Mickey Skin, THE CURSE



Iggy Pop, Masonic Temple, Lust for Life tour, 1977

Diodes, Crash'n'Burn, 1977 Crash'n'Burn, 1977

EVERYTHING WAS SHIFTING AT THE TIME

MRR: It's a great single. How many were pressed, what label was it on and could you find it outside Toronto?
A thousand. That was the minimum order back in those days. We just put it out ourselves. You could probably get it in London, Ontario.

MRR: Does anyone have a box of them still?
Now that I think of it, Reid had a job and Reid paid for the record so he ended up with all the remaining copies. He put them in kids' bags for Halloween one year.

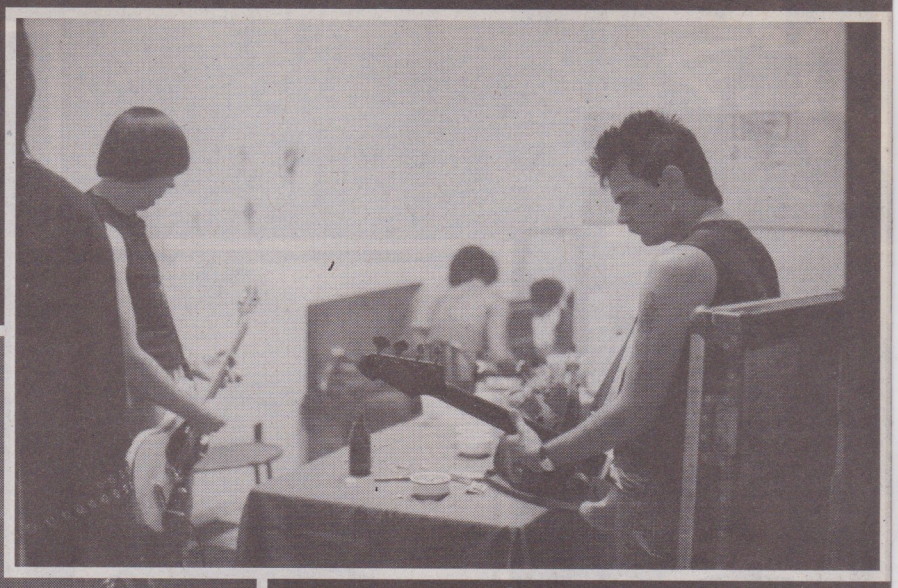
MRR: Lucky kids. Are there any unreleased recordings from Crash Kills Five that might see the light of day?
No. They will probably never see the light of day. We went into another studio once to start working on some kind of other record and it was a horrible experience. It was really bad. Bad in many ways, you know. I was never a great singer and I think when I heard myself on tape for the first time ...

MRR: You have a very melodic voice. I think you sang great.
Well, that is very nice of you to say but Crash Kills Five...when they came to Toronto, they already had these songs, so when I think of my own musical path, it is something that I often forget about. Even though it was a great experience I didn't have the emotional attachment to some of the songs because I was singing songs that other people had written. I didn't have the same emotional investment in them. Brian Connelly, who was in Crash Kills Five to begin with and who was in Shadowy Men later, is an amazing guitar player. All three of the guys in Crash Kills Five were great musicians. I totally felt out of my element in that band because I was not yet aware enough to take control of what I was doing. It was only later that I started writing lyrics and started writing songs, but Crash Kills Five songs were mostly Reid's songs. Reid wrote a lot of stuff in that band. After Brian left the band Mohamed played with us. Again, a wonderful guy, but not the amazing guitar player that Brian Connelly was; so these songs that we knew in one way became something different and it felt less than what it had been before. The band started to be less exciting to me.

MRR: Well, I personally think that being on edge and not sure about your vocal ability probably kept you on your toes. As a teenager you purchased a 35 mm camera and right now you have this amazing collection of photos documenting the scene from 1976-1978. I have seen a lot of collections of work from this time and I have to say that yours is the finest yet. When you were taking these photos were you taking them as a music fan or were you taking them with the mind that eventually these would be a collection of photos?
No, it was completely because I was a music fan. For me, the 45 is the most perfect thing. I love 45s. I love how small they are. I love how contained they are. Anything that you are going to hear on a 45 is going to have more of an impact than an album track because it is on its own. I have always loved the object, unfortunately or fortunately, I don't know which. I have always loved the object. It has always been as equally important to me as the music. MP3s, I have a detachment from. Like everybody, I don't place a value on them because they are just digital files. They don't contain a tangible experience that is unique to them. Taking photos was a way of taking something tangible home with me from these shows. It was helping me create the memory. I just wanted to have pictures. If I think about how closely I looked at the photos in *Rock Scene*, it's not surprising that I wanted a similar record of the bands I was seeing. Part of it was my age, being in the front but needing to be invisible too. I had insecurity about how I looked because of my glasses, so it was a way for me to maintain a distance. Be in there, you know, but also be removed from it.

MRR: Yeah. You looked like you were up pretty close for some of those shots.
Well, I was. I didn't have a zoom lens.

MRR: There are a lot of shows that were really important. The shots of Iggy at the Masonic Temple, where it was all folding chairs that night but everybody kind of sat in front of Iggy. There was like a ten foot barrier and these people were sitting politely watching this guy go nuts on stage with the Ramones opening for him. There was the Runaways at the el Mocambo. You have great shots of those. Blondie played the el Mocambo and the B-Girls got up and did the encore and did a Shangri-Las song. What inspired you to put this exhibit together at this time?
Over the past couple of years people have been asking me for different pictures of particular bands. "Oh, don't you have a picture of that thing?" It was Sam's 50th birthday (from the Uglys) and Steve Koch got in touch with me. "Don't you have some good pictures of them?" I couldn't find them in time for his birthday and



Ramones, RPM Toronto, 1987

Stiv Bators, Cheetah Chrome, DEAD BOYS, Crash'n'Burn, 1977

AT THE FIRST MOMENT OF PUNK

then something else came up, but part of it was moving. I've got to get rid of stuff and I have crates of photographs, like those plastic totes. It was really a bunch of things that led to it, but a lot of it had to do with technology and how there is now the technology to scan the negatives. I was developing them myself at the time and so some things were hung up to dry in the school dark room, so they would be all dusty.

MRR: That is great. I didn't realize you had that much of a hands-on approach.

Oh yeah, I developed almost all of these pictures. We had old enlargers at school, so I had negatives that were scratched by these old enlargers with sharp edges on the frame holders. It was a bunch of things. With the technology now, I can scan the negatives and re-touch them and remove the dust and scratches and see what they were. I did music for an installation that opened a few years ago, as part of Contact Festival and it was really the Contact Festival that made me think that I've got all these pictures that I have been carrying around in this box. I look at them every once in a while and I've got all these negatives that I have never really seen and I would love to see what is on them. So when I scanned them I realized "Wow. There is so much stuff here that I have never seen before." I only printed certain things that I've recently scanned. At the time, out of thirty-six frames I might have printed two or three pictures. I couldn't afford to do much else. Seeing the things I had made me realize that I have a show here and it's a shame for me to leave these sitting in a box because I know there are other people who would like to see them.

MRR: Absolutely not. It is an incredible collection. There was a great turn out at the Beaver for the opening gala of your collection, some of the people you took photos of were there too. What kind of reaction did you get from people?

It was a total love-in. There were so many people who hadn't seen each other for years and they were all really happy to see each other. That was the best thing about it. It was good to see a lot of people that I hadn't seen in a long time, people that have moved away or I lost touch with. There were also some people who came who were pictured in the photographs, some people from bands and some people that were just friends that I took photographs of. My friend Carmelina who was known as Cram, she came from Kingston. There was a photograph of her in the show. And Roger Logan who was wearing the Ramones shirt.

MRR: Dave Quinton from the Mods.

Yeah, Dave Quinton, Sam Ferrara. I think for a lot of people it's just disbelief looking at themselves. For me it's disbelief partly because there are so many people pictured who have died. That was emotional for me. There are times for me when something happens that really makes me feel how precious and short life is. And looking at pictures that are thirty years old, of these people when they are young and beautiful and doing something really amazing and exciting, looking as carefree as they were at the time, and then seeing them for real now, next to the photograph, it's amazing. It was really emotional to see people now that have survived this. The people that are still alive and that are doing great. There was something else that I was just thinking about. Part of the thing is that we are looking at it now, so now, as far as we know is the last page of our life story. We only know up until now. And we are looking at these things from the past and it is almost like we are looking at page one. Or maybe page three.

MRR: A lot of us had just met around then, so in a sense it could be page one.

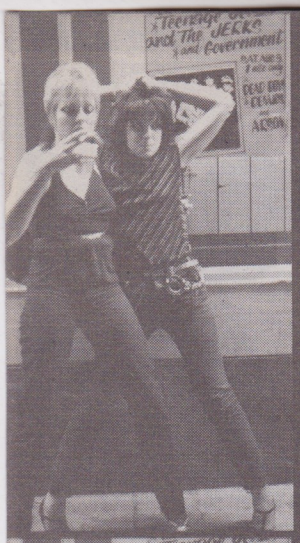
A lot of people were at the age where they were just forming their own self-identity. I am looking at it now and I know how the whole story went. That part is really amazing.

MRR: Will you show your work in other cities?

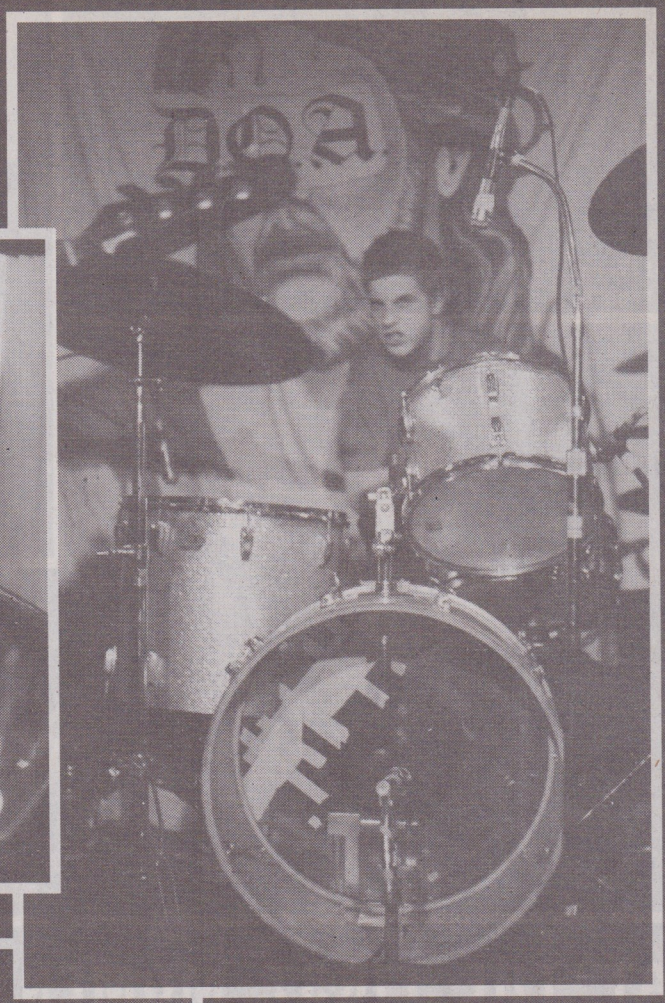
I don't really know if this would really translate outside of the city because there are so many Toronto bands in it.

Greg worked with Don to find a publisher and by May 1, 2011 a book called Trouble in the Camera Club, published by ECW Press in Toronto, will be out.

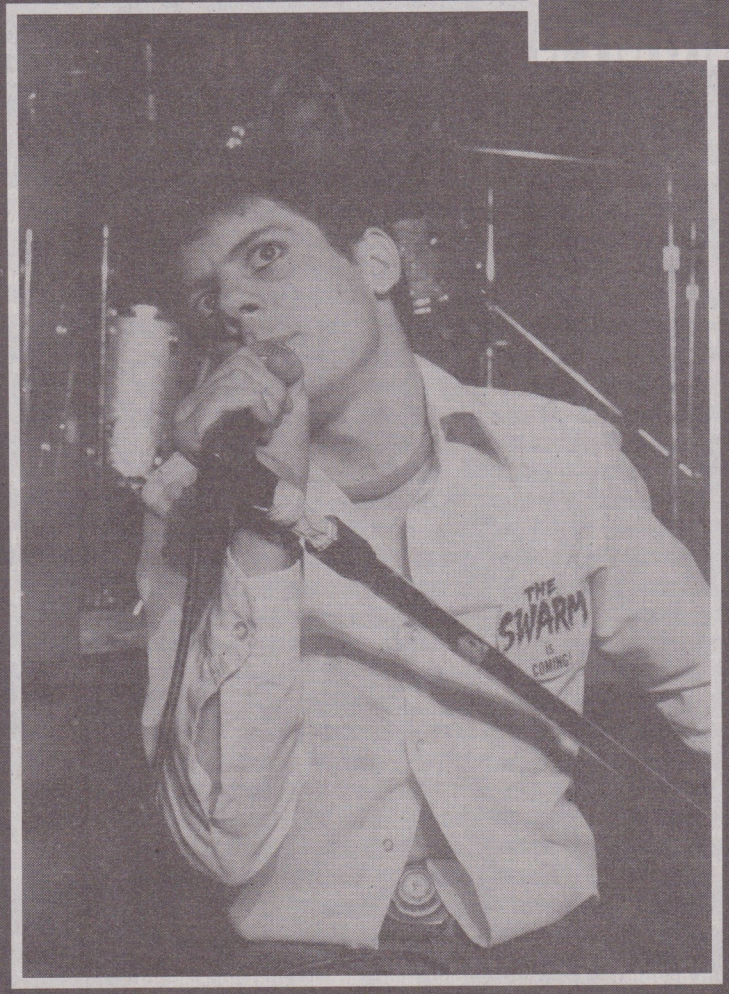
Check out www.donpyle.com or www.troubleinthecameraclub.com for details.



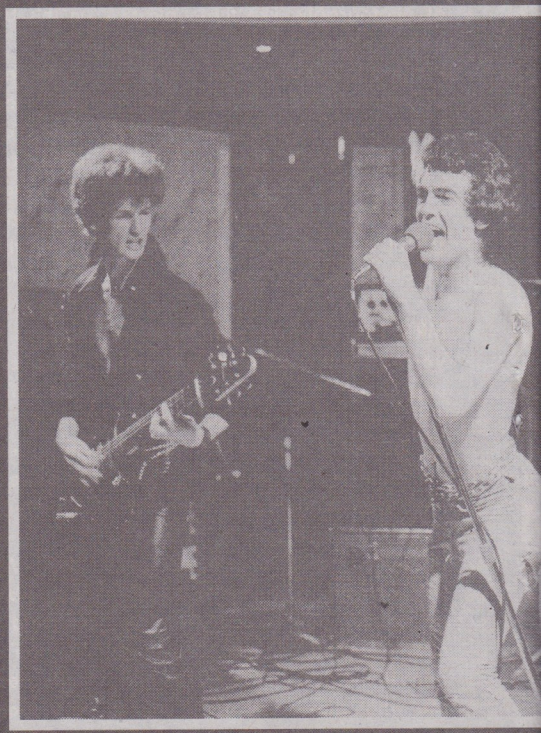
Self-portrait, 1978



D.O.A., Chuck Biscuits, The Edge, 1978

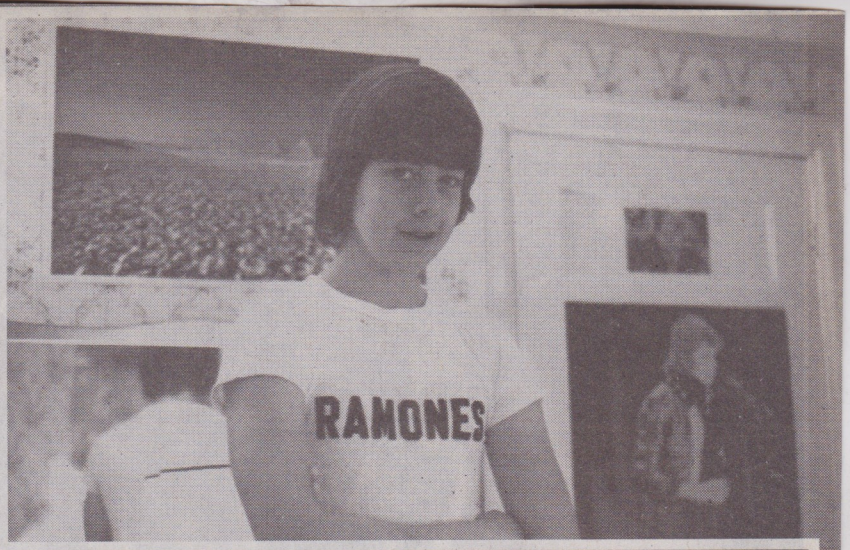


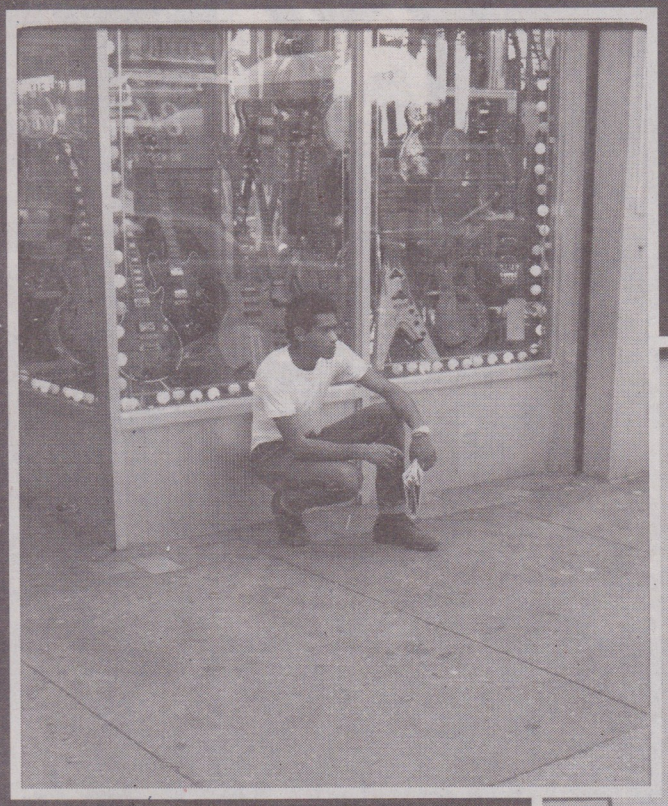
Frankie Venom, TEENAGE HEAD, Horseshoe tavern, 1978



The Ugly, Turning Point 1977.

Roger in his room, 1977



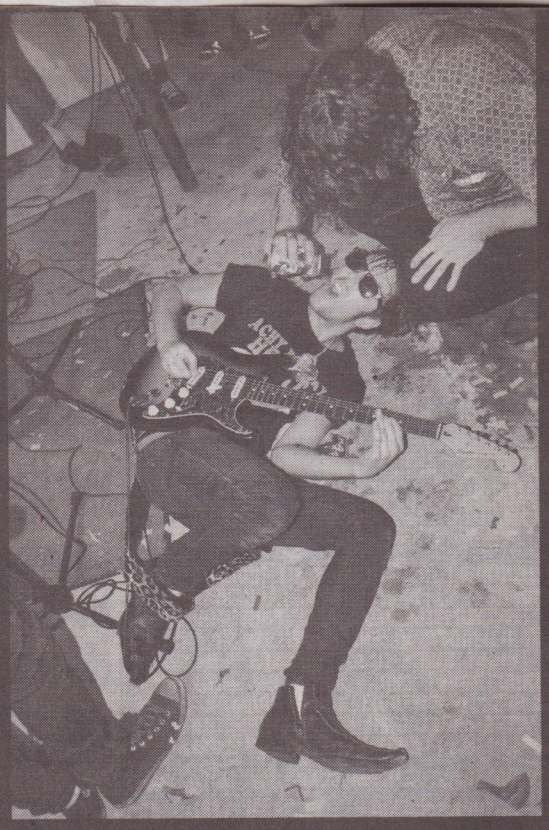


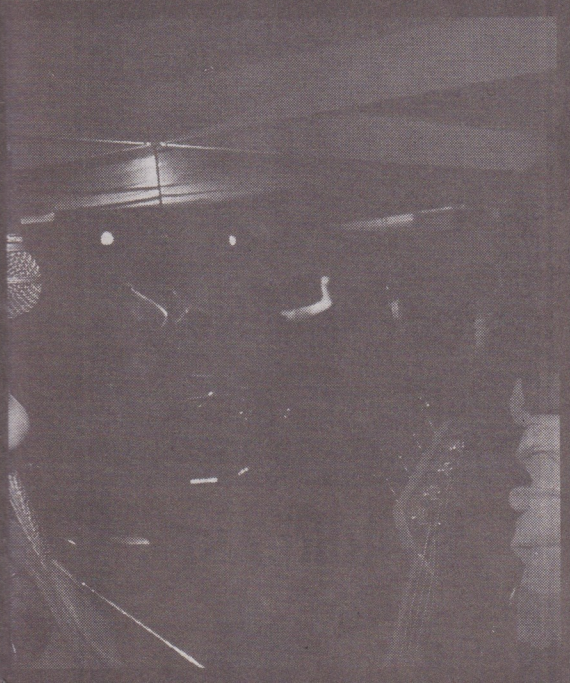
Mohammed, Mohammed Nagdee, aka Eddy Dent, The Dents/Crash Kills Five, NYC, 1980 NYC

Right: Vera Skye, aka Rabies (singer in Tyranna) & her sister Rojer, Horseshoe Tavern, 1978

Clockwise from top left: Limp Wrist, Warcry, D-Clone, Ghoul and Coke Bust by Nukka/ Pine Hill Haints by Nathan Edenhofer/ Circle One by Old HC Dude/ Crude by Hood/ The Phags by Jeff Boyes/ Unlearn by Damien Inbred

BLACKHOLE 212
FORGET





Clockwise from top left corner: La Revancha and O Inimigo by Breno Carollo/ Rattales and The Nummies by Darryl Reid/ Atake al Sistema by Bash/ Doña Maldad by Rafael Schmucke/ Punkers by Amy Harrison/ Diskoiraa by MD Ifran/ Getting fucked up and Raw Raw Riot by Darryl Reid

ARTCORE VINYL FANZINE VOLUME FIVE
INTERNATIONAL COMPILATION LP | 20 BANDS | 12 COUNTRIES

1981 (FINLAND) | THE REBEL SPELL (CANADA) | THE FURLOUGHS (U.S.) | BAD SAM (U.K.) | ARCTIC FLOWERS (U.S.) | FRACASO (VENEZUELA) | KNUSTE RUTER (NORWAY) | AGENT ATTITUDE (SWEDEN) | 40 HELLS (U.S.) | HYGIENE (U.K.) | NIGHT BIRDS (U.S.) | RUIDOSA INMUNDICIA (AUSTRIA) | BURNT CROSS (U.K.) | OFF WITH THEIR HEADS (U.S.) | DHK (PERU) | ENDLESS GRINNING SKULLS (U.K.) | VENGEANCE (GERMANY) | PETTYBONE (U.K.) | THE ESTRANGED (U.S.) | BURNING SENSATION (AUSTRALIA)

13 PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED SONGS AND 2 FIRST TIME ON VINYL

INSIDE: ARTCORE FANZINE | ISSUE No.29 | FEATURING: AMEBIX | NIGHT BIRDS | ARCTIC FLOWERS | 1981 RUIDOSA INMUNDICIA | HYGIENE | VAULTAGE: AGENT ORANGE | RAVE UP RECORDS | MDC | ALEC MACKAYE WEST GERMAN PUNK II | THE ART OF DIRTY DONNY

ONE OF THE WORLD'S LONGEST RUNNING PUNK ZINES | EST. 1986

www.artcorefanzine.co.uk
www.artcorefanzine.bigcartel.com

WEEKEND NACHOS/LACK OF INTEREST 7"
SIDE TRACKED/SELF INFLICTED 7"
COLD WAR "FAST BERLIN HARCORE" CD
LANDMINE MARATHON 7"
CYBORG 7"
BASTARD NOISE
"SKULLDOZER" LP/CD
CRIPPLE BASTARDS
FRAMMENTI DI VITA LP+7"
LOOKING FOR AN ANSWER
Eterno Treblinka LP
REPROACH
BITTER END LP
WEEKEND NACHOS
WORTHLESS LP
EXTORTION
DEGENERATE LP SICK LP
LANDMINE MARATHON
GALLOWS LP
LOW THREAT PROFILE
PRODUCT #2 12"
Brutal Truth/Spazz split 7" re-issue
BASTARD NOISE
A CULTURE OF MONSTERS LP/CD
THIS COMP KILLS FASCISTS VOL 1 / 2
NO COMMENT DOWNSIDED 7"
NO COMMENT "COMMON SENSELESS 7"
D.I.S "CRITICAL FAILURE LP/CD
PHOBIA "22 RANDOM ACTS OF VIOLENCE 12"
LANDMINE MARATHON "RUSTED EYES AWAKE" LP
DEEP SIX RECORDS: P.O BOX 6911
BURBANK CA. 91510 U.S.A
7" $8/$11 10"/12" $15/$26 CD $10/$10

Agïpunk
.COM

MIASMAL
"s/t" LP

PYROKLAST
"The madness confounds" LP

HETANUS
MAILORDER

HAVOC

WWW.HAVOCREX.COM

77-84 HARDCORE PUNK RE-ISSUES
MINNEAPOLIS
CRUST
THRASH
D BEAT AND RAW PUNK
SCANDINAVIAN IMPORTS

CHECK OUR WEBSTORE AT WWW.HAVOCREX.COM
FOR THE MOST CRUCIAL SELECTION OF RECORDS, T SHIRTS,
CDS, AND PLASTIC SLEEVES FOR LPS AND 7"S

STORES AND DISTROS WE DEAL DIRECT!
WE NO LONGER HAVE A PRINT CATALOG.

CHRIS BOARTS LARSEN

In almost every town there's at least one photographer who's consistently visible at shows. Squished up against barricades in larger venues, or hiding out behind cabs in basements, they're always around with their camera, capturing some of the most intense moments in live music in their city. Chris Boarts has been that photographer in Richmond for as long as I've known her, but she's been taking photos much longer than that. Some of Chris's pictures are among the most iconic images of punk in America; I was lucky enough to get her to talk to me about her history, gear and photography for a bit.
Interview by Amy KC Oden.

MRR: How and when did you first become interested in photography?
I have been around photography my whole life. Both of my parents were avid (amateur) photographers, so I had access to a simple camera from a young age. When I was in high school I got really interested in photography and started to use an SLR (single-lens-reflex) camera and black and white film. I took a photography class and I learned to work in the darkroom. My father had a lot of home darkroom stuff, so we built a darkroom in our basement. I was hooked.

Born/Dead

From Ashes Rise

MRR: Who are some of your influences photographically? Whose work do you admire?

Mary Ellen Mark and Margaret Bourke White have always been two of my main influences. I have always been interested in a straight style of documentary photography. I studied a lot of the *LIFE* photographers and WPA photographers of the '40s and was very inspired by that. Photography is a whole different world now. I can't even name any current or modern photographers whose work that I admire, though there are many.

I *love* photography. I love to look at photography. And I actually enjoy the ease with which photos are shared online these days with various photo-sharing forums. It's so different from the classic darkroom printing that I was brought up on. Not that many people print their own photos anymore.

MRR: How did *Slug and Lettuce* fuel and help develop your photo skills? How else have they developed over the years as far as evolving interests?

My photography and *Slug & Lettuce* are completely intertwined. It was around the same time that I got "seriously" interested in photography that I also started my zine *S&L*; that would have been in 1986 when I was fifteen. Over the years, as the focus of the zine became more on networking, contacts and communication and reviews—band photography, specifically my band photography, was the other integral component. I love photographing bands. I always have and I still do. The two fueled each other over the years. I photographed for *S&L* and because of *S&L* I had a format with which to share my photography.

MRR: Has the way that you photograph bands changed over the years?

Yes, somewhat. I make more of an effort to shoot everyone in the band now, where as I definitely used to just shoot whatever was most interesting. In the early '90s I started to work with motion blurs and long exposures and initially there was a fair amount of trial and error, until I kind of "perfected" the craft and was able to know what I would get on film. But with film there was always a certain amount of magic and mystery, which, truthfully, was also part of the fun. With digital, you instantly see what you get and can adjust settings and positions and everything else to control your end result, so there is no magic and mystery really, you know what works and you can rock it. I have always been a pretty voracious shooter. When I get into a band I shoot a lot, but with digital that has become every more the case. I'll shoot about 300+ pictures at a good show. Translated to film days—that would have been ten plus rolls of film. For an average show, that would have been a lot. It is one of the nice things with digital though, the ability to just shoot and delete and shoot and shoot. Film was expensive, but on the flipside, I have never really considered my band photography to be art; the "dystopian landscapes" [mentioned below] were my art—and with digital I don't feel the same kind of art esthetic. It's very different.

MRR: I know you're also into dystopian landscapes. What are some of the places you've shot and what do you try and capture with these?

Yes. I love that description, "Dystopian Landscapes." I've never used that, nor heard my work described as such. I like that a lot!

I started photographing "urban decay" while living in New York City. But the interest was underlying before that. Every opportunity I had to find an alley or dark corner of a city interested me photographically. When I moved to NYC in 1989 and found the Lower East Side I was in photographic aesthetic heaven. I was fascinated by the abandoned buildings, the neglect and desolate lots and I was intrigued

English Dogs

to see the layers of buildings peeling away and see the actual structure of a place, enamored by the foundations as I tried to imagine what they once looked like. I think in some ways it tied in with my interest in architecture, but I was more interested in how things came apart than how they went together. I liked to see the bare boards and joists and imagine the way the building was configured as well as the treasures that might be found in the walls. I think that brick and wood are beautiful. And then of course the burnt up cars and trees growing out of rooftops only made it all the more interesting.

I got politicized in New York and involved in the squatter's community. Suddenly these abandoned buildings that so intrigued me were being inhabited and transformed and a whole new interest developed. There were a few squats that I photographed fairly extensively. Fetus is one that I started photographing when it was a shell of a place, until it was fixed up and inhabited and then when it caught fire and was torn down. My perspective changed over the time that I was photographing in New York. There was a sense of insanity to the place that fascinated me: the juxtaposition of things and the rawness of it all. I was interested in the brick and mortar, but also by the attempts to build something positive and new amidst the wasteland. I love trees and gardens and the natural world as much as I love the heart of the city, so when old urban landscapes are reclaimed by trees and vines growing out of the rubble it again feels like something positive growing out of something forgotten. And at the core of that concept is something that speaks very deeply to me.

This translated to my initial visits to the South. The first time I came to Richmond I was intrigued by the desolation. It was almost like a ghost town. Compared to NYC there was no traffic, no congestion and there were plenty of beautiful old buildings that had been forgotten about. And it was a much greener place than NYC, the alleys were overgrown and beautiful. I started to fall in love with the place immediately and I started to photograph the Southern porches with floor-to-ceiling windows, all of which have a distinctly different look to them than in the North. I started to take my excursions further out of the city and explored rural farmlands and abandoned houses and there is even more nature reclamation in the rural decay landscape. Ironically though, I think some of my favorite photographs are interchangeable; from the Lower East Side of NYC to a rural southwestern Virginia farm—the details that I see and focus on are much the same.

So to get back to the question… I photographed the Lower East Side in the early '90s, during the squat or rot days, when it was a very different place than it is now. I traveled the country and photographed this and that, old farms and great forests and then I settled in Richmond and photographed the city and the rural farms, old gas works and sunken boats in the city canal.

These days I don't photograph nearly as much of that sort of thing. Partly because the city I live in has been transformed so much in recent years and the aesthetic that I so loved is covered over with new. But the advent of digital photography has really changed how and what I photograph. I suppose that my son is a factor in that too, along with this horrible allergy to poison ivy that developed several years after moving here and after traipsing through many a lot overgrown with poison ivy. I find that I photograph kids and birthday parties as much I used to photograph old wood and bricks these days. My son is one of the most well documented people ever to live (except perhaps every other photographer's child, ha).

I still photograph bands every chance I get, though admittedly I am able to attend few shows these days (boo hoo). I still have the same obsession with decay and nature as always, but I am not quite as compelled to seek it out.

MRR: What are some of the most/least fun shows you've shot at and why? What were some really fun bands to shoot?

I like bands that have energy and presence—jumps, flying hair, intensity, passion and energy. That is the most fun to photograph. When it's fake and forced and showy, I usually put my camera away. Energy, inspiration and sincere enjoyment, motion and action—that is what I enjoy. I always enjoy a band more if I can photograph them. Otherwise I see the whole show in a series of missed pictures and it kind of hurts.

A not fun situation is when I cannot get myself into a good spot, or if I am "denied access." That just pisses me off, or if a band is just boring. But truthfully, I really haven't seen very many boring bands. I may not like all bands that I see in the same way, but I can usually find a way to get some good pictures and have a great time doing it! And at the end of the night I will usually exclaim, "I *love* photographing bands!"

After all those years at ABC No Rio, watching every single band and all the other venues and shows after… I've had numerous people ask me at times how I can watch them all or continue to care and that is the thing: I *love* to see bands and I have always made every attempt to see every band at every show that I go to. I am kind of obsessed with it. Sometimes it's hard to understand that other people don't share that obsession.

MRR: What rigs have you used over the years for show shooting and landscapes? Favorite gear?
I am not a gear-head at all. I find the simplest thing that works and use it until I kill it. When I shot film I used Minoltas. Now I use Nikon D90 with a speedlight flash. But seriously, I usually don't remember what number camera I have, or what model of flash. It's just not important to me. The end result is. The other day someone asked me what kind of camera I had and I automatically said "a Minolta" and then I laughed because I haven't shot with a Minolta in many, many years. I do have a hard time keeping track of D70 vs. D90 though and on the spot it might be why I revert to saying what I used ten years ago.

Technology is crazy these days and sometimes it's a struggle to keep up. I have upgraded several times and I kill the on-camera flash on every digital camera I get. I like flash photography and I have generally been stoked with the simplicity of the on-camera flash. But I blow them out.

MRR: Do you have pointers for shooting at shows (and landscapes, although it seems like shows are tougher because people are fast moving targets)?
Based on what I see these days I don't think people need much advice! I see a lot of really great band and show photography. I think these days people are so up on technology and they know how to use it and run with it. And with digital photography you know what you get—so there is no "wait and see what worked." You try something, you see the results and you know what works and you can run with it, right then and there.

MRR: It's awesome that you're so pro-digital gear and pro-digital sharing—a lot of artists aren't. Do you have any general thoughts about folks keeping pace with and/or embracing technology?
Well, I'm definitely very freaked out by the posting and sharing. Since photography is something that I have dedicated my life to, in many ways I do feel threatened by the ability of people to grab and drag and copy pictures online and you have to be pretty savvy to post them in such a way that they cannot be grabbed and used. I don't mind people using my photos, in fact over the years my photos have been reproduced so often it's kind of cool. But you should ask first. I don't know that I have ever said no to someone, but it's polite to ask before you take! Plus I really like to be able to see the end results!

I have always shared my photos pretty readily. I always sent prints to bands and nowadays I'll give a CD of pictures to bands. I've never really made any money off of my photography, which in some ways is downright depressing. But I do what I do and I love what I do and I want to share what I do. I never made any money off of my zine either. I try very hard to keep my photo credit with my photos and so when I post photos online I put the photo credit into the photo. I put the photos out there for the world, all I ask in return in credit due.

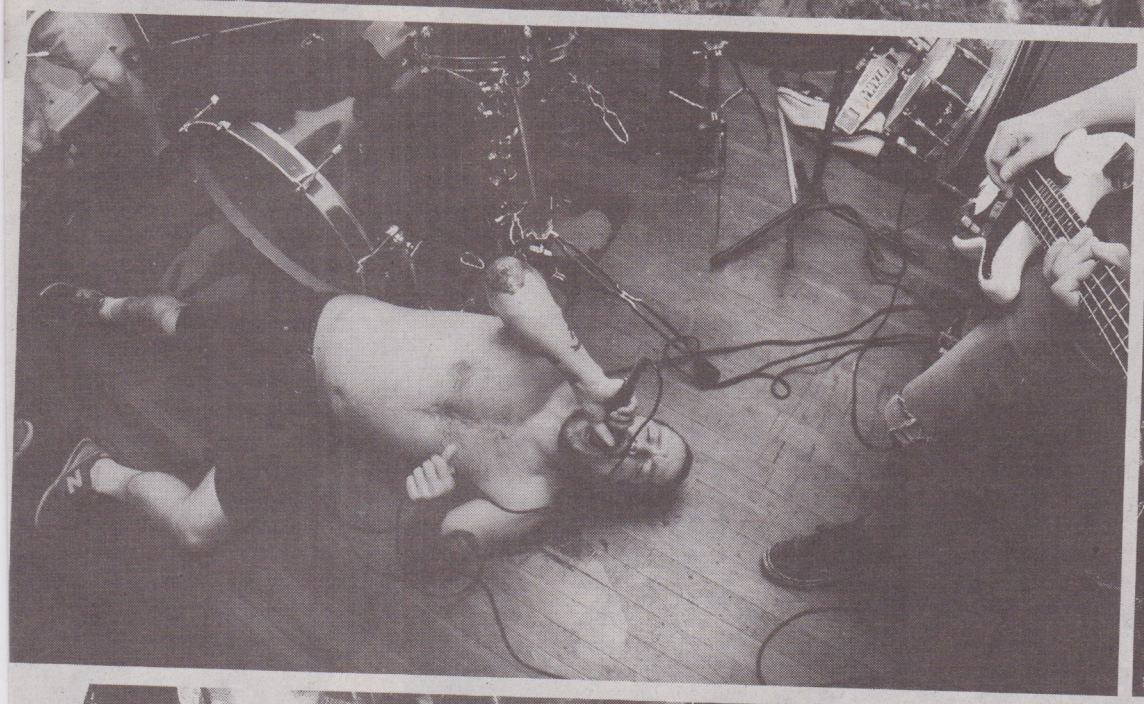
As far as keeping pace or embracing technology, that is what I need someone to help *me* with!

deathreat

MRR: Where do you see your work going in the future?
More bands… More bands… More bands. Maybe I'll break into professional children's birthday parties!

Chris(tine) Boarts Larson
Slug & Lettuce
PO Box 26632
Richmond VA 23261-6632
chris1slug@hotmail.com
www.slugandlettuce.net
Some of Chris' photos can be found on her online archive. Write her if you want to use 'em!

Parasytic
background: Fetus Rubble!
Tragedy
Imperial Leather
STIG!!



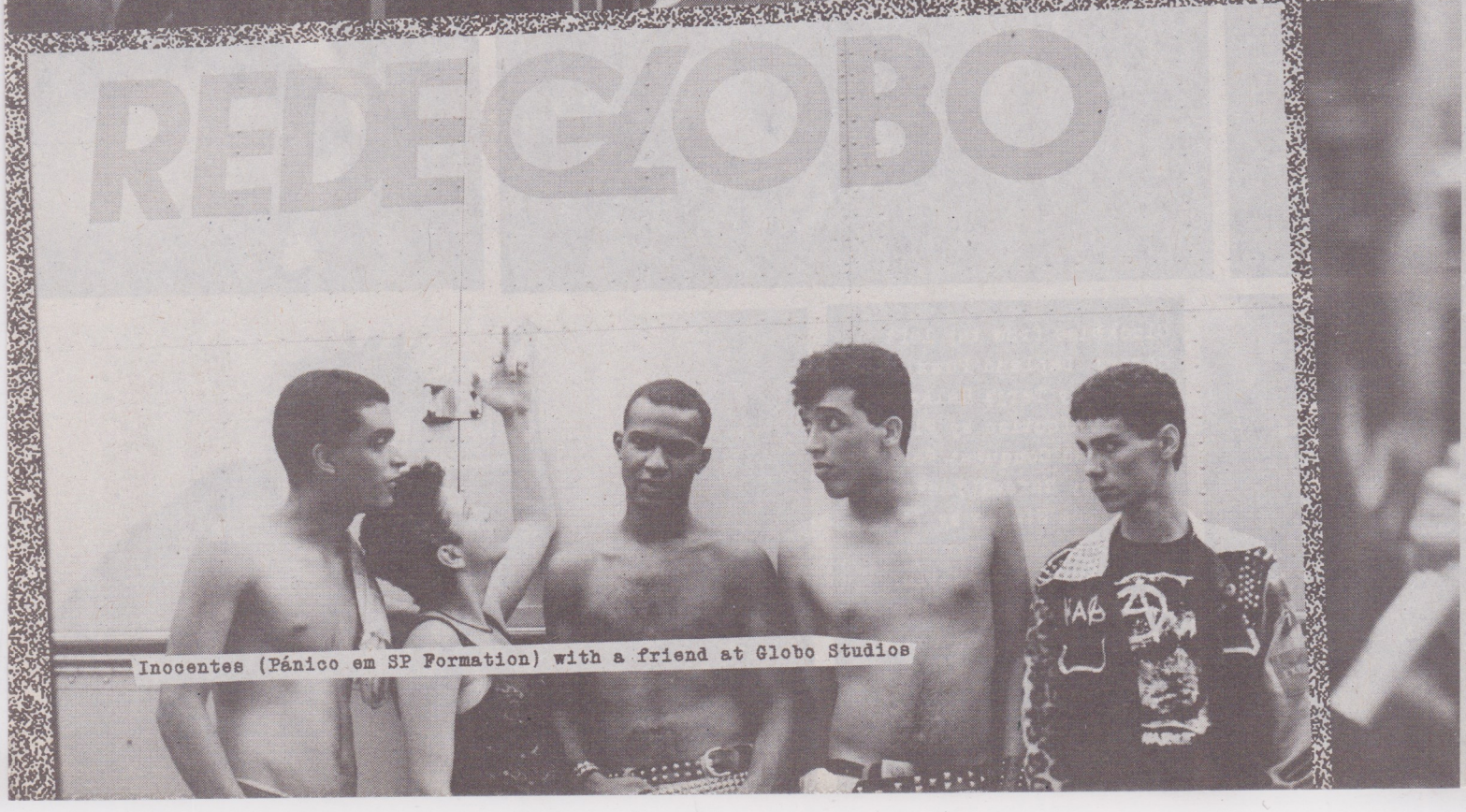
Clockwise from top left corner: Lapland Punx Picnic by Tarja Halkola/ Beast Infection by Fil/ G.I.D. and Conquest For Death by Rafael Yaekashi/ Des Virus Studio by Virus/ Cervix by Dave Earles/ Gauze by Daragh Hayes/ Wiccans, Mothercountry Motherfuckers and Uoa by Ross Adams

MARIA DA PIEDADE MORAIS

PUNK IN RIO 80's

São Paulo punks recording the soap Opera Eu Prometo at Globo Studios

Macá, Jabá (RDP), Val (Cólera), Gordo(RDP), Ronaldo (Inocentes) and others



Inocentes (Pánico em SP Formation) with a friend at Globo Studios

The Brazilian punk scene has, unfortunately, lacked good photographic documentation due mainly to the expensive price of cameras and films as compared to the punk`s low income budget in the early '80s. We never had a Friedman or Colver visually recording everything that was happening around there. So, as a Brazilian punk, it is very surprising and exciting to me to find great photos of the early Brazilian punk scene.

Last year I met Maria da Piedade Morais, a Portuguese lady who moved to Rio de Janeiro when she was a kid. Between 1982 through 1984, she made flyers, hosted bands, booked shows and, luckily for us, photographed the main events of Rio`s punk scene. She managed to capture many bands of the Rio scene (some that I had never heard of) and bands from São Paulo that played in Rio at that time. But my favorite pictures are of punks just hanging out at their "spots" like skate parks, plazas or even recording a soap opera for the biggest Brazilian TV channel.

Maria has never been a professional photographer, but she was a punk who thoughtfully captured the scene of tropical punks with her Nikon camera. Enough of my words. I will let her photos speak for themselves.

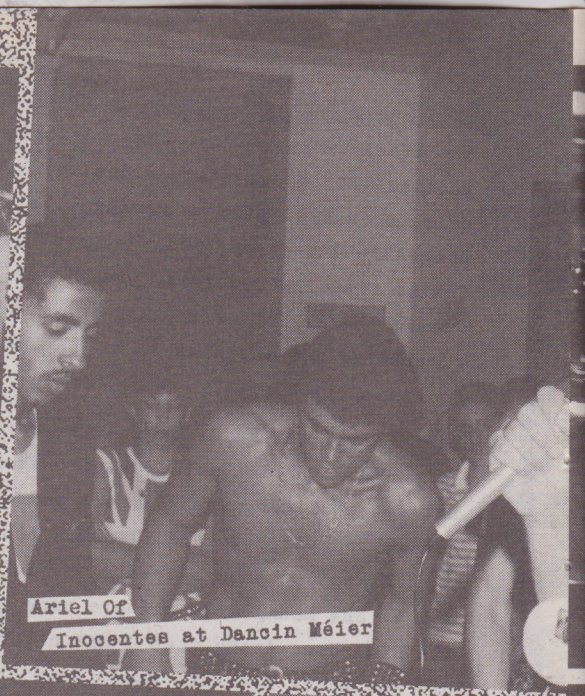
Mateus Mondini

Vampiro (Pró Anarquistas) at Campo Grande Skate Bowl

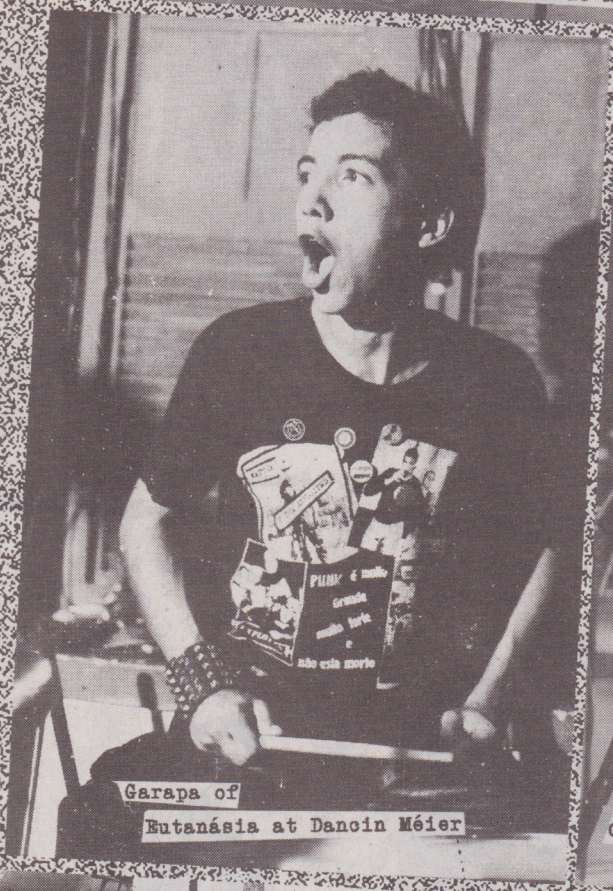
Guararema of Zona X at Dancin Méier

Lúcio Flávio, Olmar and Tatu from Coquetel Molótov with Skate punks at Campo Grande Skate Bowl

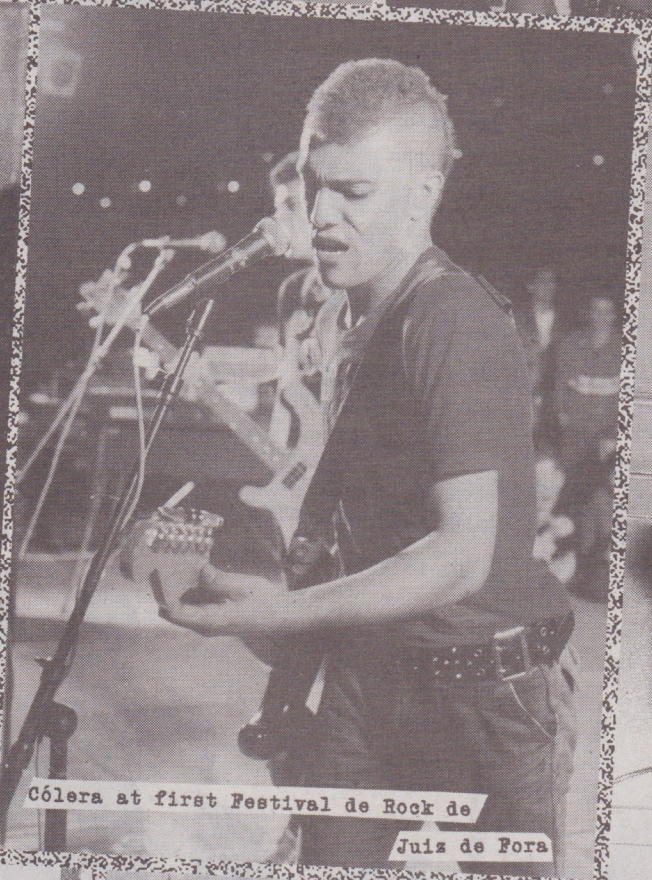
Olho Seco at first Festival de Rock de Juiz de Fora



Ariel Of
Inocentes at Dancin Méier



Garapa of
Eutanásia at Dancin Méier



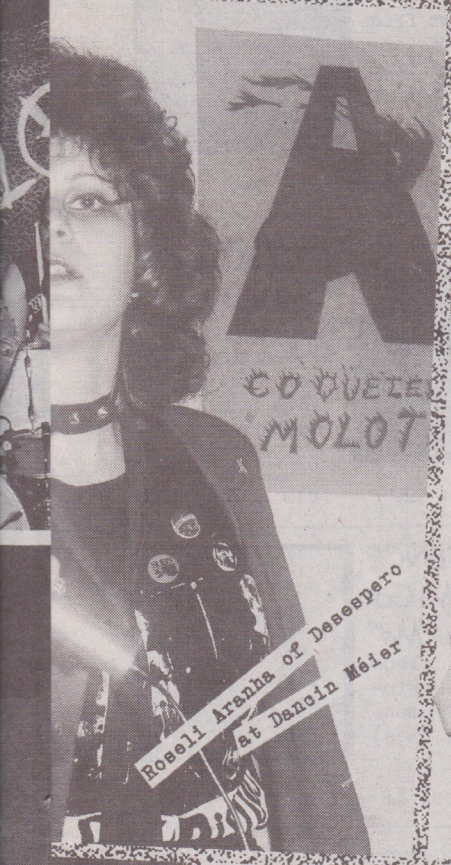
Cólera at first Festival de Rock de
Juiz de Fora

Punks outside Cochrane Pub

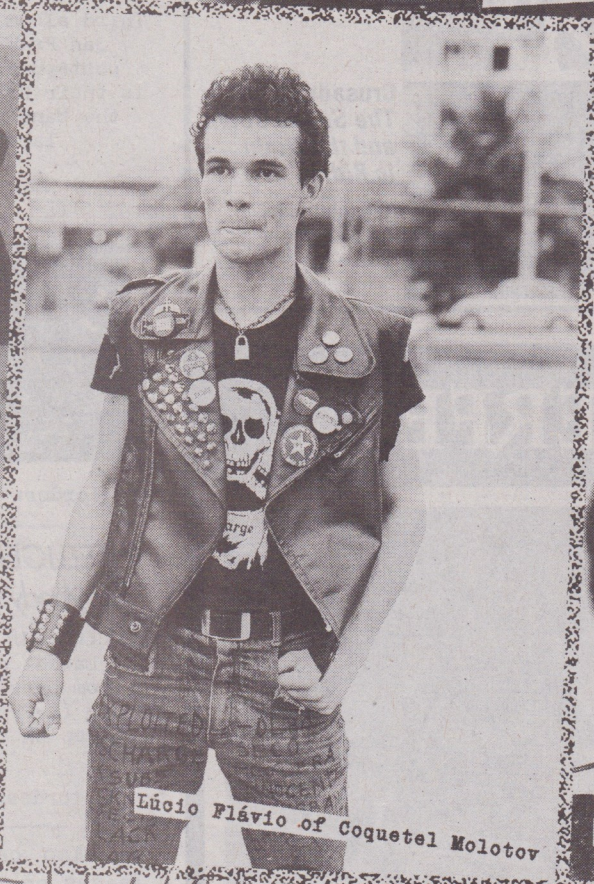
Descarga Suburbana (Pre Espermogramix)
outside of Dancin Meier

Festival Punk
de Niterói

Coquetel Molotov at Dancin Méier,
at the crowd members of Lixomana, Psykoze
and Mack



Roseli Aranha of Desespero
at Dancin Méier



Lúcio Flávio of Coquetel Molotov

Cris of
Eutanásia at
Dancin Méier

Lixomania at Dancin Méier

Maria with the band Descontrole

2012

OUT NOW:
GRAVE043: BAD ADVICE "Do Not Resuscitate" 7"
GRAVE051: SECTARIAN VIOLENCE "S/T" 7"
GRAVE052: BLOODY GEARS "Frozen Rain" 7"
GRAVE053: BIG EYES "Back From The Moon" 7"

OUT LATER:
SCHOOL JERKS "S/T" LP
NIGHT BIRDS "Fresh Kills Vol. 1" LP
86 MENTALITY "Goin' Nowhere Fast" LP
THE THUMBS "All Looser Devils" LP

. . . AND MORE TBA

MAILORDER: WWW.GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS.COM
FULLY STOCKED DISTRO/WEBSTORE
GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS.BANDCAMP.COM
FACEBOOK.COM/GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS

QUESTIONS? GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS AT GMAIL DOT COM

GRAVE MISTAKE RECORDS
P.O. BOX 12482 RICHMOND, VA 23241
WWW.GRAVEMISTAKERECORDS.COM

RAZORCAKE RECORDS

THREE NEW LPS

PO Box 42129
LA, CA 90042

Distributed by No Idea, noidearecords.com

http://www.razorcake.org/razorcake-records

God Equals Genocide, *Rattled Minds*

LP comes with bonus EP!

Summer Vacation, *Condition*

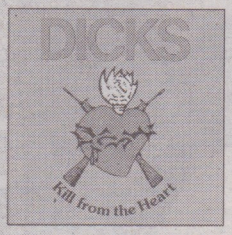
Clear blue vinyl!

Crusades, *The Sun is Down and the Night is Riding In*

Gatefold! In its 2nd pressing!

REVOLVER USA DISTRIBUTION

www.midheaven.com • since 1992



DICKS "Kill From the Heart"

Finally back in print on vinyl! All-time classic punk album. CD includes the Hate the Police EP. Look for their other reissues too...

mailorder:
LP - $13
CD - $13

GRASS WIDOW "Internal Logic"

Third album from San Francisco post-punk trio is their first on the band's own label HLR

mailorder: LP - $13

LOST SOUNDS "Lost Lost"

Rare and unreleased material from Memphis synth-punk supergroup

mailorder: LP+7" - $16 / CD - $12

INTELLIGENCE "Everybody's Got It Easy But Me"

Latest album from Lars Finberg (A-Frames, Thee Oh Sees)

mailorder: LP - $13 / CD - $12

We also carry hundreds of releases on the following labels:

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES • IN THE RED
BROKEN REKIDS • BONER • GONER
DISCHORD • FLYING NUN • HOLY MOUNTAIN
SILTBREEZE • SUDDEN DEATH • NEUROT
20 BUCK SPIN • YOUNG GOD • etc.

Plus many other punk, garage, noise, and indie titles in stock! Check our website.

REVOLVER USA titles available from Midheaven Online Mailorder

415-241-2437 • www.midheaven.com

PICTURE PERFECT

TO WALK A MIDDLE COURSE

TIME WILL FUSE ITS WORTH

2 CLASSIC LP REISSUES FROM KYLESA
REMASTERED WITH NEW ARTWORK
JUST LIKE YOU REMEMBER... ONLY BETTER
BECAUSE VINYL RULES!

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES RECORDS
PO BOX 419092 · SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94141
WWW.ALTERNATIVETENTACLES.COM

JUSTINE DeMETRICK

The first time I had ever knowingly seen Justine DeMetrick's work was in Inward Monitor #3. I'm the type of person who does read the photo credits in magazines, and if their work is good, their name sticks with me. Justine's work really captures the excitement and energy of hardcore punk. I remember looking at the first issue of her zine, Intermission, a year or two later, and being blown away. All the bands that mattered and some that may have never left their home town scene were featured in the pages of that publication, not to mention giving one the sense that the East Coast really had it going on in terms of hardcore shows and scene. If you ever get the opportunity to obtain any of the three issues of Intermission, I highly urge you to get them. Her photos have appeared in a lot of records, from Rorschach, Born Against, Mouthpiece, Better Than A Thousand, and more. Then there's the countless zines her photos appeared in. If you are truly into hardcore punk you have definitely seen her work.

A little background; Justine had spent time working in the darkroom since age four, but started taking photos at shows around 1987/88. Some of the early photos were of Verbal Assault, Agnostic Front, SNFU, Underdog, Scream, Youth Of Today. Slap Shot, Wrecking Crew, Murphy's Law, and more. She went to the School of Visual Arts, International Center of Photography, and School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and majored in photography. All this experience comes through in her work.

This interview was conducted somewhere in the middle of a four hour conversation.
Interview by Matt Average.
Photos by Justine DeMetrick.

2.

MRR: So why did you pick up the camera instead of starting a fanzine, or something more glamorous like a band?
I'm completely tone deaf. I have a terrible voice. I've been told I'm the whitest person that my friends have ever met because I can't keep a beat to save my life. Also, I don't like being the center of attention. I have no confidence. So to be up in front of people, I would never have enough guts to do that. By that point the camera was an extension of my being anyway.

MRR: When you were photographing bands, were you just documenting, or was it like, "I like these bands, so I shoot these bands only"?
No. I wonder about that. I guess what we were involved in was a movement. The same way the whole '60s Hippie thing, or the Beat thing was a movement. But you don't realize you're in a defined "movement" until you're a lot of older. So it never occurred to me to document what was around me. It just was. I wish I took more pictures of things going on. I never thought of it being any more important because this is what I did. This is what I ate, slept, this is my friends. Everything I did had something to do with the community of punk and hardcore. My camera was there, and I just photographed whatever band was on stage. A lot of times, if I really really really like a band... I saw Bad Brains many times, when they were good, I never photographed them. So many bands out there that I loved... I could have shot the Circle Jerks a bunch of times, but I didn't. Like TSOL. All these bands; they were like my favorite bands. I'm not going to stand behind the camera, I want to be in the pit, I want to be wherever and hanging out with my friends. Since you have the camera in your hand you're on stage. You can't hear music, you can't hear the vocals. You don't really hear the music. It's a totally different experience.

MRR: My experience with photographing bands is I'm not really paying attention to the music anymore. I'm just watching the movement.
Totally. I kept doing it. It became a habit, I didn't know what else to do. Other than now, here I am at 42 years old, if I go see the Subhumans play, I have no interest in photographing them. I can finally be in the crowd and be okay being on the side of the crowd. Back then, to not have a camera in my hand I might as well be amputated. I didn't know what to do with my hands.

When you're shooting, you're paying attention to the composition, what people are doing, and you're trying to get the best shot you can. So that is where your interest and emphasis lies. Not necessarily in the sound. When I would photograph bands I always had two eyes open while I photographed. I would compose the shot, of say the bass player is in the forefront, drummer in the background, at some point the music when the change in the music occurs he's going to jump—I want the shot of him over the drummer. While waiting for this to happen, I'd keep an eye on the vocalist and the others knowing "Okay during this part of the song, the guitar player always goes nuts during this mosh part." So what I would do is compose my shot on the right, and I would watch the guy across the stage, I would wait for the change, when it was about to happen, I'd twist to snap that image then snap back into position for my bass player over the drummer shot. I was always listening to changes in the music, and seeing how each musician would act during different songs. So it's hard listening to music, but that's what I would end up listening to without actually listening to it for a point of enjoyment.

MRR: I would watch the crowd too.
All the time. When I ended up with a bigger camera system Nikon F4 I had to be careful because the chord that connected to the flash was $50, and in 1991 that was pretty expensive. So if a kid hit my camera I'm out a lot of money. So where the flash arm attached to the camera had a spike would come off, and I could hit somebody with the spike. I had really weak arms, but I had strong legs. So I spent a lot of time kicking people off as I'm shooting. Actually, Pat West has sent me more than my desired share of photos of me kicking some kid in the head with an angry face! Pretty embarrassing! [laughter] That's Pat's specialty. He goes out of his way to take pictures of you when you look your worst. When shows were in the later part of the 90s, I could care less about most of the bands. A lot of people, all they wanted to do was be on stage. So there was certain bands, like when Ray Cappo did Better Than A Thousand. They had me shoot their first show at the Safari Club. I actu-

ally had to say, "I will shoot this, but you need somebody to keep people off of me." Because there was just no way. It was getting so crazy and so hectic. I was getting older and I couldn't physically keep people off me at that point. I was shooting with a Nikon F4 system, and that was a couple thousand dollars. I couldn't loose the camera. That camera cost me a fortune that I didn't have. So I would have to have people for a number of years, like Geoff D'Agostino and Dan Hornecker, they were fantastic. They knew enough how to stay out of my way and out of the shots, and they were great. If people started crowding me they could clear people off with just one stroke. That made it easier.

MRR: Were there any photographers around that you consider an influence?

I didn't know any other photographers. In Rhode Island there was one girl, I never heard her speak, but she sat there in front of every single band. She always had a plaid shirt on, and I remember her all through the '80s. She just had a simple point-and-shoot, and she photographed everybody. I have no idea who she was. I don't know if her stuff ever got published. But she just sat there and photographed everything. She has to be in her fifties at this point. I have no idea who she was, and I never saw her work.

Other photographers... Murray Bowles shot everything, but his work didn't inspire me. The stuff that inspired me were people like Cornell Capa, and Cartier-Bresson, Mary Ellen Mark. There's a lot of real photographers that inspired me. I think that one of the most influential photos that made me think of bands, and that inspired me, and one was a picture (photographed by Stanley J. Forman), that Infest used on their seven inch, of the Boston Riots, where the guy picks up the American flag and is about the stab the black guy in the suit. It captured that moment. I saw the footage on PBS a number of years ago, and the live footage does not nearly have the impact as that photograph. The other one was Cornell Capa. During the Spanish-American War, there's a photograph of this soldier on top of the hill the moment he was killed. He's wearing a white shirt, the khakis, and he's sort of flailing backwards, and the rifle's falling out of his hand, and you can see part of his skull popping off. It's a really gruff brutal image. The negative is a mess. It's slightly blurry... The ability to just capture that moment and say it all in that moment, that to me was a bigger influence than a band photographer.

MRR: Do you feel like you captured that moment in your shots?

I can't think of any at the moment, off hand. I'm sure if I think of it, I'll get it. There were two images. One was that band Full Speed Ahead, from New Jersey. Their last show in New Brunswick, was one of my favorite shows to shoot. It was amazing! They started destroying their instruments, there was some kid wearing a Ronald Reagan mask, and the energy... They were a band that just kicked ass. They were just amazing. They were a bunch of old school guys that got together and started doing this band. It was amazing, and the energy and everything. I got it. There are certain photos over the years, definitely. But the other one that I really liked that I shot was of Rollins. It was at Maxwell's. It was actually when I finally realized there were certain techniques that I picked up alone, over the years, that it didn't seem like anybody else ever did. There was a show at Maxwell's, and Rollins, when he sings he sings with what I think is his left hand, and he turns his entire body to the right, so if you're on the left side of him, if you're facing the stage, and you're on the right, so you're looking at his left side, you're not going to get any other photos but the side of his head and his biceps. So every picture looks the same, it sucks. So that's when I learned to find out if the singer is left handed or right handed [laughter]. So anyway, the only good shot I got that night, was at some point in the show the lights were low and he's just lying on the ground just completely drained. That was actually the back cover on one of my zines. That totally summed up what early Rollins shows were like.

MRR: I'm looking at the photo right now, and it's *Intermission #1*, he's near the drum kit, and the mic is out of his hand.

After seeing him a few times that (photo) totally captured what he looked like when he was on it. The way he was in spoken word and live were two different things. He definitely looked like, whether it was for effect, what was real, or bullshit, I don't know. But he definitely put in an enormous amount of mental energy into whatever he was doing.

There were shots of (Nation of) Ulysses that I really liked. They were a great band to shoot because they were so physically active, and each member had their own persona. There were a lot of bands from the '90s that I liked shooting. Not all of them I liked musically, but were fun to shoot.

MRR: Who was your favorite to shoot?

Well, I don't know. Off hand, I do not know. It depends. The second half of the '90s I could give two shits about ninety percent of the music coming out. At that point it was just a game; let me see how many combinations of shots can I get, how many good ones can I get on one roll of film. For me, it was just a pure challenge of what I can get compositionally, what I can I do, what can I push my self to do? At some point I had my own issues with severe depression, so I didn't really give a shit what anybody said or thought. Which gave me a little more confidence to be where the hell I want, to get what I want out of it, and to get the shot that I want. Then at that point it wasn't a particular band, but there were certain types of bands that were fun to shoot. Especially when the revival of these people trying to do earlier style hardcore, like 97A, or one of those bands. They had an enormous amount of energy. Resurrection, 108; Rob Fish's bands were really fun to shoot.

MRR: What was it about the late '90s bands that you didn't care about? Was it the time period, or the style of music?

A lot of the music seemed a little more forced. None of these bands sang about anything that really meant anything to me. It didn't have the same rawness. A lot of it seemed a little more manufactured. It started getting really cliquey again. I didn't like that. I didn't like all the ass kissing; "Oh you talk to this person. You don't wear the right sneakers." All this sort of horse shit. It was also being a lot older than a lot of the people. I think if you live in a immediate city like New York, or San Francisco, there's a lot of people within your age range. But once you get into the suburbs there's not a lot of people in your age range anymore. But yeah, I don't think the music was good. People weren't taking chances, it lost its rawness, it spread out. It was just weak! [laughter]

MRR: What was the first published photo of yours?

It was either in an issue of *Constant Change* fanzine, a fanzine that Jon Reed did, *Inward Monitor,* maybe. But I think it was *Constant Change*, or it would be the Underdog or Upper Cut record. That happened because Brian Simmons, who was my roommate at the time in Newport (RI), he was sending people pictures and not telling me. [laughter] I was absolutely furious! In the long run it was the nicest thing anybody could do.

MRR: When you saw your photo in the Underdog record, were you actually stoked to see your work published?

I think I was really scared and embarrassed [laughter]. That Underdog demo and that seven inch was amazing! It was one of my favorite seven inches. They were awesome live. I loved seeing them. So part me thought it was so awesome, but then part of me felt really weird because now my name is in print. Not that anybody ever reads it, because who gives a shit. It was just my own depression and fear coming out. My own self-confidence issues.

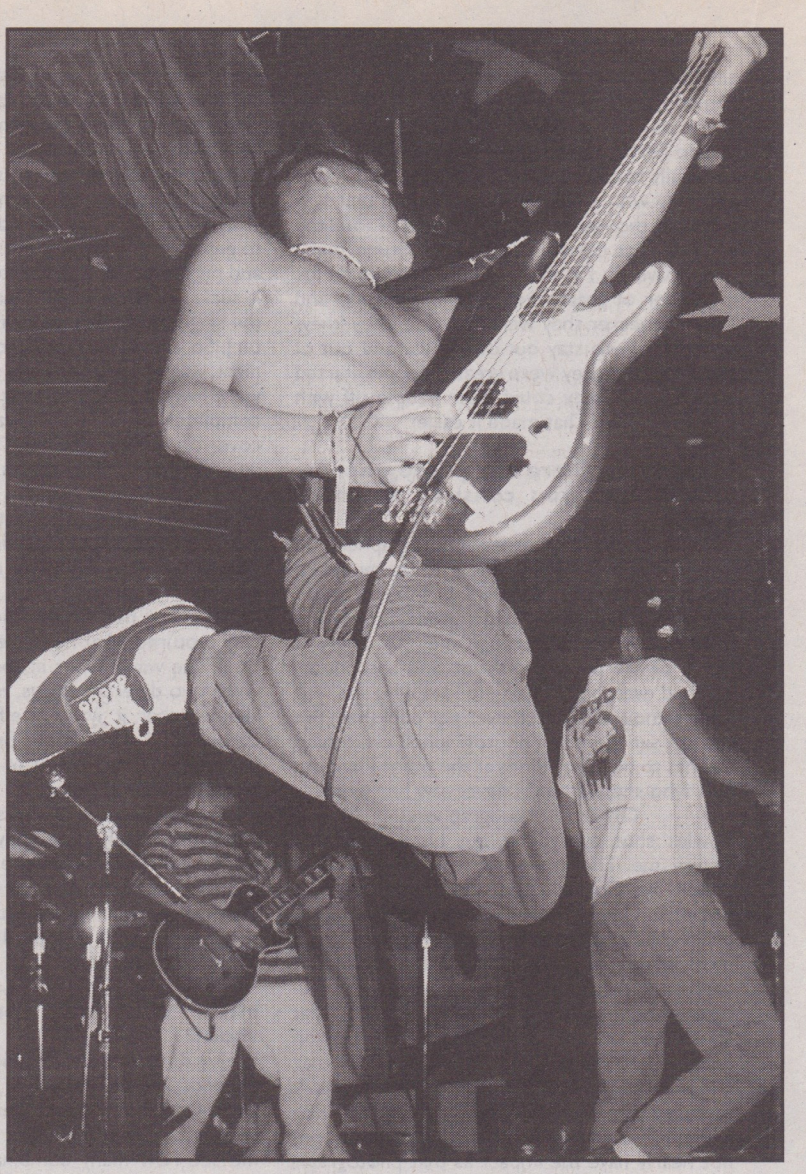
MRR: If you weren't depressed would you have even gravitated towards punk rock? I feel like people who are not depressed or angry, punk rock should have no appeal to them whatsoever.

Well, the depression I've had since I was a child. If anything, punk and hardcore saved my life. For the first time in my life I met people who were similar to me. What was wonderful, especially in Rhode Island, is so many people that were involved in the scene were involved in some form of the arts. I met a lot of people that were musicians, and writers, and artists, and intellectuals, and that sort of stuff. I remember going to a show early on and looking around, it was a Circle Jerks show, and where most people would be kind of freaked out, I felt like I was at home. I was ecstatic, like, "Oh my god, I'm not the only one!" [laughter]. It was awesome! So in a lot of ways it allowed me to actually have friends, people didn't think I was weird. People, for the first time, actually liked me. They thought it was cool that I was artistic. I dressed weird on my own, I didn't need punk to do that! [laughter] Like, "Hey mom, can you make me a plastic skirt?" Most kids don't say that. [laughter]

MRR: What was your first exposure to punk?

I would hear it on the radio, but I didn't know what I was listening to. I loved, like, Missing Persons, and Devo, and Joy Divsion, New Order... New Wave stuff, Kraftwerk. I loved all that sort of stuff, late elementary school, junior high. But there were two radio stations, Uconn in Connecticut, and one that, I think, was Dartmouth out of Massachusetts. They would have these shows, and I didn't know what I was listening to, all I know is that on Sundays and another day, this music would come on and I liked it. I would

3.



5.

4.

1. Mouthpiece
2. Citizen's Arrest
3. Cro-Mags
4. Born Against
5. Chain Of Strength

hold up a cassette recorder and I would tape the songs. If I liked the song I kept it going. If I didn't like it I would rewind it and wait for the next song and hit record. I had no idea exactly what I was listening to until I got older and met other people who knew what it was. Actually, when I was at Rocky Hill there were these two kids, one that always had a New Model Army shirt on, and we became friends, and that's how I ended up finding about other bands. Then I had a neighbor I hadn't seen in years. I had part of my head shaved, and he had a mohawk and he had an older sister, and was allowed to go to shows. So my mom said, "Yeah, whatever band is coming up you can go to a show with Dan and Daphne." That allowed me greater access. I was transferred to a private school from a public school, and meeting other kids who were skaters and punk helped.

MRR: Going back to photography, what was the best venue to shoot at, in your opinion?
That's a hard one. I did always like shooting at Maxwell's in Hoboken, New Jersey. That was really good. I can tell you what sucks. That would be the Wetlands in New York City, and CBGB's can totally suck, because of the layout. Lupos in Providence was really good. The Rat in Boston, that was a good one to shoot at. The smaller the club was, it was usually easier to shoot because everybody was sort of on top of one another, and packed with energy. I would shoot with a 24mm, as opposed to a fish eye, or a 28mm. It keeps the proportions, it's pretty close to what a normal eye sees, and it's just wide enough to get full bodies of people in without distortion. You increase your ability to get a wider range of shots with it. The bigger the stage the worst the images would look. I started shooting more, and would shoot at places like the Roseland in New York I really started to hate band photography and I didn't want to go to the next level. I began to realize why all those pictures in *Creem* magazine, or *Rolling Stone* sucked. All the band members are twenty-five feet apart, and you have to use a telephoto lens. So every shot is a portrait style with a limited depth of field, and you get the waist on up, and that's it.

MRR: What are the elements required for a great photo?
Composition.

MRR: What about lighting? I was always told lighting is everything.
They say lighting is everything because from a technical aspect photography is all about light. The whole concept of lighting goes out the freakin' window when you're shooting at a club. You have no control over the lighting, whatsoever. When you're shooting black and white it's a little bit easier than shooting color. With color you have to worry about all the color lenses they put on the lights and everything. But you have no control. The lights are going to go out, there might be only one beam on the band, the ceilings are black and you can't bounce your flash off of anything. You have to start using that poor lighting as your tool and build that into your composition.

MRR: Someone told me that you used slaves. That you would set slaves up on stage to get better lighting. Is that true?
Wow! Who the hell said that? Are you kidding? Those slaves would be stolen! That would be a pain in the ass. I just tried to pay attention to what was happening. The only thing I ever requested, in the late '90s when all these bands started getting "deeper," so there were a couple bands that insisted on playing in the dark. They didn't want any lights on. I would have some zine or magazine say, "Hey, I want to pay you to shoot this band." I would go up (to the band) going, "Listen, can you keep the lights on?" "No, we don't sacrifice our art!" I'm like, okay great, I've been asked to photograph you guys, somebody's paying me, and if you're in pitch black, I can't shoot you. Quite frankly, people like to look at pictures more than they like to read, and my pictures help sell your band. You sort of have to work around it. I never set up slaves. I always had one flash. Usually my set up was this; I used to have, years ago, a flash on top of my camera. I used the same camera, a Canon EF. It's fallen down hills, it's like a war camera. It could go through anything, and it had a flash on top of it. On tour in California I shot 40 something rolls of film during the week. When I came back home, when I looked at the negatives, they were all blurry. There was a lot of drag. It turned out the flash wasn't in synch with the camera, which is how I got these "blur and drag" photos. I was going, "Oh shit, this sucks!" Then they turn out to be amazing. At the time nobody else was doing that, at all. Later I upgraded to the Nikon F4, and I had a flash fully off the camera. So I had better quality. Because I could pull the flash away from the camera I was able to hold the flash at other angles to light certain areas. But I never had a slave or anything like that. I had a Quantum battery pack, and about twenty-four batteries floating in the pockets of my shorts.

MRR: So, you're the person I can lay the blame at for all the blur photos of the late '90s, early 2000s?
Awww....

MRR: I felt like mediocre photographers really abuse the shit out of that.
Oh yes they do! Yes, yes, yes they do! Some kids would keep asking me, "How do you do it?" I was like, "What do you mean? I don't know how I do it." It would just happen because my camera wasn't working well. When I figured out what was happening and it looked so good... What happened is if a was shooting a band that sucked, and never moved, and it was boring, I would set my camera to bulb, giving me control over the shutter speed and I put the flash on like 400 or 800 ASA, and so when I shot it and the person moved slightly it looked like they were moving. I could now take a really boring band that stands there and make it look like they're going nuts. Whenever they would move I would focus the camera on their face and pull with them, so you still get the features of the band, but their instruments are dragged a bit. So I started using that because it was fun to use. But I never overused it. It never occurred to me to not be free with my information and techniques. So a bunch of people started asking me about it, then I started getting people going, "Look at my band pictures!" I would look at them and they were a pile of blur. There was nothing there. It was a cheap excuse to make an interesting photo. They weren't using the blur as a technique or to enhance the composition, they were just making blur. A photo of the old sleeping dog in the backyard would have just as much excitement in it. I despise it! Absolutely despise it. It's weak, and it's cheating.

MRR: I remember seeing photos of bands during that era, and I wasn't even looking at the band, I was looking at the blur line. The blurred drumstick. I think blur can be used to emphasize stuff, but it became lazy for "photographers."
The advantage I had was having a formal background in photography and the arts. One of the things they always taught you was to edit in the camera. This is why I can't even watch people photographing bands now. There was some show I just had to walk out, I couldn't watch these kids photographing bands anymore. I think I blew up Al Quint's ear with a rant at a Rorschach reunion show! [laughter] You learn how to edit your photos in the camera, which was really important when you're shooting film. Because film is expensive, and the processing, and it takes time. You're building a composition in the camera. There's no cropping afterwards or any of that shit. So you're really learning composition, you learn you got x amount of photos you're able to shoot. You don't want to miss a moment, and you really pay attention to what you're shooting, what's going on, and the composition is all of that. That's what allowed you to get a good quality shot. If you were super rich and had all the film to go out and shoot a million photos, and after about five hundred photos you would probably have some great photos. So, in doing that I tried not to use the blur heavily, and it would just become a tool, which also coincided around the same time the bands were boring me. So it gave me something to do while I was watching the bands. That's when my concentration became more on really making an image that please me and not necessarily having anything to do with the music at that point.

MRR: I remember Al Flipside telling me once, this was before digital took over, that when you have a roll of film get your shots early, the shots you really want, then spend the rest of your time experimenting.
It makes sense because if you need to get x amount of each member, and this combination, like I need one with the singer with each member of the band, a full band shot, whatever your combinations are. Most people are, I guess you're saying, that's my job and I need to get these shots of the band for the next issue of *Flipside*. That could be his way of prioritizing. I just did it all in between everything while I was doing it. Certain bands lose steam after a while. So you generally get your best shots when they first go on stage, and whatever song is their favorite, or the most popular song when everybody goes nuts. As a musician you feed off the crowd, so usually the best reaction and the best stuff you're going to get of the band is when they're doing their most popular song.

MRR: When I look at the digital photographers at shows, and there's more photographers now than there used to be, I'm not really seeing a lot of thought put into how they take their shots. I feel like they, even with

6.

their professional quality cameras, I feel like they have a glorified point and shoot.

Yeah, that's what it is. The problem with digital is, I have an antique shop and this girl comes in is a photo major at RISD and she comes in and buys old cameras. We're talking about school and she likes using the old cameras, but most of the classes now are taught in digital. That explained to me why the images that we see everywhere suck now. I watch these kids shooting digital, they shoot a picture and immediately review what they just shot. Meanwhile, the band is going nuts, somebody is moving, this guy is jumping, and they just missed everything. The best thing you can do—if I was a photo teacher I would never allow students to have the backs of their cameras on at all. You do your editing afterwards. Concentrate on the image/scene at hand. Unfortunately, they're most likely missing all the best ones, they're missing their connection with the band, or the band's connection with the audience and their responsibility to document it. They're not getting it, they're not doing their "job." Meaning, that whether they're just shooting for themselves, shooting for publication, or their friend's band's seven inch, or fanzine. They're not doing it. They're wasting their time and space by not concentrating on that.

I watch them; they take a picture, they look at the back of their camera, and they immediately delete it. The problem there is, you can't see how good or bad, or where your mistakes are. Used to be, when you shoot your film you would get a contact sheet. You look at the contact sheet, you pick out which images are good. You might see two images that one looks awesome, but the one next to it looks identical, but why doesn't that one work? That's when you realize, "Well, the camera tilted at this angle doesn't quite work as good as this." So, you never see how your images are on the whole. You might just think you're a great photographer [laughter] when you're missing the best shots, you're missing the ability to edit your own, and make yourself better, and make the images better. Now that everybody can use digital, and program it to be perfect, doesn't mean they're good at it. Just because you have a hammer doesn't mean you can build a house. Same thing with graphic design.

When I worked graphic design in Manhattan at this crappy newspaper, I worked with Chris Boarts of *Slug & Lettuce*, you had to have an artistic skill. All of us came from the School of Visual Arts. You had to know how to cut things out. You had to know how to understand color and composition. The only thing we did on a computer was print out the text and then glue it all down, cut the rubylith, and all this stuff. You actually had to have an artistic hand/eye coordination to do something. Once computers came out anybody could take something stick it in Photoshop, put it in Illustrator, put it through InDesign or Quark. Doesn't mean you have to be good at, it just means you know how to use a computer.

MRR: I see that too with a lot of so-called graphic design these days. You can tell the guy knows the computer program inside and out, but they do not have the "eye." You can't buy that. Either you have it or you don't.

When I was up at Brimfield (antique show,) the other week I ended up purchasing a bunch of artwork from a guy who was from the Chicago Institute. His work from over the course of 1940 to 2006, when he died, like 2,000 paintings, prints, watercolors, oils, drawings, lithos; outstanding! You look at them and go, "Wow, this is a Paul Klee, this is a Miro, this is a Matisse, this is a Diego Rivera." When you look at them, you think this guy is pretty good. And then you think, well no, he's really good at being skilled, not necessarily being creative. Great images, but at the same time they're not fully his language. They're not what he's thinking and expressing. It's the same thing that happens with all these people with digital cameras and computers. I'm not saying they're wrong it's just that the resulting quality of what's coming out is weaker.

MRR: I still shoot film. When I get my proof sheets back it eats me up, I get really depressed when I see the shots that I missed. It bums me the fuck out for days. But I process that information thinking about how can I avoid that next time around. As much as you want to burn that proof sheet and negatives, you can turn it around

7.

and see it as a learning lesson.
Oh yeah! Also, you figure out who you are and what you see. You learn more about yourself. But if you're shooting with a digital and firing off a million photos, and editing in the camera, there's this band in front of you, and there's all this energy going on, and you're basically sitting there "filming" it almost. What's the quality coming out? It's like being hungry and filling yourself up with Wendy's or McDonald's. Yeah, you filled yourself, but there's no quality in there, you're not going to grow out of it. In some ways it's making you worse because you're getting lazier. Your expectations of yourself aren't as high. One of the best exhibits I ever saw at a museum was a retrospective that the Met had on Diane Arbus' work. Her daughters gave them permission to recreate her darkroom, and part of her studio. They had all her journals laid out, but they also had all her contact sheets laid out. There were x's here, and things circled here, and notes there. She has iconic images. So when people see the images, like "Wow, here's the triplets on the bed." That sort of thing, and then you realize she shot two rolls of them in all these different combinations. You find out why this one image that is iconic work more than the others.

That was something that came up as I started more of the band photography. Dave Koenig and Brett Beach said I should start charging for it. Which pissed a lot of people off, even though I was cheap as hell. People would go, "Why should we pay you when so-and-so's girlfriend can do it for free?" I said, 'Well, yeah she can. She's going to shoot about nine rolls of film and you're going to get, maybe, five decent photos. If I shoot you, you're paying for my education and my abilities. I'll give you two rolls of film. You'll have at least four or five that are album quality. You're going to have this many that you could use for this, and one or two that I guarantee you will be excellent. Exactly spot on." That's what you got because I spent a lifetime working in art, in photography and caring about it.

MRR: I feel that your job as a photographer, especially if you're shooting something like punk bands, you want to portray the personality of that band, whatever it is that makes that band exciting.
You want to show the energy. Even though musically Mouthpiece isn't a band that does much for me, the guys in that band are great, and seeing their shows was always fantastic. It was that relationship they had with the crowd was fantastic. The crowd loved them, they loved being on stage, they loved their crowd. So photographing them was always a lot of fun, you really got it, and you had a lot to work with. So no matter what you did you could easily get an image that expressed that high point. It was the same thing with a band like Avail. If you're going to shoot a band like Lungfish, you don't get that same connection between band and audience. Nation of Ulysses is another band. Nation of Ulysses on stage is theater. They're pure theater. It's not necessarily a band that's interactive with their audience so you're not going to get that same reaction, so you're going to focus more on them as though you're photographing a theater performance in a way.

MRR: What about shooting a band like Jawbox?
A lot of those emo bands, and the DC type bands were very similar. You're dealing with an audience, some of those audiences were very against anybody moving and showing reaction. So that was limited, and the bands didn't necessarily go crazy on stage. Some of it might have been age! [laughter] Or the music was more complicated. That's a band I would try to use more motion on to show them looking more active.

MRR: In *Intermission #3* it says "This page is as dull as Jawbox live." I find it funny. [laughter]
The thing is, that first Jawbox seven inch I fucking loved! But live they were boring. A lot of those bands, they just stood there. It was boring as hell. It had nothing to do with me wanting action to photograph. I'm somebody who came out of this music for the love of the music and the environment. You can be band that stands there—I mean, Lungfish is not an active band on stage. But when you watch Dan Higgs you can see him feeling every vowel that comes out of his mouth, and that is awesome. That is fantastic to see that. His energy is there, he's just

8.

9.

10.

11.

6. Go!
7. Animal Crackers
8. Jesus Crust
9. Full Speed Ahead
10. Swiz
11. Nation of Ulysses
12. Rollins

not necessarily active on stage. There's different things, like Man Is The Bastard live. They didn't necessarily go nuts, but when you watched Eric and those guys, and here they are with these sounds that nobody else is making, and these crazy instruments they built, this is their pure art form from them. You watch them play, and you can see them getting into their music like a jazz musician got into it.

MRR: How many issues of *Intermission* did you end up doing?
Just three. I have one copy of each, and that's it.

MRR: I was under the impression that they did pretty well.
They sold out really quick. I didn't think anybody would care. I would think, "Why am I printing this thing? Why am I doing this?" People would say, "You should do a zine", and I'm thinking, "Why? I don't really write anything. And if I write anything it will probably offend people." Or have to deal with the aftermath, which I had no interest in doing. Originally the first one was supposed to be 12 x 12 inches. It was supposed to be the same size as an LP so it would fit in with somebody's LP collection. It was completely laid out by hand. Everybody used to go to this place in Flushing, New York. In Queens, this Chinese printing place. I brought it out there, and to print something that size and have it cut down was something like $2,000! [laughter] It was insane! A lot of work! Not only were you photographing pictures, you weren't scanning them. You would have to take as many of your images that had similar tonal range, put them all up on a sheet and have somebody turn them into half-tones. Then you would have to cut them out, and pray you don't put a razor through one because it cost a fortune. So, they (the printer) ended up shrinking the zine down to whatever size it is 8x8"?

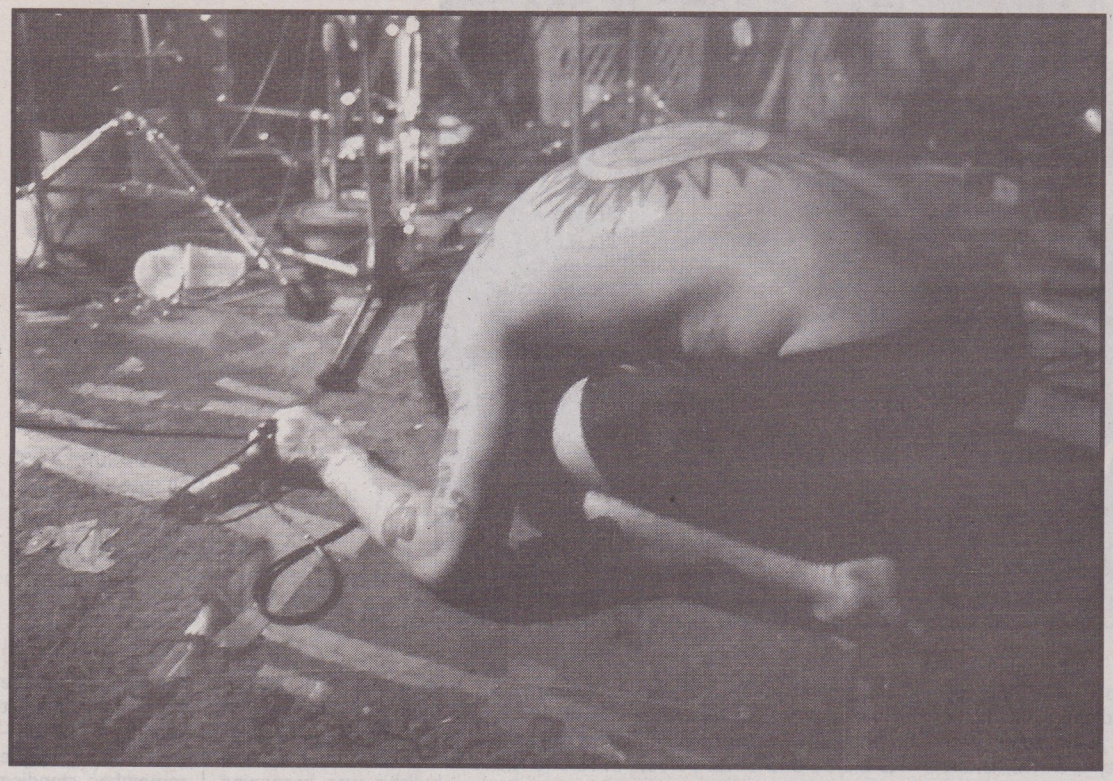
MRR: When you were shooting at shows were there a lot of photographers at the shows, or was it just you, and maybe a couple others?
There was one or two girls that used to photograph bands in Boston. A lot of people like Al Quint would have a camera and shoot bands for *Suburban Voice*. There were a handful of kids on and off in Boston. In the early days there was maybe one other person. In Rhode Island it was usually either me or Jodi (Vigneau) Buonanno; she's married to Ted Leo. She, and our friend Brian Simmons, who did *Constant Change* fanzine and the Alone In The Crowd seven inch. The three of us were photographers, and we'd all go around together photographing stuff. We all used my darkroom at my parent's house. Those were the people that photographed. New York and New Jersey, when I moved down there, there were a lot of other photographers. I didn't really know any of them, and for the most part, nobody ever talked to me. The only one I ever really got to know was Carl Gunhouse and Chris(tine) Boarts. Most of the others; I don't know, I would say hi, and hoped to talk to somebody, but I don't know. They didn't have any interest in talking to me. [laughter]

MRR: What was the last show that you shot?
I was wondering about that. Some of the last couple bands that I shot was, it might have been Kill Your Idols. Towards the end it might have been 97A, Full Speed Ahead, and then there was these two bands, they were from California, and I cannot remember the names of them. They showed up, and they had this total Venice style.

MRR: What Happens Next and Life's Halt.
They came on stage, and at this point I could give two shits about hardcore, and I'm like, "Where did these guys come from? I need to see more of this!" I've got a feeling, for the only time ever, that my contact sheets are mislabeled because I don't know which is which band.

MRR: Why did you stop shooting band photos? Did you just burn out and move on to other things?
I was sort of burn out. I was living in New Jersey at that point, I had left Manhattan. I didn't know where I wanted to go, or what I wanted to do. I had my own issues with depression. I remember Rancid playing down at the Stone Pony, and some other band. I went to go see them and hang out with them, but I couldn't because they had all these handlers. The concept of what they meant with this big league bullshit was happening. I remember standing there thinking, "Okay, I can't go say hi to those guys. That kind of sucks. They don't know I'm here because nobody can talk to anybody." I'm standing next to a guy shooting for the *Trentonian*, I thought that was fucking weird. Talking to him, and he just shot the week before the Barbara Streisand's reunion show at Radio City Music Hall. It was him and like three hundred photographers from around the world, and they had sixty seconds to photograph her. That's it! All those photographers. Basically, she walks out on stage, she waves, and the second that hand hits the mic all photography has to stop. And I said, "What's the point? Do I really want to do that?" I already started hating shooting at these big places because the stages are high, and I can't see over the stage without standing on a equipment case, you have to have permission to use a flash, then all of a sudden a body guard comes out and says "No flash" and tries to take the flash off your camera. If you don't take it off in time they proceed to snap it. There's all this other bullshit that goes on; you can only shoot the first three songs, and I was just miserable. I was miserable in every aspect of my life. At that point digital cameras, for anything decent, were obscenely priced. Along with all the accoutrements that go with it. I couldn't do that. I made a decision to move back to Rhode Island, and there's no way I could shoot here. So basically, all in one shot I stopped photographing. For years I was documenting cemeteries and how people would deal with death. When I moved up here even that stopped.

MRR: Some of the most interesting cemeteries are in Rhode Island, that I've seen.
What was amazing about a lot of New York and New Jersey is that you has so many ethnic backgrounds. How each culture dealt with death is a little bit different. You would go to a cemetery in New Jersey and you would have a section that was Korean, or a section that was all Puerto



Rican, a Dominican section, Chinese, all those dealt with death differently. You may have an old plot and you see the names change within the families over the years, becoming more Americanized. I had been shooting cemeteries for years, ever since I was a kid. My dad would take me to look at headstones and that sort of stuff. I had all these friends that kept OD'ing, murdered, suicide. I missed the funeral of a friend who was shot in the head in a drug deal. So I missed the funeral and everything, I went to the cemetery and was looking at what was left behind. So, for whatever reason, I just shot Mike Sadd's grave. I continued to walk around the cemetery when I found a plot for someone whose baby had died, and it must have died about three years earlier, and the grave was covered in toys and stuff. As time went on I would keep going back to the cemetery, there would be a birthday cake, pictures of family doing things on vacation. Then after about five years there was a lot less left, until the last images of them was with new children. So they sort of moved on. I needed to deal with my own issues of death, depression, people around me, and it stemmed out of that. I started photographing really what people left behind. After awhile I tried to not show the names on the stone on the chance I might offend the family. It really wasn't about the individual who passed but about us a culture. It really became a study of how people lived and how their families functioned in response.

We're one culture that does not discuss death. Nobody likes to. We're so sanitized from it. A lot of us don't deal with it until it's too late and we're not ready. It's always a shock, even if you know somebody dying, or has been sick for a really long time. Nobody discusses it. It was often hard because when I would get back and I would look at the photographs I had taken, and going, "This is a absolutely beautiful photograph," and it would conflict with what I was shooting.

MRR: My brother was a grave digger for a while. I thought it would be depressing, but he said he liked the silence and solitude.

I've heard that from other people who have worked at places like that. I haven't gone to a cemetery in so long, but there is a certain peace that is there. It can't be very peaceful, but it's peaceful on a very different level. Very different than sitting in the woods, or your house with nobody home, or if there's a hurricane and you don't have power for two days. It's a very different type. They are spooky. One thing I think is most interesting is the amount of crows, and they follow you. They hang out on the stones, and they just sort of follow you and watch you, but tend to keep a distance. I always thought of them as the souls that were protecting the dead. They aren't too spooky unless you're going to shoot cemeteries on Staten Island and around Brooklyn, and then it's fucking freaky! There's just dudes that hang out at cemeteries that have nothing to do with anybody dead there! [laughter] They're freaky. I was in Jersey City shooting once, and there's packs of wild dogs, kind of like the stories you hear about dogs roaming Detroit. Think The Walking Dead.

MRR: When you look back on the time that you were shooting, what do you remember most about that period?

What do I remember most? I can come from certain angles. I loved being up there and photographing, being part of the music, and being part of the environment. Being part of the cycle of things. Everybody had a role. You had a fan who eventually becomes members of bands, somebody puts out a record, or somebody has to take pictures, somebody has to record it, somebody has to write a review of it, so somebody has to have a fanzine. Just being a cog in that wheel of something that was incredibly important to me growing up was really really neat. It took me a long time to warm up to that. When I was part of that cog was really cool. The bummer part was it was hard to enjoy a lot of the bands because you can't hear the music. People were nicer then too! [laughter]

MRR: Before we started the interview, we were talking about how some people, as they grow older they tend to shed their values and kind of conform more and turn their back on their ideals. Whatever value system you had in place, how much of that do you still hang on to?

I hang on to quite a bit of it. The world is a lot grayer, but I definitely hold onto a lot of the politics. My political beliefs are still hardcore. I'm still extremely liberal. I still do not trust governments, police, authorities, corporations. I try to do as little business as possible with major corporations. I try to keep things to small businesses. I'm an antiques dealer, which is something I've been involved in with to some degree my entire life. So I like the fact that I'm involved in a career that, although it satisfies me as an artistic bent, the fact that I have to travel and not be stuck in one place, but I'm also that I'm recycling. I find things with new uses. I'm not producing anything, I'm not wasting resources to produce something. It's already in existence. I like being part of that. I'm just trying to get people, like, "Hey listen, you can have a great looking environment. You don't have to be as boring as everybody else." A lot of that I still hold dear.

TANKCRIMES
PUNK AND METAL RECORDS
LABEL AND MAILORDER

100'S OF LP, CD, CASSETTES

TANKCRIMES

WWW.TANKCRIMES.COM
FULL CATALOG STREAMING
CHEAP AND FREE DOWNLOADS DIRECT

POOR LILY

three songs

a new EP
from the
best goddamn
prunk band
on the planet

available now

www.poorlily.com

ANTISOCIETY

antisocietyrecords@yahoo.co.uk
wholesale in usa:
www.ebullition.com

Anti 000 anti-system lp no laughing matter
Anti 002 antisect lp 82 demo/live 82 all unreleased songs
Anti 003 pink turds in space - complete part 1 lp demo 86/87,session 91/live
Anti 004 anti-system 7inch defence of the realm
Anti 005 antisystem cd complete discog w/44 pages 75 mins
Anti 006 defects lp demo 1979 1st 7inch ,live 1980 and cd w/82 live gig
Anti 007 antisect 7 inch out of the void
Anti 008 anti-system lp a look at life w/demo & compilation songs with 44 page booklet
Anti 009 doom lp doomed from the start lp/cd 87/88 demos cd
Anti 011 discharge lp/cd 1977 demo - 1st 200 coloured
Anti 013 pink turds in space cd all records demos live 74 mins w/24 page booklet
Anti 016 alternative LP/CD 1982 demos cd with live 83 gig.coloured/black
Anti 019 varukers lp/cd 80-85 rare and unreleased 1st 200 purple.cd with live 86 gig
Anti 010 v/a - society best - sampler lp/cd cheap price
Anti 014 pink turds In space - complete part 2 lp, greatest shits and sedition split

Sleep

MARTYRDÖD

PARANOIA LP/CD

The Swedish crustpunk horde, **Martyrdöd**, are among the newest crop of HEAVY, brutal, metallic crust-influenced bands to join the **Southern Lord** cult. In a scene overabundant with clones of the founding/front running acts of the genre, **Martyrdöd** manage to remain heavily unique in their filth-ridden approach. While undeniably influenced by acts like **Anticimex, Bathory,** and **Totalitar, Martyrdöd**'s *Paranoia* intertwines their crust roots with sinister, haunting soundscapes and unique blackened riff attacks.

Wolfbrigade

DAMNED LP/CD

Wolfbrigade have been storming the scene internationally in one form or another since 1995, making a massively influential impact worldwide and helping fuel an entire new wave of "D-beat" bands. Their newest LP, and first for **Southern Lord**, is a top-notch surge of primal and hateful attack, leveleling all with 12 devastating anthems in under 35 minutes. Recorded at renowned **Gothenburg-based Studio Fredman**, the record showcases the band arguably at their finest hour.

DOPESMOKER LP/CD

Southern Lord is releasing a deluxe reissue of one the most essential albums of our modern times, *Dopesmoker*, from stoner metal icons, **Sleep**! It's remastered and features a killer unreleased live recording of *Holy Mountain*. This version contains amazing, brand new artwork by long time **Sleep** illustrator, **Arik Roper**, for the album's rebirth.

Black Breath

SENTENCED TO LIFE LP/CD

This new album projects a vile, metallic sonic attack, with a full-on crushing death metal rage. Recorded at **God City Studios** with **Kurt Ballou** (**Converge, Nails, High on Fire**), this is the band's rebirth of headbanging after spinning this motherfucker!

www.southernlord.com SOUTHERN LORD PO Box 291967 LA, CA 90029

Coming soon: BURNING LOVE, HIGH ON FIRE, XIBALBA & MORE!

PVC H.EX PRESENTS

IN FULL 3D VISION!

DOCTORS' WIVES!

CORROSIVE KIDS!

7" VINYL EP. 6 ORIGINAL TRACKS

INCLUDES FREE 3D SPEX!!

+ FREE DIGITAL DOWNLOAD CARD WITH BONUS TRACKS!

BUY IT NOW!!!

VISIT PVCHEX.COM

FOR THE KIDS
FUCK THE PIGS

SACRED PLAGUE RECORDS

- VINYL - CASSETTE - CD - LABEL/DISTRO -

SP-017: Uncurbed / Warvictims split LP: FINALLY, the Uncurbed / Warvictims split is available in the US. 2 sides of early 80's style HC w/ epic Swedish execution. HC / PUNK / DBEAT / CRUST! Limited to 100 clear blue splatter vinyl, and 400 black.

SP-016: Krang 'Sounds of Death' LP CHI-STENCHCORE!!

SP-015: Black Hole of Calcutta "s/t" LP CHICO, CA-HEAVY HC

JESUS OR GENOME

SP-012: Jesus or Genome 'The Veil is Lifting' 7"

SP-011: Sunshine SS 'Teen Choices' 7" OLD SSKEWL 80s HC

WWW.SACREDPLAGUE.COM
SACREDPLAGUE@GMAIL.COM
PORTLAND, OREGON, USA

VINYL PRESSING

LUCKY

300 7"s - Black *$668*

300 7"s - Stock or Random Mix Color *$711*

Includes Master Lacquers Flat Cut, Masters Shipping, Plating, 4-5 Tests, B&W Center Art, White Paper Sleeves

500 7"s - 400 Black, 100 Color *$720*

500 12"s - 400 Black, 100 Color *$1129*

500 10"s - 400 Black, 100 Color *$1179*

Includes Master Lacquers Flat Cut, Masters Shipping, Plating, 4 Tests, 2-Color Center Art, White Paper Sleeves

(206) 497-3006
orders@luckylacquers.com
Email for Order Forms

Digital Downloads!!!
500 Codes = $30 1000 Codes = $55

Quality Vinyl & CD Mastering

For a better cut, use Lucky for CD and Vinyl Pre-mastering

Recent Jobs include The Spits, Margin Mouth, Jay Reatard, Truth Dealer, The Black Lips, Cycotic Youth, Turkish Techno, Earthmen & Strangers, Dharma, The Apers, Destruction Unit, Underground Railroad To Candyland, The Arrivals, Leatherface, The Sainte Catherines, Indecision, Bodyjar, Night Birds, The Transgressions, Hummingbird of Death, Titanarium, Executioner, The Reactions, VOM, Bad Religion, Rf7, The Minutemen, Hunx and His Punx, Bobby Joe Ebola and The Children McNuggets, Rattus, Holokaust, Trench Rot, Something Fierce, The Angry Snowmen! ...

www.luckylacquers.com

Lucky Lacquers
6907 University Ave #224
Middleton, WI 53562

PRANK

P.O. BOX 410892
SAN FRANCISCO,
CA 94141-0892 USA
WWW.PRANKRECORDS.COM

PRANKREC@MINDSPRING.COM

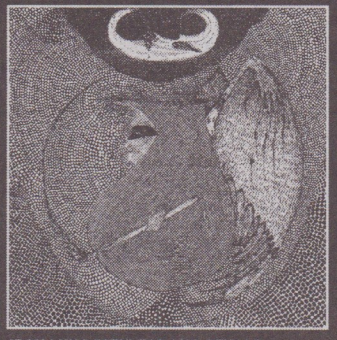
PRANK WEB STORE AT:
PRANKRECORDS.BIGCARTEL.COM

PRANK BLOG AT:
WWW.PRANKRECORDS.BLOGSPOT.COM
LOOK US UP ON FACEBOOK, MYSPACE
TWITTER

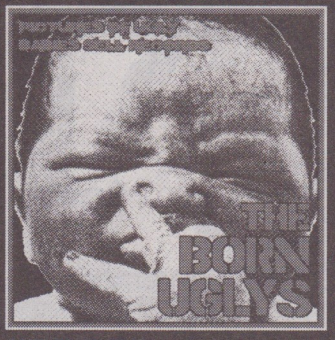
WHOLESALE FROM: EBULLITON, NO IDEA, REVOLVER USA.

WRITE FOR MAILORDER PRICES, COMBINED SHIPPING, ONLINE PAYMENTS OR COMPLETE MAILORDER LIST.

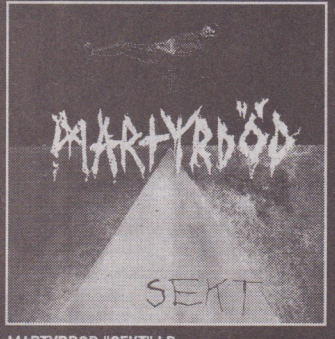
NO STATIK "NO HOSPICE / CLEAN SWIFT SUNSHINE"
7" EP New 2- song EP



IRON LUNG "SEXLESS / NO SEX" LP
RE-PRESSED ON CLEAR AND ORANGE VINYL



BORN UGLYS 7" EP
DEBUT EP FROM MEMBERS OF CROSS STITCHED EYES, GRIMPLE AND WORD SALAD



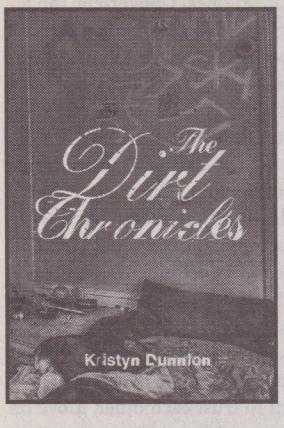
MARTYRDOD "SEKT" LP
Limited Tour Version out now

HIS HERO IS GONE
"15 COUNTS OF ARSON" LP
Re-pressed!

SLANG "LIFE MADE ME HARDCORE" LP

COMING SOON: ASTA KASK RE-ISSUES, FORWARD "JUST GO FORWARD TO DEATH" LP, FORWARD "WHAT'S THE MEANING OF LOVE" SINGLES COLLECTION LP, REALITY CRISIS LP, NO STATIK 10- SONG LP ON TOUR: FORWARD @ CHAOS IN TEJAS , SOUTHWEST AND WEST COAST TOUR JUNE 2012. NO STATIK SOUTHWEST & SO-CAL W/ FORWARD. WORD SALAD @ LAS VEGAS PUNK ROCK BOWLING MAY 2012! IRON LUNG @ 305 FEST IN MIAMI JULY 2012. MARYTR DOD US TOUR SAN DIEGO AND EAST COAST DATES WITH BLACK BREATH

BOOKS



The Dirt Chronicles
Kristyn Dunnion
246 pages • $17.95
Arsenal Pulp Press
www.arsenalpulp.com

This novel by Toronto's Kristyn Dunnion is gritty, sexy and brutal. The last book by Dunnion reviewed in *Maximum Rocknroll* was her excellent 2009 science fiction novel, *Big Big Sky*. Like *Big Big Sky*, *The Dirt Chronicles* follows a group of queer youth through a series of extreme situations, but beyond that similarity, the two books couldn't be more different. In this new book, the queer youth are teenage and early twenties squatter punks in Toronto, who run scams, fight addictions, rock out and fall in love and lust. Dunnion's expressive, evocative prose captures the day-by-day fight to survive, that I remember from my time squatting two decades ago.

Every day is a series of adventures and successes, with danger lurking right around the corner. Dunnion is able to distill the joy felt when living outside the system; of being living, breathing reminders that it doesn't have to be suits and school for everyone. She also communicates the anger and fear that this rejection of society brings out in law enforcement and otherwise calm, normal people—as well as the occasional intentional provocation of authority figures by the punks.

The Dirt Chronicles is made up of disconnected stories that slowly collide and eventually coalesce into a unified plot. At first I thought Dunnion was presenting short, sharp stories about queer squatter punks, so I read each section as its own self-contained piece. It's a tribute to her skill that it didn't realize that the various characters were on a collision course with each other untill about halfway through the book.

Much like Charles Romalotti, another current writer who came out of the punk scene, Dunnion has a real skill for describing the absolutely atrocious situations in which her characters become involved. Some of the passages in *The Dirt Chronicles* remind me of the most harrowing parts of Romalotti's excellent "Pariah" series. I think both authors' ability to describe disturbing, disgusting scenes with an impressive overlay of creepiness stems from their background in DIY punk. Why? Because very little is sugarcoated in underground punk circles. Friends become addicts and end up ripping off former friends. Others commit suicide and their roommates find the body. Others are survivors of rape and incest, while still *others* endure undeserved beatings by jocks, cops or skinheads. Contagious medical conditions such as scabies are common, while thankfully, serious conditions like a flesh-eating disease from black tar heroin are rare.

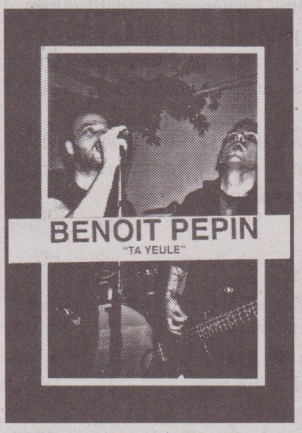
Obviously, life in the super-DIY scene isn't all flesh-eating bacteria and overdoses, or there'd be no one left in it. Other subcultures deal with some of the same issues—after all, punks aren't the only people committing suicide and shooting up. But I think that the tendency of punks to deal with problems more or less directly adds to the awareness of awful details. Add to that the likelihood that there is no cultural screen to hide the more explicit, gory results of these problems and a tendency to revel in the disgusting and disturbing (How many punk records have starving children or dead people on the cover?), and the willingness to describe horrible events becomes ingrained in punk writers.

Dunnion is also skilled in describing sexual feelings and attraction in an authentic manner. Clearly, her background in the outgoing, outspoken and blunt punk and queer subcultures serves her well in being aware of those emotions. But the reason her characters' sex and love lives leap off the page is her stellar writing ability.

Many writers, especially inexperienced or younger ones, can't hack either the horror or the sexual in their books. Their characters are dull, robotically going through the motions of pain, fear, love or lust. Dunnion's word craft is exceptional and convinces us that her characters are undergoing exactly what she says they are experiencing.

The Dirt Chronicles is a book that should be on the bookshelves of mainstream fiction fans and punks alike. The fast-paced story, told through evocative vignettes, never rushes so fast that Dunnion's plot suffers. Her fully formed gallery of characters keeps the reader engaged and the result is an extremely impressive work from a young author who hopefully has many more published books in her future.

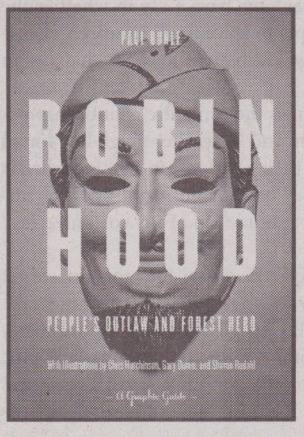
—Jesse Luscious



Not Dead Yet
Benoit Pepin
84 pages • $10
Bsviv
www.bsviv.com

This book is a cluster of images from the last fifteen years of select hardcore shows. This is an eight-by-five bound title with a full bleed that works really well with this sampling of images. Pepin has successfully captured the raw and ugly energy that boils over in a show atmosphere. His compositions are tight and mostly close range, inviting the viewer to take a closer look without having to worry about getting hit in the back of the head. Among the 50-plus bands featured are Fucked Up, Career Suicide, Omegas, Ten Yard Fight, Mental, Knife Fight, Tragedy, Nine Shocks Terror, Dropdead and the Observers. A nice print of Complications comes adhered to the cover as a bonus. As time passes, more of this type of book are surfacing. Being a fan of photography and punk, I welcome them all.

—Martin Sorrondeguy



Robin Hood: People's Outlaw and Forest Hero
Paul Buhle
106 pages • $15
PM Press
www.pmpress.org

What does Robin Hood mean in 2012? Romantic figures in Western pop culture are always up for grabs. Who doesn't want to live an outlaw life in the forest stealing from the rich? Equally, Walt Disney took the Robin Hood tale and made a lucrative 1973 cartoon starring anthropomorphic animals. Legends remain embattled.

In the introduction, Buhle writes: "The main argument here, put most simply, is that the conjunction of an eight-century-long saga of heroic rebellion with myth, ritual, popular and commercial culture of all types and, in its formative days, with insurrection and religious dissent, cannot be a coincidence. Robin Hood stands for something that holds out against the powers-that-be, especially when social stresses bend and break existing bonds of consent from the weaker to the more

powerful. The saga of Robin Hood is not a metaphor easily adaptable to Marxist (or anarchist) formulation. Rather, it opens up badly needed areas of discussion after the collapse of Russian-style Communism and the near-collapse of capitalism's self-confidence, amid crises in the global economy and worse crises in the planet's ecosystems."

The first chapter addresses the history of Robin Hood in a tone that's informative and welcoming. Thank you! The idea of the commons—land held by all, particularly natural landscapes such as woods—is crucial to the topic here. The author posits these utopian ideas in a useful way and follows the idea through figures such as socialist artist William Morris and nuclear arms protestor E.P. Thompson.

Subsequent chapters of *Robin Hood: People's Outlaw and Forest Hero* offer a mix of academic essays and comics. The 100 pages feel either too short or not long enough for the richness of the subject matter. "By looking at the medievalism and its meanings, we can get a sense of how much the past, even a distant past when religion permeated daily life, continues to mean, and not only to the English." True, but give us *more*. That is not a slight to the book's editorial compiling, which is judicious—but the length is damningly between a pamphlet and a book.

The book is labeled "a graphic guide" and roughly a third of the 100-odd pages are comics or graphics. I won't belabor the point that comics are a much more accessible way to spread information than essays. The first two pieces, "Lollards & Rebels" and "Robin's Adventures," are largely pedestrian considering the possibilities in portraying robbery, forests and arrows. Thankfully, Sharon Rudahl's "In Search of Maid Marian" comic carries some excitement. Rudahl portrays Marian dressed as a servant boy who ends up dueling with Robin. It's only a two-pager, though! (Rudahl's graphic novel of Emma Goldman's life is great; seek it out if you haven't already). The final graphics are curious collages juxtaposing Robin with other historical figures.

I can recommend this book to readers already interested in the Robin Hood myths and history. For other people, it may just be a quick, cursory read at their local library. Again, I would have liked to have read more!

—Travis Fristoe

We Will Bury You
Brea Grant, Zane Austin Grant, Kyle Strahm
104 pages • $17.99
IDW Publishing
www.idwpublishing.com

This trade paperback collection, set in 1927, tackles the questions, "What if, instead of the Great Depression, the Roaring '20s were ended by a pervasive zombie virus that may or may not have spread to Europe before you could attempt to escape there with your life?" and "Since women finally won the right to vote in 1920, will they now have a say in whether the group attempts to leave town in search of survivors or stay and batten down the hatches in their weird shelter on Coney Island?"

This four-issue comic book miniseries follows the romantic relationship between Mirah, a married and outspoken flapper, and Fanya, her tough Ukrainian girlfriend. Though they've attempted to keep their relationship a secret, Mirah's employer at the dance hall finds Fanya to be "bad for business" and her misogynistic husband accuses her of "low moral aptitude" and Fanya of "infecting" Mirah with lesbianism.

Luckily, in a comic-books-can-be-much-cooler-than-real-life moment, we get to see both of those assholes die pretty quickly—it's a real metaphor for life. Like sometimes, when you get off your ass and kill your girlfriend's sexist husband, you will be rewarded with about a dozen zombie cops that you can just pick off like flies, or at the very least punch in the face. As Fanya says, "I've always wanted to hit a cop!" Me, too, Fanya. Me, too. It almost makes the whole apocalypse worth it, I imagine.

The writers, Brea and Zane Grant, are a brother-and-sister duo who have been collaborating in one way or another since high school. You might know Zane's other stuff, like the webcomic *Detective Warlock, Warlock Detective*, or his book reviews for *MRR*. Brea is also an actress who portrayed Daphne, the really fast girl on the show *Heroes* and that girl who stole the foot on *Dexter*. Interested in history and politics, they managed to smoosh it all together with monsters and guts in a not-so-cheesy way. I mean, let's face it. Much like pirates, ninjas and unicorns, zombies can be *way* overdone. At a certain point, they just start reminding you of Hot Topic and teenagers in *Pirates of the Caribbean* sweatbands.

In addition to the realistic portrayal of the sexual politics of the time, there are a lot of metaphors coming out in the art. Strahm creates a thin line between men and zombies when faced with two women in love and the way they are perceived by society. He draws them to be dark, unshaven dirtballs with gritted teeth and probably really bad breath. Without the blood, it's almost impossible to differentiate between the living men and the dead ones. Conversely, the female characters are shown with softer, cleaner lines and features. You'll be happy to know that, unlike in a lot of other comic books, the women haven't been drawn as half naked or overly sexualized. The creators show concern for story and personality, which is way more realistic than when you see women fighting an epic battle while managing to keep up their strapless superhero tutu. Emma Frost is a perfect example. I would probably decide to take up teaching or headmistress-ing or whatever too, if I always had to worry about being the accidental evil villainess version of Janet Jackson. (Is it still socially relevant to reference Janet Jackson's "wardrobe malfunction" at the Super Bowl from 2004? No? OK, then.) At least Ms. Marvel had the good sense to wear that hideous turtleneck tutu. But even then, could you imagine trying to fight Captain America with that thing riding up your butt? I think Cathy said it best when she said, "Ack!"

While the Grants' story finds our heroines at times still attempting to fit themselves into the same old moldy norms to survive, they are inevitably failed by traditional male protection. Finally, they learn to trust each other, move on from the pre-apocalypse murdered-husband drama and forge their own path to safety… for now, at least.

This trade paperback compiles all four issues of the 2010 miniseries, which throws you into the action as though you've known the characters for years. There are some highlights, for sure, like a zombie blowjob for a bad boss (Take that job and shove it!), but I wish there had been a little more time spent on character development. I needed more background on the growth of Mirah and Fanya's relationship. Maybe I'm just traditionally nebby, but I wanted to know how long the relationship had been, how they met and whether one of them had terrible taste in music before I was willing to root for their survival over an entertainingly gruesome death scene. For me, it's always important to give a shit about characters in order to care about where they end up, you know?

In conclusion, if I was going to create a rating system based on blood and guts, plot, character likeability, the destruction of cops, political relevance and awkward photos of siblings wearing the same outfit—well, then I'd have to give this book four out of five stars.

—Jesska Hughes

The Wrong Side of Reno: Three Decades of Punk and Hardcore Music in the Biggest Little City
Jeanne Jo and Mac Schopen
192 pgs • no information
Nevada Museum of Art
www.nevadaart.org

This nifty little book was released in conjunction with an exhibit at the Nevada Museum of Art that focused on Reno's underground and punk music scene. The book's 192 pages provide us with a mere glimpse at that particular scene via record cover art. The images date back to 1982 starting out with Reno legends 7 Seconds' *Skins, Brains & Guts* EP as well as the *Not So Quiet on the Western Front* compilation released by *MRR*. This visual journey takes us into 2010, ending with record cover art for Iron Lung—with loads in between. Among the included short writings by various participants, my favorite is the piece written by Bessie Wrex of the Wrecks. This project doesn't sever the lineage of punk, coming from the mouths of many ex-punks. This book is a visual catalog that outlines a continuum, something that will go on forever, regardless of whether you or I participate. Nice job. Now, if only we could see the zines and flyers, it would be amazing!

—Martin Sorrondeguy

WRENCH ★ RECORDS

ON THE WRENCH LABEL:

TITLE:	PRICE:
FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS Raw Dawg 7"	£2.40
HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE Patmos Or Bust 7"	£2.95
JOHNNY THROTTLE Lost Sputnik 7"	£3.50
JOHNNY THROTTLE Stukas Über Shoreditch 7"	£2.95
LIL BUNNIES Bunnie Hole 7"	£2.95
LOUDMOUTHS / HOT ROD HONEYS Split 7"	£2.25
PARKINSONS Up For Sale 7"	£2.40
RANCID HELL SPAWN Abolition Of Orgasm 7"	£3.50
RANCID HELL SPAWN Gastro Boy 7" (last few)	£2.95
RANCID HELL SPAWN Teenage Lard 7"	£2.00
RANCID HELL SPAWN Scalpel Party CD	£6.95
REAL LOSERS Time To Lose CD	£6.95
SEXUAL ABOMINATIONS R'n'r Meat Hook 7"	£2.00
SUPERHELICOPTER LTD. Indicted 7"	£2.25
TRONICS What's The Hubub Bub CD	£6.95

ON OTHER LABELS:

TITLE:	PRICE:
ABORTED Mushroom Sunset 7"	£3.75
ALICJA POP I Play The Fool 7"	£3.95
ILLS I Kill Me 7"	£3.50
JAKE STARR I've Got Mine 7"	£3.75
LEADERS State Of Shock 7"	£3.50
POWERCHORDS More Than Me 7"	£3.75
RAMMA LAMMA Gimme Gimme 7"	£3.95
RATIONS How Much Land Does.. 7"	£3.75
RED MASS Suicide 7"	£3.95

POSTAGE RATES FOR 7" EPs: UK: First copy £1.50, 20p each extra. Europe: £3.30 first copy, 70p each extra. USA and rest of world: £4.20 first copy, £1.25 each extra.

POSTAGE RATES FOR CDs: UK: First copy £1.50, 50p each extra. Europe: £3.30 first copy, 90p each extra. USA and rest of world: £4.20 first copy, £1.50 each extra.

UK Customers- pay by UK Cheque/P.O. payable to Wrench Records. Credit Card orders accepted by PAYPAL (www.paypal.com) – send your payment to **mail@wrench.org**.

WRENCH RECORDS, PO BOX 67353, LONDON N8 1BQ, ENGLAND

Email: mail@wrench.org

FULL CATALOG (1000+ RECORDS) AT WWW.WRENCH.ORG

independent LABEL DISTRIBUTION

EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTORS FOR:

ALTIN VILLAGE & MINE
ANCHORLESS
BEER CITY
CAVITY
CHUNKSAAH
CI
DIONYSUS / BACCHUS ARCHIVES
FRONTIER
INIT
NO WAY
RED SCARE INDUSTRIES
RIOT FEST
RODENT POPSICLE
SIX WEEKS
SYMPATHY FOR THE RECORD INDUSTRY
TANKCRIMES
TRIBUNAL / DIVEBOMB

WWW.ILDISTRO.COM

QUALITY COUNTS!

Them Martyrs

(blistering h/c from ireland)

"wretched" 12" EP

Rubber Cushion

(southern fried r&b punk)

"crazy" debut 7"

State of Franklin

"cancer" EP

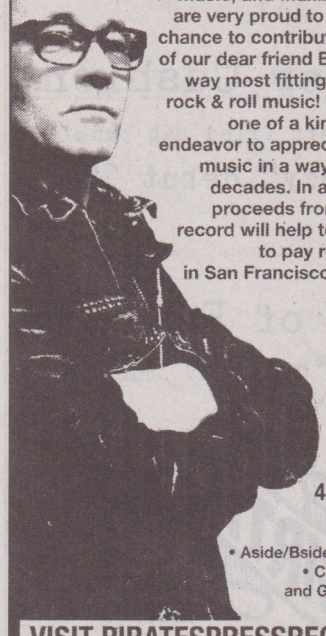
GIRTH RECORDS

www.girthrecords.com

A VINYL FUNDRAISER FOR THE BRUCE ROEHRS MEMORIAL FUND

FEATURING...

BOOZE & GLORY / HARRINGTON SAINTS CROSSED HAMMER SHAPED 12" VINYL



Pirates Press Records, Longshot Music, and Maximum Rock N Roll are very proud to offer this special chance to contribute to the memory of our dear friend Bruce Roehrs in a way most fitting to him – through rock & roll music! With this special, one of a kind record, we will endeavor to appreciate and support music in a way as Bruce did for decades. In addition, all of the proceeds from the sale of this record will help to provide a place to pay respects to Bruce in San Francisco's Columbarium.

AVAILABLE IN 4 VINYL COLORS!

- Claret Vinyl
- Blue Vinyl
- Aside/Bside Claret & Blue Vinyl
- Clear w/ Claret, Blue, and Gold Splattered Vinyl

VISIT PIRATESPRESSRECORDS.COM FOR INFORMATION & ORDERING

Odio Los Discos

odiolosdiscos@hotmail.com

Las Ultimas Copias
DHK 7" Primera Maketa

Solo 300 Copias!

odiolosdiscos@hotmail.com

Last Copies
DHK 7" Primera Maketa

SIX TWO FIVE

!!OUT NOW / WINTER 2012!!

GAZ-66 INTRUSION - EP
Brutal Ukranian power-violence

PSUDOKU LP
1-man space cyber grind from Norway

GRAND INVINCIBLE - EP
Limited EP of DIY Bay Area hip-hop

INTERNAL ROT- Debut EP
Guttural Aussie grind like FETO

PUNCH - Nothing Lasts EP
4th round of FAST Bay Area HC!

SPAZZ - LP Reissues
Legit reissues/new art & color-vinyl

SUFFERING MIND - Debut LP
Anti-fascist Polish 1000mph grind

QUATTRO STAGIONI - LP
Crazed 1000mph German fastcore!

SxFxN - Itching EP
Blazing Midwest powerviolence - 2nd EP

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS - COLL CD
Long awaited CD of TX Prog-violence

YOUNG OFFENDERS/GIANT HAYSTACKS
Split 12"LP-anthemic angry post-punk

IRON LUNG - 1st LP Repress
Limited color vinyl repress of debut LP!

THE PROCESS - Debut CD
Punishing HC ala RINWORM, X-SHANK

GET DESTROYED - Burnt EP
1000mph AZ dry-heat-violence

AGENTS OF ABHORRANCE - CD
Crazed Aussie 3-man blurrcore

THREATENER - Discography CD
Coll.CD of 1000mph blasting fastcore

BREAKfAST/STRUGGLE4PRIDE-CD
Tokyo cult skate thrash

PLUS A TON MORE STUFF COMING!

STILL AVAILABLE:

TRAPPED IN A SCENE CD- Comp of pure blast
IRON LUNG-1st CD Crazy-two-man blurcore
SLIGHT SLAPPERS-2nd LP Tokyo violence
ATHRENODY CD Early 90s Death/Grindcore
BANDANOS/DESTRUCT.END-CD:Crossover-Thrash
CHARM/UG MAN-Split LP:Tokyo thrashcore
CRUCIAL SECTION/HIT ME BACK-EP:Int'l HC
KUNGFU RICK - Disco 2xCD:Insane grind/HC
IRON LUNG/SHANK LP/CD-Audio Brutality
BREAKFAST 2nd LP:Tokyo skate-thrash
SECOND OPINION - CD High Energy thrash
BARBARIC THRASH CD COMPS:Euro,CaliComps
CRUCIAL SECTION-LP: 80s RIPCORD-thrash
SHANK-LP/CD: 1000mph power violence
MACHINEGUN ROMANTICS-CD: TX fastcore
QUILL/I DONT CARE-Split CD:Tokyo thrash
APARTMENT 213-CD:Clevo power violence
HE WHO CORRUPTS CD: Corporo-grind-o-caust
SCHOLASTIC DETH-Coll. CD: READ DAMN IT!
LORDS OF LIGHT-EP Original 3-man grind
THEY LIVE-LP: Cult-classic NY fastcore

NEW SHIRT DESIGNS THRU www.badskulls.com

Wholesale and Mailorder:
WWW.EBULLITION.COM

FOR WEEKLY UPDATES CHECK:
WWW.625THRASH.COM

GONER

MIDNITE SNAXXX "YOU KILL ME" 7"
NEW POWERFUL POP FROM QUEENS OF THE WEST COAST SCENE- RENEE, DULCINEA, AND TINA BOOM BOOM

LOST SOUNDS "LOST LOST" LP
CRUCIAL DEMOS & OUTTAKES FROM JAY, ALICJA & RICH

BARBARAS LP
ex-BOSTON CHINKS, pre-MAGIC KIDS, RECORDED BY JAY REATARD

MEMPHIS COMPILATION LP
NEW SOUNDS FROM THE LAND WHERE TIME GOT DRUNK & CRUNK

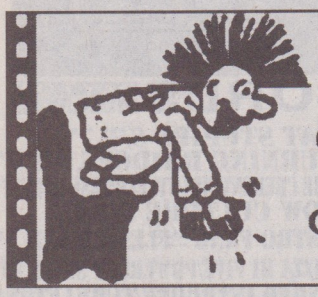
GONERFEST NINE

SEPTEMBER 27-30, 2012
MEMPHIS, TN

GONER MAILORDER HAS BEEN STOCKING THE NEWEST, BEST, MOST CRUCIAL RELEASES SINCE 1993.
OVER 20,000 ORDERS FILLED!
HOZAC, IN THE RED, CASTLEFACE, SACRED BONES, SUB POP, BURGER, DISCHORD, 1234GO, WINDIAN, CAPTURED TRACKS, SLUMBERLAND, DRAG CITY, FLYING NUN, TIC TAC TOTALLY, RED LOUNGE, SS, 12XU, TROUBLE IN MIND, LAST LAUGH, FAT POSSUM, SILTBREEZE & TONS MORE

GONER-RECORDS.COM

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE SOURCE

I asked a question during a film screening Q&A. If you have been reading this column for a while, you probably know that those post-film things always annoy me. Probably not as much as pre-film introductions during film festivals, but they are close. Usually either the questions are inane or the filmmaker really has nothing to say. Or in the case of a well-known director, there is too much ass kissing. I'd rather go off and talk about the film with my friends. However the documentary **The Source** did leave a lot of unanswered questions.

The Source is the story of the Source Family, a group of Southern Californians who followed Jim Baker aka Father Yod in the 1970s. Before Baker moved to Los Angeles he was a Marine, a judo champion and owner of Baker's Gym in Chicago. He also reportedly robbed a couple of banks and actually killed two men with judo chops. Baker and his wife Elaine open two successful organic health food restaurants The Aware Inn and then The Old World. When they split up, Baker retained control of The Old World. Unfortunately he also discovers LSD and starts helping himself to money in the cash register. He is fired from his own restaurant.

Baker then opens The Source Restaurant, a vegetarian restaurant on Sunset Boulevard. The Source Restaurant becomes very popular with Hollywood celebrities. Baker also begins studying mediation under Yogi Bhajan. When he feels he has outgrown Bhajan, he begins teaching his own classes at the restaurant. It is from these meditations that the Source Family begins to develop. Eventually the group rents a house and begins a communal lifestyle. The Source Restaurant funds this, as does the generous donations of new converts who give all their wealth and possessions to the family.

It is this idea of the spiritual figure that has this type of power over other people that is immensely intriguing. They believe so strongly in him that when he proclaims himself father and god's manifestation on earth, they believe him. I just can't imagine it. I already have a problem with authority, but I would walk the other way if someone tried to tell me he is god, no matter how charming and charismatic the person is. Even when it is pointed out by Isis The Aquarian, a Source member who was present for the film screening, that modern people can't get past their materialistic ways to fully understand what was happening with the Source. I somehow suspect that my cynicism has more to do with growing up in the '80s and seeing what the hippies had become, plus the results of the really bad cults led by Charles Manson and Jim Jones.

The most amazing aspect of **The Source** is all the film footage, audio recordings and photographs of the Source Family at the time. Isis was the "Keeper of The Records". She took photographs and shot movies of the family's activities. She also recorded Baker's meditation classes. Baker was obsessed with documenting all aspects of their lives. This makes the film a more compelling story than any number of talking heads could have. Here you see it all as it happened. It is something to see. Everyone is good-looking, healthy and happy.

The whole experience seems very positive until the inevitable happens. Baker's ego gets pumped up one too many times and he decides he needs thirteen wives. Previously, he had been teaching monogamy. He goes against his own commandment and that is when the whole thing takes its turn toward the end. Promiscuity always seems to be the downfall of religious men. Although it was always present with the Source as seen in newspaper ads looking for women to join and the recruitment of underage girls, I would have had more sympathy for the group if Baker had managed to control his libido.

Fortunately, Baker does not take his family with him when he decides to end it. Instead, he takes only his own life by deciding to hang glide for the first time while the family was living in Hawaii. He crashes on the beach, but he doesn't die right away. His whole hang gliding performance is caught on film. After Baker's death, the family members go their separate ways. Which brings up another question for the Source Family. Why weren't they able to keep it going without Father Yod? Didn't they learn anything from him?

However the question I asked Isis after the screening of **The Source** was more specific. After the group gets kicked out of their first house, the Mother House, they move into the Father House. This house is much smaller having three bedrooms for one hundred and thirty people. After that amazing statistic is uttered, a picture of Baker standing next to his new Rolls Royce is shown. It is shocking. I asked, "How did Father Yod justify buying a Rolls Royce when you had one hundred and thirty people living in a three bedroom house?" Isis told me that he owned Rolls Royces before. He would occasionally take some of them out for a fancy dinner and since Hollywood was such an image-conscious town, showing up in a Rolls commanded more respect. He also wanted them to be able to experience things from all perspectives. Although that did technically answer my question, hearing it just brought up too many more. (www.thesourcedoc.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

ROCK-TO-BUS

DIY TOUR-VAN RENTAL FOR EUROPE

Our idea isn't new but it's good and simple! We want to offer bands that want to tour the DIY-scene in Europe an affordable tour-van! Contact us about prices and infos on booking and backline-rental!

LEARN A CHORD!
FORM A BAND!
GO ON TOUR WITH ROCK-TO-BUS!

rocktobus@gmx.de
myspace.com/rocktobus
0049 177 2784664

tenzenmen + australasian diy music specialist
(bringing the world to you since 2004)

worldwide distributor for underground music from:
australia, new zealand, china, japan, malaysia, singapore
indonesia, philippines, vietnam, south korea, taiwan, nepal

diy tour information database available for most countries
need help or want to help? get in touch!

coming soon: torturing nurse (china)
bikini eyebolt (oz), duck fight goose (china)
www.tenzenmen.com tenzenmen

2981 MEADOW PARK DR. DAYTON, OH 45440
SEND US YOUR DEMOS

RAD GIRLFRIEND

RECORDS DAYTON OHIO, U.S.A.

RGF-006 FAT STUPIDS S/T 7"
RGF-007 BURNING BRIDGES S/T 7"
RGF-008 THE CREDENTIALS/STEELHORSE SPLIT 7"
RGF-009 LOW CULTURE S/T 7"
RGF-011 ASTRO FANG "FLESH HAND 7"
RGF-013 PIZZA HI FIVE/POWERCUP SPLIT 10"
UP NEXT: MASKED INTRUDER/TURKLETONS
PRETTY BOY THORSON, ROB THE BANK, SETBACKS

WHITE LUNG
sorry lp/cd/dd

NO CLASS
keine klasse II lp/dd

CREEM
self titled 12"

NEON PISS
self titled lp

TERRIBLE FEELINGS
shadows lp/dd

NATURAL LAW
find the flock LP

BLOODY GEARS
landscapes of disease lp/dd

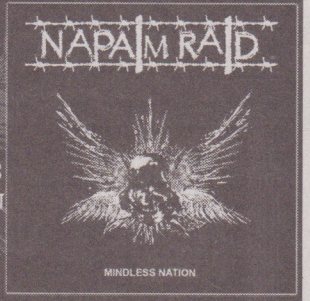
DERANGED RECORDS

Rust And Machine RECORDS

OUT IN MAY 2012

EFFLUXUS
LIFE
DESTRUKTION
12"

NAPALM RAID
MIND
LESS
NATION
12"



HUGE DISTRO ONLINE
WWW.RUSTANDMACHINE.COM
RUSTANDMACHINE@GMAIL.COM
SEATTLE, WA USA

RECORDS

Send **two** copies of vinyl or CD-only releases (if on both formats, please send the vinyl) to **MRR, PO Box 460760, SF, CA 94146, USA**
We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore, etc.—no major labels or labels distributed by major-affiliated distros. Please include postpaid price and contact information. Let us know where your band is from! *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.*

Reviewers:
(MA) Matt Badenhop
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(BB) Brace Belden
(WB) Will Blomquist
(GB) Graham Booth
(JU) Justin Briggs
(MC) Mitch Cardwell
(WN) Robert Collins
(BD) Brian Dooley
(SD) Sean Dougan
(AE) Amelia Eakins
(FF) Francesca Foglia
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DG) Dan Goetz
(GG) Gemma Greenhill
(JH) Jason Halal
(GH) Greg Harvester
(MH) Mike Howes
(KK) Kenny Kaos
(RK) Ramsey Kanaan
(CK) Carolyn Keddy
(BL) Brad Lambert
(SL) Sam Lefebvre
(P$) Paul Lucich
(RL) Ray Lujan
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(AM) Allan McNaughton
(TM) Tony Molina
(LA) Lydia Phelps
(LP) Langford Poh
(RO) Rotten Ron Ready
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(JS) Jess Scott
(MS) Martin Sorrondeguy
(AU) Andrew Underwood

ACID FAST – "Reigny Treason" EP

Raw, sloppy, garagey pop-punk with great male/female harmonizing. Reminds me of CRIMPSHRINE (in a good way) and summer alleyway generator shows in the Mission. I swear I'm not starting a perzine even though it sounds like I am. (AM)
(Protagonist)

ALICE BAG – "Violence Girl" EP

Man. The cover looks like it was dragged out of the honorable mentions heap of a "Draw Alice Bag!" contest and what's inside is not much better. Artifix recently released this six-song blooper reel, a retrospective-style Alice Bag compilation with samples of her various projects from past to present. Kind of hard to believe that the same lady who brought us the ferocity and creativity of the BAGS and CASTRATION SQUAD could also go on to front the rest of the bands on here. From "crappy bar rock" at best to "a weekend at ladies rock camp" at worst, this EP is for the ALICE BAG completist only. Avoid! (FF)
(Artifix)

ASHTONES – "...From The Outskirts Of Town" CD

Tired-ass, TURBONEGRO-worshiping, junkie-glamorizing rock from France. I know the heroin is supposed to be better there, but I can't believe it would make this anymore interesting. They're very competent musicians but this drags and everything starts sounding the same. They do a TURBONEGRO cover (big surprise) and play songs about dope. I wanna OD. (RO)
(Attitude)

THE AUTHORITIES – "Kung Pao A Go Go" CD

It's a new album from '80s Stockton veterans the AUTHORITIES. Seems like they were inspired to reform by an invitation from PAVEMENT to play All Tomorrow's Parties. I can only imagine PAVEMENT's fans' reactions to some snotty Suburban American hardcore played by some grey panthers. This CD contains some old songs that were never originally recorded, plus a raft of new material. The music is fast and well-played, and the lyrics reflect the concerns of a punk in his fifties that's seen and done it all. If you can imagine an upbeat combination of early AGENT ORANGE and NAKED RAYGUN, that's kind of how this sounds. Good, but not necessarily relevant in 2012, unless you were a fan. (AM)
(Get Hip)

AXT / BLUTHUF – "The Invention of Ruin" split EP

Grinding hardcore crust madness from Germany's AXT, punctuated by a few crushing mosh breakdowns and straightforward fastcore down your throat. Razor sharp and fast as shit with a touch of dissonance on the guitar and a hint of New York in the vocals. Charging European crust core from fellow Germans BLUTHUF on the flip side. A little slower and more metallic, but every bit as insistent. Three songs from BLUTHUF, six from AXT, damn good jams from both. (WN)
(self-released)

AYBAT HALLAR – "Something Nice" CD

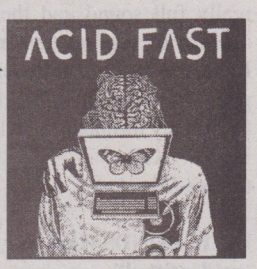
This band is from Russia but sounds like a pretty decent American pop punk band that knows enough about the genre to not spend half of every song in an obnoxious "whoa-oh-oh" attempt to sound melodic. Instead they rely on competent playing and songwriting that is fun and kind of cute but still has enough of a punk snarl to keep cranky old crusters like me happy. Musically it sounds kind of like BROADWAY CALLS but the vocals are way more rock'n'roll and the band seems to have a campy horror movie theme lurking unobtrusively in the lyrical content between the "fuck the mall" songs and odes to street fighting. Not my favorite genre but these guys are doing it right. (BL)
(OSK / Rumble Fish)

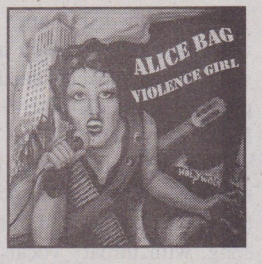
BAD ASSETS – "The Spirit Of Detroit" CD

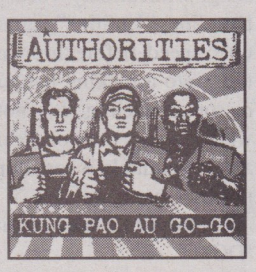
Tough and rough Detroit hardcore, with a big, pint-size helping of frothy Oi thrown into the mix. Straight to the point blue-collar lyrics, dealing with being screwed by the rich, big banks and big business—I dig. Of course, no self-respecting tough-guy mosh core, oi boy record would be complete without the obligatory lads-down-at-the-boozer song, and rightfully so, as I too would be dying for a martini or two after being screwed silly by the aforementioned above. ANTI HEROES jamming with WARZONE whilst having a big boy wrestle with the 4-SKINS. (SD)
(United Riot)

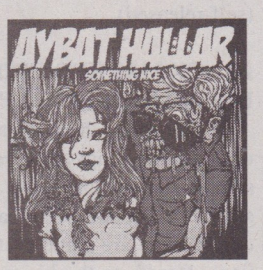
BAD TROUBLE / WOOLY BULLIES – split EP

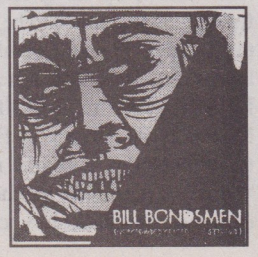
Two Ohio bands on this EP. BAD TROUBLE is from Akron and delivers three songs in the same time WOOLY BULLIES can get out one. BAD TROUBLE is cool garage punk with a nasty sounding singer. It sounds like he











may be affecting an English accent, which could be annoying, but not in this case. It makes the songs sound meaner. The songs are catchy, short and frantic. WOOLY BULLIES are a modern garage band from Cleveland. Their song is long, fuzzy and overindulgent. They probably spend too much time listening to BLACK LIPS and should do themselves a favor and listen to something older. Since they take their name from SAM THE SHAM AND THE PHARAOHS why not start there? (CK)
(Fone)

BIG EYES – "Back From the Moon/I Don't Care About Friday Night"

Wow. This is badass. Seriously. The really good ones are often the toughest to review. It's mid-tempo, it's melodic and catchy, it's got a really full sound and the female vocals carry a sense of urgency that makes the difference. I suppose if I had to label it, I'd call it power-pop, but I refuse to label it. This one is going to live on my turntable for a little while. Awesome. Find it. (KK)
(Grave Mistake)

BILL BONDSMEN – "Overcrowded Control/Untitled"

"Overcrowded Control" starts and ends on an absolutely rad dissonant note, that I'd say falls somewhere between the JESUS LIZARD (especially in the off-kilter drumming) and fellow Motor City denizens the PIRHANAS (though with no keyboards here) that I wish served as more than just a set of bookends. Yet the rest of the song is still a great, irate mid-paced hardcore song, with throaty vocals and a cool walking bass line. "Untitled" starts out working its way up to speed, before throwing in a flanger and settling into a rocking tempo with the first song's dissonant feeling. It's not quite arty, but still weird enough to be on Criminal IQ or something and is definitely a departure from the meat-and-potatoes hardcore snot of their other records. I really hope this band continues in this direction. (DG)
(self-released)

BLACK MARKET SYNDICATE – "And the Peasants Rejoiced!!!" LP

It's puzzling how a band that spends their time singing songs about revolution and oppression has those same songs published by ASCAP and has a barcode on the back of the record. Secondly, these are some pretty pessimistic Christians. Based on the lyrics, it sounds like these folk don't have much to be thankful for, so when the first person on the thank-you list is God (followed closely by the Son and the Holy Ghost), I'm not sure it reflects all that well on him/it. Musically, it sounds very Fat Wreck Chords, up-tempo melodic punk-like music (shit, the word "punk" just sounds so cheap) with snotty vocals and gang backing vocals. It's like a mix of RANCID and PROPAGANDHI only not nearly as good. (PA)
(Times Up!)

BLOODY GEARS – "Frozen Rain" EP

The song that is this record's namesake sounds like waking up after the apocalypse. Comparisons to the MOB (UK) or a more modern band like SCEPTERS, are an OK starting point in terms of the feeling of desolate serenity conveyed, but the gruff Midwest-style vocals, use of (what sounds like) background piano and musical interludes that build up the song to its seemingly purposeful anticlimactic ending, all add several layers to the song. Side two includes a song re-recorded from this band's fantastic demo, as well as an additional song, in a similar OBSERVERS / LEATHERFACE/ ARTICLES OF FAITH / HUSKER DU vein as their demo and first 7", but that isn't quite as notable. That said, this 7" is allegedly a single for this band's upcoming LP, which I'll be interested to hear. (DG)
(Grave Mistake)

BOOM BOOM KID – "Del Absoluto Vacio" EP

For those of you out of the loop, BOOM BOOM KID is the semi-solo project of Necro from Argentina's FUN PEOPLE. I only say semi-solo because he has a whole different gang of people he tours with/records with. BBK plays super positive catchy-as-fuck poppy rock. People always said FUN PEOPLE were awesome live, but their records never really lived up to the hype of the live show. Something must have changed in the time between these bands, because every time I have seen BBK, it has been just as awesome as his records, and this EP certainly follows suit. It's catchy, it's fast, it's fun, it's all around awesome. (BD)
(Hysteria)

BURNING BRIDGES – "Butt Cheese America" EP

Five songs of pretty catchy, up-tempo, pop punk with gruff, mostly screamed vocals and a bit of an edge. Songs about community, not wanting to grow old and their cat. In the vein of stuff you might find on Plan-it-X. Not bad stuff but not at all new or amazing. The fact that their booklet has more than just lyrics (info on rape crisis hotlines around the world, domestic violence statistics and more) is very cool. (PA)
(Get Better!/Solidarity/Behind Punk/
Rad Girlfriend)

CAFETERIA DANCE FEVER – "Danceology" CD

I looked at the cover of this and my heart sank. It looked like it was gonna be an EPOXIES influenced turd… Well, it was actually better than my eyes allowed, clearly tricked by the novelty cover and terrible band name. This is a discography of this garage punk band who sound like someone took LE SHOK and mashed them into the CARBONAS, with yes, a slight flavoring of EPOXIES… They really remind me of LE SHOK, it's the dumbness in the vocals I think? The guitars are skronky in places in an early FALL manner, with backing vocals from a girl who sorta sounds Brix-ish too. Reminds me of an oddball surf punked out RONDELLES. (LG)
(Hover Craft)

CALIFORNIAX – "Mummy/Sucker" EP

You may have noticed this weird trend going on these days—sort of a grunge revival. Bands like MILK MUSIC, SCREAMING FEMALES, and SUN GODS to name a few have been making music that fucking destroys most of the shit that was being called grunge in the early to mid '90s. You can go ahead and add CALIFORNIAX to that list. This is the debut EP by this Massachusetts three-piece. One might describe it as sounding like DINOSAUR JR without the nutso solos, or perhaps like a better FU MANCHU. Of the newer bands playing this style, I'd say they sound most like MILK MUSIC. The guitars are heavy and melodic, over-driving bass lines, with hard-hitting drums. Seriously, the snare sounds fucking awesome on this record. It may not be for everyone, but I for one love all these new bands. Keep 'em coming, please. (BD)
(The Sounds of Sweet Nothing)

CATATONIC YOUTH – "Piss Scene" EP

This is doomsday synth-punk from the dystopian recesses of an outsider's mind. The vocals, guitar, drum machine and synth are administered with unnerving repetition, while cosmic squeals pulsate incognito above the dirge. Those who can recall their moments of delinquency beginning to channel something diabolical will recognize this EP as the whisper in your ear that obscures your moral compass. This record came out on Hozac in 2008, but it's been reissued here by Perennial. Looking back a mere four years, it's already possible to separate quality screeds from deflated hype and CATATONIC YOUTH are firmly in the former. (SL)
(Perennial)

CAUSE FOR CONCERN – "Dying City" CD

Anthemic, street-ish punk with '80s hardcore tendencies from Indiana. Songs about the scene and the pit on this six-song release, the last song is a blatant NOFX rip off. This is ok. The band means well and I'm sure they get the job done with the locals. This just isn't quite there yet to be considered special. Best for locals. (RL)
(Wrecked Hooligan)

CHILDREN OF GOD – "Victimized" flexi

This is a one-sided, flexi single of modern hardcore with touches of grindcore. I'm a little

surprised the label spent the time and energy to release something that's just one track on a thin piece of plastic. At least it's pretty, with its gold lettering and graphic in the middle of the white flexi. I like the track. It's chaotic, huge sounding and comes close to grind in parts. Just wish there was more to listen to... (MH)
(A389)

COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION – "Discography" LP

COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION was a Toronto-based band from 1998-2000 and featured members of various Canadian-based and US hardcore bands (CURSED, WARFARE STATE, BRUTAL KNIGHTS, the SWARM, ANTI-FLAG). This here LP, released by A389, is a collection of their work and I took to it like a dog to a bone. I admit I hadn't heard of them, but I love CURSED and BRUTAL KNIGHTS so I had little fear. It includes their 1999 *Death Rattle* demo, their *Brain Surgery for Beginners* 7" and their part of the *Starting Fires* split 7" with THEY LIVE, plus three tracks from various compilation appearances. COUNTDOWN TO OBLIVION had all the things a good hardcore band needed: raw sound, tight guitars, solid bass lines, pissed off vocals and lyrics, menacing drumming and in-your-face attitude. "We had done all we could for a band that we had created just for some extra fun on the side," the sleeve inside reads, but I think this is just as relevant today as it was then. Worth introducing it to your record collection, if you haven't already. (LA)
(A389)

CRIMINAL CODE – "Cold Thought" LP

CRIMINAL CODE has crafted a hardcore record that is equally interested in cultivating gloomy tension, as it is with absolutely obliterating listeners. It's not a dynamic record. The vocals are consistently shouted, the drums lurch and wallop in the middle of choruses and the guitar is severely blown out but discernable in the mix. The group has succeeded in conveying dark tones without compromising any of their fury. The drums are particularly effective, as the percussion is relentlessly busy and hardly repeats itself, but it doesn't appear to be the result of a showy attitude. Likewise, the guitar alternates between neurotic, dark leads and fierce riffs without detracting from other musical qualities. Interestingly, their morose tones don't seem contrived, as one might expect considering the rising popularity of goth-influenced punk bands. Their aesthetic is natural, unpretentious and all the more effective because of it. This is brooding depressive hardcore of the finest order. (SL)
(Inimical)

CROSS STITCHED EYES – "Decomposition" CD

Their first record was really good, but on this release CROSS STITCHED EYES have set the bar into the stratosphere for the legions of punks diving into the world of modern hardcore punk. As steeped in KILLING JOKE and BAUHAUS as the sharp angular attack of early anarcho punk, tracks like "Animation" jerk to and fro with an uncomfortably drunken swagger, while "Suffocation" and "Existence" are undeniable plodding death rock masterpieces. There are still a few songs that bring to mind the RUDIMENTARY PENI comparisons that accompanied their debut, but the highlights of *Decomposition* are in their ability to make old sounds seem new again—all of the sensibilities of a brilliant '80s death rock record crammed into a modern DIY box that even the most narrow-minded punks can get behind. A fukkn great record. (WN)
(Alternative Tentacles)

CROSTA – "Nus a la Gola" LP

With beautiful packaging, an illustrated inner sleeve and translations in English and Spanish, this poor album got all dressed up with nowhere to go. Based out of Barcelona, CROSTA have a the MOB-inspired, mid-tempo peace punk sound with male-female vocal tradeoffs sung entirely in Catalan, yet still manage to sound completely unremarkable. An unfortunate and all-too-common consequence of a band looking so far backward they end up losing sight of themselves. Zzz. (FF)
(self-released)

CUTMAN – "Universal Laws" CD

Is "post-hardcore" really just another word for "grunge"? Or are they used separately to talk about individuals in the bands? Like if you have long hair and grew up listening to BLACK SABBATH, but now you make music that sounds like HELMET, you play "grunge". But if you have short hair and grew up listening to GORILLA BISCUITS, but now play music that sounds like HELMET, you play "post-hardcore?" Or is there more to it than that? (FS)
(Underground Communiqué)

CYCLOPS – "Eye Can't Take It" EP

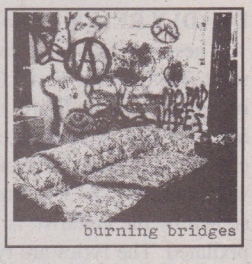
TINA BOOM BOOM of the TRASHWOMEN, BOBBYTEENS et al with her beau JONNY CAT of THE CHEMICALS deliver two quick garage punk anthems on side A of this record. Fast, frantic and catchy as heck. Side B, "Goblins Part I," is a somewhat indulgent novelty song about how the Cyclops don't like the Goblins or something to that effect. It's noisy and wild. This is a fun record. (CK)
(Bachelor)

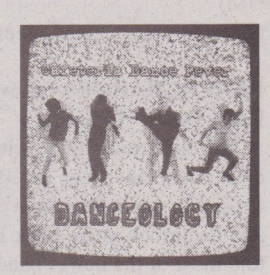
DAMAGING NOISE – "Instant Death Noise Attack" EP

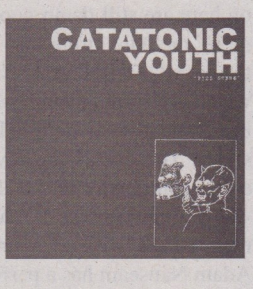
Obnoxious, grating and punk. This is a remastering of a very limited tape that was put to vinyl, of an "obscure band from Japan." Their name is a GAI reference. That bald guy from the WANKYS released this. If you don't know what it sounds like from this description thus far, you obviously do not spike your hair with pogo. If you heart noise, you'll heart this. Limited to 320—so you're probably S.O.L., punk. (AE)
(Noise Punk)

DAVOVÁ PSYCHÓZA – "Kriza Vedomia" CD

Well this is not the kind of music I want to be listening to at all. This band from Slovakia has been around since the '80s so the musicianship is solid and the songs are put together well, but this has too much pop rock in the guitars and the lyrical content is generic liberal punk politics that are vague and boring. It's kind of like UNION 13 with the melodic pop punk thing, where a guy with a rough voice sings kind of snottily in a non-English language and people think it's tough and cool because they buy groceries at Walmart and think NEUTRALBOY and HOT WATER MUSIC are punk bands. (BL)
(PHR)







DEADLY REIGN – "No End In Sight" LP

These veterans have delivered a powerful assault. This is their first LP, but they've all been in bands you've heard of before. They play heavy Scandi-style crust, moving along at a fair clip and dropping the fucking hammer. This LP will pummel you. Unfortunately, the cover, designed by the guitarist, is pretty weak, ugly and pixilated. The lyrics are typical. Musically they kill. You would be wise to investigate this band. (JM)
(Burnt Bridges / Neuromechanix, no info)

DEATHCHARGE – "Love Was Born To An Early Death" CD

If you're unfamiliar with this rotating pack of Portlandians, fear not; the band name was chosen eons before both motorcharged punk and deathrock came back in vogue. Frankly, I find most of the newer bands in both aforementioned genres to be a bit lacking. This, however, is an excellent record offered up by a group that's been genre hopping for over fifteen years. DEATHCHARGE started as a fairly generic D-beat band at a time when there weren't five thousand other generic D-beat bands around, but sort of reinvented themselves about seven years ago when their sound took on a darker aesthetic. Their releases over the course of their existence have been sporadic at best and from what I've read, some of the material on this album was written around eight years ago (prior to the *Hangman/New Dark Age* EP), but the songs on here are still damn good. I tend to prefer the more melodic drum-and-bass-driven numbers to the MOTORHEAD style riff fests (some of which are simultaneously ambient and ripping), but these guys are definitely able to pull off both styles. The vocals are reverbed and sung in a deep, gothic way that really gives the speedier songs a unique feel. It's hard to pull off deathrock vocals without sounding cartoonish, but Adam Nauseam has a perfect voice for this kind of stuff. It seems like deathrock is back to stay; vegan eyeliner manufacturers must be stoked. (KM)
(H.G.Fact)

DEPHOSPHORUS / WAKE – split EP

A perfect pairing for a split 7": Two newish grindcore bands, DEPHOSPHORUS from Greece and WAKE from Canada. Both bands fall in the middle of old-school grind and new techie grind and both bands are neither of those sounds. Huge sounding, burly grindcore that often changes pace; like on WAKE's "Veil of Odin" which has a slow, discordant breakdown which disintegrates into the end of the track. DEPHOSPHORUS start their side with the brutal attack of "Unit," which starts with a blistering fast grind pummeling, just to switch gears to a more discordant hardcore influenced grind. I absolutely love this track. DEPHOSPHORUS' *Axiom* LP was one of my favorite new discoveries last year and I like these new tracks even more. Want grind? Get this 7"! (MH)
(7 Degrees)

DIN SKEVF – "Man Måste Vara Galen För Att Kunna Va Normal" LP

These Swedes play early '80s style hardcore that is *way* too friendly sounding for me. I imagine their shows are probably fun and hella Euros are going off and singing along, but everything about this LP is on some straight Y2K style friendly thrash. Remember bands like ETA or DS-13? This is like that, but these dudes are even happier sounding. There are even melodic riffs on here! Fun hardcore sucks, but if you like early '80s hardcore throwback shit, this might be a cool record for you... (TM)
(Gaphals)

DISCO ASSAULT – "Discography 2005-2010" CD

Hadn't heard of this Windsor, Ontario hardcore band before, which is a shame. DISCO ASSAULT play no-frills classic sounding hardcore. I can hear the early '90s Boston hardcore influence, despite being from Canada. I kept trying to think of whom they reminded me of and just as I thought "This isn't that far from BLACK FLAG," on came their cover of "Rise Above." Good '80s-influenced hardcore, updated for the 2000s. (MH)
(Disco Assault)

DISCRECTIONS / RAD COMPANY – split EP

Oh man, DISCRECTIONS just kill their side of this record. These three dudes alternate between playing as fucking fast as they can and ripping the shit off of *Unfun*-era JAWBREAKER. It's very endearing, shameless and charmingly inept, all things (or rather, a special combination of facets) that can take pop punk that I would otherwise find mired in boring rehash land and place it in a sunny patch of undeniable fun. RAD COMPANY, however, lake a certain sparkle that made me giggle and enjoy the DISCRETIONS side. Maybe it's that their songs are much cleaner and don't feel like they might just fall apart at any moment. Whatever it is, their D4 line of pop punk just doesn't do it for me. (LP)
(Rad Girlfriend)

DNF – "Hurt" EP

I fucking love this. Totally crushing stuff that effortlessly goes from powerful grinding violence into crawling sludgy grooves as good as anyone else going. Mosh hard, lay waste and break your own nose to this madness. Couldn't give two shits that it's members of some of the biggest current bands in "hardcore," because this 7" is a fucking *monster* and firmly stands on its own. Can't wait for more. (JU)
(High Anxiety)

DOLF – "Culturama" CD

I know nothing about these chaps, but was blown away by this CD. Very reminiscent of NOFX in all of the best ways—great driving melodic punk, layered harmonies with suitably snotty lead vocals, excellent melodies, smart / intelligent / lefty / anti-fascist lyrics and lots of variety in the songs. Really fantastic stuff. More early RANDY than early PROPAGANDHI, but NO USE FOR A NAME would be proud of this one. Record of the year so far, for sure. (RK)
(self-released)

DOPESTROKE – "Efil4zknup" CD

Stenchy thrash with dual vocals (one growly and throaty, one shouty and tough). Beats are fast, riffs are on the generic side, and topics covered include taking lots of drugs, shooting cops, and vaguely sensationalizing sexual assault. The song "With My Gun" (the one about cop-killing) is probably the best of the bunch musically—it almost takes a turn into '90s emo territory. (AM)
(Eaglebauer Enterprises)

DOPESTROKE – "Punkz 4 Life" CD

A TURBONEGRO and DWARVES lovechild on a fuck ton of amphetamine. Oh Philadelphia... filled with winners. Maybe if you're a local oogle, you get it? (AE)
(Eaglebauer Enterprises)

DRUG PROBLEM – LP

This is a vinyl release of a CD-R of this New Zealand band that broke up in 2009, whose members have now graduated to the band METH DRINKER. DRUG PROBLEM to METH DRINKER...makes sense. Sludge, trudging muddy guitars, give way to blast beats to mid-tempo melodic, crusty, gloom-driving into slow dirgey moods. There are lots and lots and lots of samples in an attempt to take you through a depressing and atmospheric auditory terror landscape. Smoke weed, drink rage-a-hol, get freaked out and play loud. The vocals are raw and throaty with a blown out sound, like the dude has been screaming in a corner for days. Ugly... The lyrics are an updated Hieronymus Bosch in an urban landscape. This shit is depressing... I guess that is what they are going for. Interesting for sure, but not essential. A 7" of the best stuff on here would have been preferred. (MB)
(Diseased Audio)

DYKEMANN FAMILY – "Wasted Boy" EP

While the domestic "garage punk" bands seem to be recalling everything Flying Nun and grunge to get their rocks off these days, the Euro scene still seems to place a shit-ton of value on aping the sounds of legends like the CRAMPS and DEAD MOON. Obvious rip-offs like this are almost always annoying. Yet if I find new records like *this* preferable to the majority of others I'm hearing, I suppose it says something

about the current state of this genre. DYKEMANN FAMILY hasn't reinvented the wheel here. There is absolutely nothing remarkable going on here. But it doesn't suck *this* much. Welcome to 2012. (MC)
(Disco-Lite)

ECOCIDE – LP

First off, I have to say that the cover of this record is awful and incredibly heavy-handed. Amongst other things, there's a skeleton/man with antlers cradling a baby calf. I know the band is called ECOCIDE and I'm not entirely insensitive to environmental issues, but give me a break. Anyway, musically, I'm torn on this album. It's dark, melodic crust with a violin prominently featured. The violinist doubles as the lead vocalist and her crusty style is really cool and demands the attention of one's ears. The violin (played in almost a Celtic style) is also a welcome diversion from the mundane riffs and sporadic double bass drumming. If off-kilter, political crust is something that interests you, by all means check this out, but personally there's just too much about this record that I'm not into. (KM)
(Bad People / Burnt Bridges / Dead Profit)

EDDIE BROCK – "Brand New Day" EP

This is some fast, burly, violent, defeatist hardcore in the vein of HAYMAKER. Given the band name (comic-book villain) and the fact that A389 put out this record, I didn't think I'd be into it, but it's hard to ignore music this intense. Lyrically, EDDIE BROCK skewers the usual suspects: pro-lifers, fair-weather friends, religion and hype bands. Fairly generic targets, but it works because they sound legitimately pissed off. My favorite lyric: "Here's the fucking moshy part you stupid motherfuckers, I better see you dance 'cause this is what you wanted, right? Every song has been sung before so what's the fucking point?" A good record if you're looking to bring out your primal nature. (KM)
(A389)

T. TEX EDWARDS – "Intexicated!" CD

A collection of truly twisted songs spanning the post-NERVEBREAKERS musical output of THOM "TEX" EDWARDS. The tracks were recorded from 1982-1999 with various bands such as TEX AND THE SADDLE-TRAMPS, OUT ON PAROLE, the LOAFIN' HYENAS and the SWINGIN' CORNFLAKE KILLERS. Edwards hits his Texan country roots with the attitude of a punk. There is a sick sense of humor that is complimented by an appreciation for country music. The blending of the two worlds create songs that are wild, fun and weird from the tongue-in-cheek "Lee Harvey" to a swingin' version of "Thirteen Women." The CD ends with a demo done for Chili's that even I have to hope they actually used in a commercial. (CK)
(Saustex)

EFFLUXUS – "Life Destruktion" 12"

I have to admit at the outset that I can't exactly write an unbiased review of this band, as EFFLUXUS have not only brought raw punk back to San Francisco through their live performances, but they've been booking some of the best recent shows and have generally been a real shot in the arm to a scene that was tending towards arty / post-punk malaise. So regardless of how awesome they are as a band, I have to say I appreciate the hell out of what they've done for our city's scene. That being said, this is a fucking great record. For me there's the visceral pleasure of hearing the recordings of songs that I've been raging to at live shows for months, of course. But there's a lot here to love for fans of raw / noisy hardcore who've never seen the band as well. This is a very modern-sounding take on the genre, bringing together the reverb-soaked vocals of classic Finnish hardcore, the fuzz of early crasher crust and the stiff backbone of USHC. This isn't any kind of throwback or slavish replication of a style from another time, this is a template for where raw punk is in 2012: vicious, angry, fast and mean, indebted to some but allied to none. They bill it as "headache hardcore" but to me this is more (boredom) cure than symptom. Yet you can, and should, judge it for yourself. (AU)
(Rust and Machine / Radical Punks Never Die)

ENABLER / YAUTJA – split EP

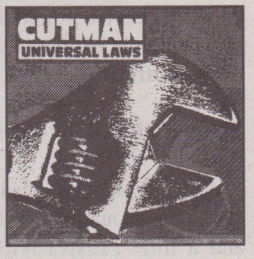
I was pretty stoked on the YAUTJA side of this record, that shit is not to be taken lightly. Their songs are gnarly, metal-tipped hardcore/stoner powerviolence with some fast parts that sound almost like death grind. It's some furious and oppressive shit. The production is blasted out and the whole thing is noisy and abrasive in the way that angry weirdos who listen to this type of music really like. The ENABLER side is actually decent (fast hardcore mixed with metallic crust) but I hate it. Maybe you can separate music from the people who make it but this really pisses me off. This is a DIY infiltration band. The dude who plays drums in this band is that Andy Hurley chump from FALL-OUT BOY who calls himself an anarchist but was happy to showcase his rockstar mansion on MTV's Cribs. The last thing that the DIY punk/hardcore/grind/etc. scene needs is rich rockstar fuckwads playing basement shows because they want to be cool and underground now that the shitty mainstream pop punk scene they exploited is on the downswing. Not cool dude. You fucked up, you're out. Go play the Scion fest. (BL)
(Burnt Bridges)

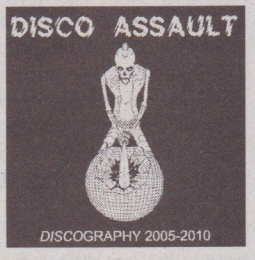
EVENING MEETINGS – "Forgotten In Seconds/Hello Mr. Evening"

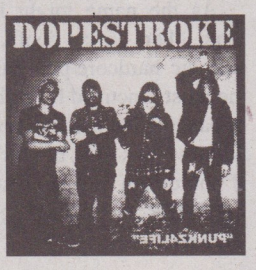
Mood music for nerds! Hooray / hoorah / who cares? Well, EVENING MEETINGS are a gaggle of gents who have done time in what I'm sure are a few of your favorite Pacific Northwest bands, at least of recent vintage. Of course I'm speaking of the FACTUMS and A-FRAMES axis of holiness, pretty much the only practitioners of gunk like this that I trust to do it correctly. And they have, so we win (again). Two plodding, hissed-out tunes of the home-made variety, both of which are semi-hypnotic and will provoke repeated spins. I can deal with this. (MC)
(Dirty Knobby)

THE EX-BOYFRIENDS / RAD COMPANY – split LP

Some record formats have never made much sense to me. The split LP is one of those that, at least in my mind, are head-scratchers. I don't get it. Throw in the fact that it plays at 45 rpm and it's practically a deal-breaker. RAD COMPANY sounds like bubblegum hardcore, kind of like BLINK 182 sounds like bubblegum hardcore. The EX-BOYFRIENDS are a little better, throwing in a little dose







of JAWBREAKER and the DEAD MILKMEN to go with the BLINK 182. (KK)
(Rad Girlfriend)

FLYING LADIES – "Nuevo Arte De Vivir" CD

Spanish punk (vocals in Spanish) that is very '90s punk sounding. A little TURBONEGRO and a little PENNYWISE, lots of sing-along hooks and lots of basic but rocking guitar riffing. I'm not the best at foreign language stuff but I'm sure these guys tear it up at the local pub. (RL)
(Against You)

FORWARD – "What's the Meaning of Love?: The Singles Collection" CD

While some of FORWARD's full-lengths are a bit on the lackluster side, all of their singles to date have been absolute killers, so this is a very welcome addition to their catalog. I'd never heard the title track but it's an absolute killer and an excellent introduction to the band: relentlessly driving, inimitably Japanese hardcore that features one of the most iconic vocalists in hardcore history and one of the most talented guitarists going. Obviously the easiest reference here is DEATH SIDE and the "Burning Spirits" scene, but FORWARD has an identity separate to its pedigree, bringing more variations in tempo and a greater openness to melody than other late '80s – early '90s bands. That being said, there's no lack of aggression here and songs like "Go For Broke," "No Mercy" and "What's the Meaning of Love?" will go down in hardcore history as some of the best of all time. Thirteen tracks in total, including all the singles, three compilation appearances and a blazing live GHOUL cover. Hearing these songs again has me drooling for their upcoming US tour and if you've never heard the band this is absolutely the best place to start. (AU)
(H.G. Fact)

FRENZY OF TONGS – "The Piper At The Gates Of Dumb" CD

As the name might indicate, these Ocean State jokers have a goofy, humorous take on the melodic hardcore/pop punk thing. They're not the most practiced band, but they do a good job of banging out catchy, short songs. Their friends will love this disc, but for the rest of us it's fine. If you dream of a more straightforward YOUR MOTHER, well here ya go. (JM)
(self-released)

GANG BUSTER / SENZA TREGUA – split CD

Well, just goes to show punks and skins (the latter in this case) can, erm, really unite (and win) across international borders. GANG BUSTER is five shaven-headed chaps from Malaysia. SENZA TREGUA is a close-cropped quartet from Italy. Five tracks a piece, all originals, save GANG BUSTER doing a passable version of AGNOSTIC FRONT's "Crucified," on a label from Singapore. The Italians seem explicitly left-wing politically / anti-fascist, though the English translation is almost incomprehensible. The Malaysians like fighting, don't like old rich people and will never give in. Musically, they are both at the speedier / hardcore end of the skinhead lexicon, complete with the gravelly vocals (though not the mid-paced slog) studiously copied from the LAST RESORT / 4-SKINS. I've suffered through considerably worse, for sure. (RK)
(Prohibited Projects)

GARDEN GANG – "License To Live/In The Park"

I'm not ready for a 1999 revival, especially when it's a bad version of those 1999 bands that made the stripped shirts, bright-rimmed glasses and brothel creepers so popular again. No thanks. (SD)
(Balcony Jive)

GENERIC DEATH / SETE STAR SEPT – split LP

Twenty-two songs of noise/grind mayhem from Japan's SETE STAR SEPT. This shit makes GODSTOMPER sound like they belong on Matador, just chaos and gnarly insanity. GENERIC DEATH dish out their madness with extra doses of weird, bass / drums / sax / vocals / noise combined to create a NAKED CITY meets basement grindcore vibe. If you like to hurt people's ears, then this record is your shit. (WN)
(Rage For All)

GLOBSTERS – "Rock and Roll Misery" EP

Where the hell is Hazard, KY?! This recording sounds exactly like what it is: the inside of one punk kid's brain in the middle of Nowheresville, totally making it up as he goes along. With flip-the-fuck-out vocals laid over sampled hardcore tracks, GLOBSTERS is cacophonous, fucked-up and foul. Like a punk rock DANIEL JOHNSTON! (FF)
(Karmic Swamp / SPHC)

GIT SOME – "Exhaustion = Feracity" EP

I don't know man... The first song is decent enough I guess—kind of a mid-tempo hardcore song in the vein of some '90s dark Bay Area stuff like DEAD AND GONE, but I almost didn't put that, because I like DEAD AND GONE... It's got an overall gritty, heavy produced recording. The woman's vocals are dynamic, but they still bug me. This Denver-based band is just not my thing. (MA)
(Alternative Tentacles)

GOD EQUALS GENOCIDE – "Rattled Minds" LP

This band has been around for a few years now and has a ton of EPs, splits and compilation appearances. This record is essentially an LP *and* an EP both on the same piece of vinyl; more about that in a bit. This being their first full length does not disappoint. If you've heard these folks' music before, hopefully you get what I'm talking about when I say they sound sort of like Wimpy-era QUEERS. If you haven't heard them, don't let that reference fool you. They play super basic, fast punk with guy/girl vocals, sometimes sung, sometimes shouted, always interesting. So about that "EP within an LP" thing... each side has a locked groove at the end, that has one more track if you move the needle in a bit. On the cover of the record they call it the DUMBAG DARYL AND THE GEG BAGS EP. One can only assume this is the same band (member Daryl and the God Equals Genocide bags?) doing something a bit different. These two songs have more of a rock'n'roll vibe with keyboards and what seems like joke lyrics. It's not bad, but it's no GOD EQUALS GENOCIDE. (BD)
(Razorcake / Dirt Cult)

GONZALES – "Blues on the Verge of Apocalypse" CD

This is some heavily guitar-driven '70s style rock. There is a lot of wah pedal. Scratch that. There is way too much wah pedal; way too fucking much. Out of all the guitar effects available, I'd have to say that the wah pedal has to be the most annoying and cheesy-sounding thing you can do to your sound. That aside, I think these guys put too much emphasis on the guitars in general. Very few bands can pull off guitar rock (see SCREAMING FEMALES) without making it sound cheesy and this band certainly does not succeed at this task. The highlight of this disc is easily the cover of THIN LIZZY's "Don't Believe a Word." It actually sounds exactly like the original, aside from the vocals. No one will ever be able to touch PHIL LYNOTT when it comes to his voice. (BD)
(Kornalcielo)

GRANDMA'S BOYFRIEND – "Not Your Boyfriend" EP

Based on the name of the band and the cover art, I thought I was going to hate this. I was absolutely wrong. This is the kind of pop punk that gives pop punk a good name. It's jangly and catchy and melodic without being wimpy. Way to go. It's also got that '60s doo-wop thing going on at times. I don't know why I fall for that, but I do. (KK)
(Loglady)

GREAT APES – "Sam's Song" EP

Three songs of well produced emo-pop punk. Like a hybrid of LATTERMAN guitar styling and JAWBREAKER vocals. Everything feels really intentional; these guys have probably been musicians for a long time and are priming themselves for a "serious" band. (If I could be bothered to do an internet search, I could prob-

ably produce of list of past bands these guys were in) Yet, this stuff isn't terrible. It's all kind of by-the-numbers and two out of the three songs are exactly what you'd expect, but never annoying (which already puts them in high regard among JAWBREAKER-style bands). The one song that breaks the norm is a song they sing about people who are trans. It feels like the individuals in the band are total outsiders from that kind of experience or the bigotry they rail against in their lyrics (or at least that's what the emotional shallowness of the song indicates). But it's really cool that they were trying to say something important and do something different from the mold most of these bands religiously stick to. A little bit of originality goes a long way these days. If you like emo-pop punk, check these guys out. (FS)
(Say 10)

HAILGUN – "Accident" EP

Fast, screamy hardcore from Australia. This shit is not very good? There are friendly riffs all over this record. I imagine these dudes are still pumped on early 2000s thrash. There's no emphasis on anything other than being fast and "in your face," there are no riffs or grooves or vibes on this thing at all. Maybe I should mail them a tape of the first E TOWN album so they can get smart? All this needs is some melodic octave chord riffs and amazing-core breakdowns for this to embody almost everything I dislike about hardcore. Just sayin'. (TM)
(self-released)

HARABALL – "The Rope" EP

Rather simple mid-paced hardcore here, from Oslo, Norway, that is probably closer to a "youth crew" sound than I keep expecting. Plenty of "hard" but not mosh-y riffs, barked vocals, and clear, enunciated gang choruses for everyone. But that doesn't mean that it doesn't open up for a charge forth for a sprint or two. (JU)
(Fysik Format)

THE HEAT TAPE – "Love and Sweat" EP

Simple, bouncy pop songs, but recorded "badly" so people might call them "garage-y." I know this is gonna turn a whole lot of you off but this kind of sounds like JAY REATARD by way of BEST COAST. These are some airhead pop songs, which I guess is the pop punk parallel to some ignorant-ass grind. Stupid as this sounds, it actually does have a good beat and I can dance to, the recording sounds good, and even though I have fucking heard this shit before and the lyrics aren't even remotely profound, I like it. Mildly twee jangly airhead pop punk with a "crappy" recording, alright? (LP)
(Underground Communique)

HIBERNATION / SLAVEBREED – split EP"

Two Greek bands that are new to me. HIBERNATION do a straight forward, crusty hardcore on their two tracks. Multiple vocalists including the drummer, Gianna, who really seems to pull these tracks together. Her playing is crisp and the drums are clear and upfront in the mix and her vocals compliment the singer well in the call-and-response singing. HIBERNATION has been around for a while, as part of the Greek punk / hardcore scene and in other bands since the '80s. Hard for me to piece together the history from the internet, but Alex was also in CHAOTIC END and FORGOTTEN PROPHECY. SLAVEBREED made me smile with their wonderful mix of grindcore and hardcore, with guitars that aren't afraid of a bit of melody. Damn, this shit is good. Finding it hard to compare them to anybody, maybe old ROTTEN SOUND. (MH)
(Noise Attack / World's Appreciated Kitsch)

HOT NASTIES – "Invasion of the Tribbles" EP

Reissue of a Calgary punk single from 1980 and it's great! It's got that British sound a lot of Canadian groups had for some reason and it's a pretty perfect meld of pre-UK82 but post-'77 Britpunk sound, mixed with tasty (and tasteful) pop licks that sort of symbolize everything I like about punk. Dumb teenagers from nowhere writing pop hits that maybe four hundred people will ever hear (especially with the original 7" running at around $300). B-side has a bit of a FLYING NUN sound, almost. If you're a modern punk, by which I mean if you're a genius who likes all kinds of good music—and you don't (or maybe only slightly) ghettoize yourself in some bizarre, childish fetishistic sub sect of a youth movement that was at one point led by someone named Johnny Rotten and died when people were still wearing bellbottoms—you'll recognize a pretty wide range of sounds going on here. Which mean's it's a great goddam record and hell, who knows, even skinheads might like it. Ugly Pop is doing a small series of Canadian punk reissues—off to a great start with this one. (BB)
(Ugly Pop)

HUMAN POWER – "Human Power?" EP

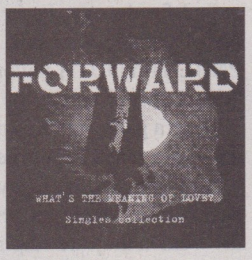
Menacing, creepy and noisy metal punk. It's like an updated G.I.S.M. with a D-beat backbone and Burning Spirits guitar. HUMAN POWER has the same seething hatred as a G.I.S.M. track, like "Shoot to Kill" where it's fodder for your inner fury. This is extremely well done in a perfectly gruesome, noisy punk wet dreamy kind of way. (AE)
(Blindead Productions)

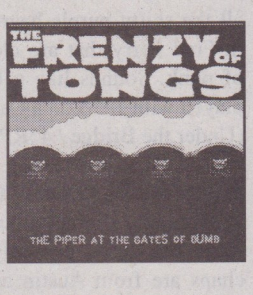
HUMAN TOILET – LP

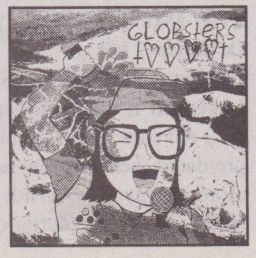
This is like brand new punk rock. So new I think, it was recorded in 2012 new. I would argue that the cover is terrible, but at least you can tell it is new music. They have a pretty ballsy tough punk rock'n'roll sound, faster than I'm used to in this style, with a real commanding lead singer. It looks like they're from Brooklyn, but the singer has a Southern drawl, the music a bit of twang. The recording is super clean, produced; you can tell they're a real tight outfit. No real standout tracks for me, but I bet they're a fun live band, they obviously know what they're doing. (GB)
(Black Thirteen)

HUMAN TOUCH – "Youth Prison" EP

What if NUCLEAR FAMILY discovered that WHAT HAPPENS NEXT was their favorite band? What if they were like "Yeah, that LP we wrote in 2010 was totally one of the best records of the year, but those songs were way too long and didn't have any cool thrash breakdowns." That's *this record*! I'm in love with these songs. I fucking swear to gawd I'm not being sarcastic, this is soooooooo awesome! It's spastic, sloppy, unrelenting and destructive. Killer! (FS)
(Feral Kid)







THE HUSSY – "Stab Me in the Back" EP

Garage rock that sounds kind of like *Love Visions* era NOBUNNY with a dash of early DEAD MOON lightly dusted over the top and, fuck I don't know, some minor flirtations of a lusher more "Rococo" pop (sidebar: I know this means nothing, but I didn't want to confuse anyone by saying "baroque pop," which would essentially be a misrepresentation of my opinion [because that's already a thing]. Just work with me here), sensibilities (re: the synth and glockenspiel on A1). This is pretty dead ahead for this style, and I must say that that's not at all interesting for me but I can tell this is a lot of people's bread and butter so as long as you can over look the boneheadedness go nuts I guess? (LP)
(Eradicator)

IMAGES – "Thought Patterns" EP

Perfect simulation of a band that would have been on a *Power Pearls* comp had they existed thirty years ago. Power pop with its parka hood pulled firmly over its head, mod revival that's actually punk, with a BUZZCOCKS meet IMPATIENT YOUTH flavor. Power pop is something I would neatly file into "things I am not into" as a genre, but this band does a really good job and can actually write songs, and they don't seem to be creepy/whiny like most power pop songwriters, where you end up feeling sorry for the women they are singing about. IMAGES are from San Pedro, California and there's a definite DILS edge to their music that raises this above all the shitty purple-heart, moped-riding losers in Fred Perry that are clogging up the arteries of punk. Sounds like a band that would have played with JAM on a California tour. (LG)
(Under the Bridge / 45RPM)

IMPALERS – "Demo" EP

Normally I'm not a fan of pressing demos to vinyl, but this is certainly an exception. These chaps are from Austin and play some ripping metal-tinged D-beat. The vocals have a cool, tunnel-y echo effect and the riffs are bona fide (although a couple of the solos are a bit over-indulgent). You need solid guitar work in bands like this; otherwise the songs can be super-generic and instantly forgettable. Luckily, these guys can really shred. I'm stoked to see this band at Chaos in Tejas and am expecting that their live show will meet, if not exceed, the ardent nature of this record. Highly recommended for everyone, not just genre fans. (KM)
(Beach Impediment / No Way)

THE IMPOSTERS – "Fireplug/Rid Myself Of Senses" EP

I got the IMPOSTERS' last 7" to review and I checked it out and then listened to some of their old stuff online. Some of their old stuff that pre-dated their last few records seemed to have more energy. The A-side of this record seems mellowed by the inertia of their last couple records and is one of the slowest songs I've heard from them. "Fireplug" is a mellow surf song that leaves little to be desired. If it was going to be this mellow, I'd like it to be a little catchier or more interesting. The B-side, "Rid Myself Of Senses," is really good; it's more rocking and has some interesting instrumental parts that allow the crucial vibez to sink in. I'm into the B-Side. It's what you want Hermosa Beach punk to sound like, because it's rocking surf punk that's not wholly derivative of Hermosa Beach punk that came before it. When these fellas keep it fast, the music sounds really good and full of energy; when it delves into punk-surf ballads, my interest wanes. (P$)
(Space Plates, no info)

THE INFERNAL NAMES II – "Lust Feels No Pain" EP

Mid-paced scum punk, presumably influenced by recurrent alcohol abuse and recreational drug use. This band is from Toledo, OH, which if you haven't been, is a complete and utter shithole. It seems like bands from such places have more varied influences, so I can understand how these guys developed a sound that melds '80s hardcore with more poppy / surfy type stuff and occasionally features a stoner rock riff. The INFERNAL NAMES II strike me as the kind of act that never fits on a bill, yet always winds up being the most talked about band after a show. They have a weird but undeniable appeal that speaks to my ignorant, self-indulgent side. (KM)
(Scumbros)

JOINT D≠ – "Strike Gently" LP

Before the review, a back-story is in order: the band reviewed here used to be called JOINT DAMAGE. However, just when the record I'm holding was being printed/pressed, a letter arrived from the attorneys of a Rhode Island band of the same name, ordering them to stop using the name under threat of legal action. Despite the shitty timing, the record is now out, bearing the old name in some places, where it was too late to change (like the center record label), and the new name in others, plus a great photocopy of the aforementioned letter in all of its snooty lawyer-lingo glory. Now back to the review: like many of the excellent acts in the fertile state of North Carolina (DOUBLE NEGATIVE, STRIPMINES, etc.), JOINT D≠ are making unique and forward-thinking punk that blends disparate sounds and defies expectations. Self-described as somewhere between the WIPERS and GAUZE, JOINT D≠ deals in fast songs, overlaid with a barrage of frenzied yet treble-y guitar that is equal parts hardcore and dissonant meandering. While I certainly wouldn't describe it as "gentle," the record title seems like a fitting description in its combination of clean guitar and aggressive song writing. If you're the least bit curious about new or unexpected directions in punk (something there really isn't much of in this day and age), I strongly advise you not to sleep on this. (JH)
(Sorry State)

KNIFVEN – "Vaccinet/Galtbrottet"

Dynamic, melodic post-hardcore from Stockholm with chiming, indie-rock guitar tones. The first song is musically reminiscent of SLEATER-KINNEY or TEAM DRESCH, but with male vocals sung in Swedish. The flipside is faster and retains the pop/indie sensibilities while sounding a touch more urgent. On the whole a pretty decent 45. (AM)
(Gaphals)

KYLMÄ SOTA / YDINTUHO – split EP

Fucking crap, I love KYLMÄ SOTA. If you like classic '80s Finnish HC with some straight up Japanese buzzing DISCLOSE-style guitars, this is your shit. This is fast and relentlessly driving with frightening vocals, this sound is familiar but still completely all consuming. The second track on this side will make you rip your face off. This split is worth picking up for their three tracks alone. The YDINTUHO side on this had a tough act to follow but this is good shit! This is fast as shit with similar sounds to their split mates, but with a sound more true to traditional '80s Finnish HC, closer to old school RIISTETYT. The vocals have chaotic moments, the guitars are hook-laden and only veer into some squeals here and there and the drums are pummeling. This is a solid split, get it! (MB)
(Psychedelica)

LA LIGNE MAGINOT – LP

This is sort of a staggering debut record. The music is melodic crusty sludge in XXXL format. Four of the songs on this double LP are longer than ten minutes and the shortest is five and a half minutes long. The spectrum of influences is pretty wide here but they keep things on the melodic and pretty side most of the time, even when it's ugly. The guitar noodling gets a little excessive sometimes, but they usually come back to a fairly crushing part pretty quickly, or get trippy with a little psychedelic influence. The heavy parts are what I like the most but these songs are obviously meant to be taken as a whole and not meant for lazy listeners. They feel like mini epics with all the builds and changes and the samples and weird atmospheric doom parts add even more character. I also dig that the band put this monster out themselves as a political statement against labels, on 180-gram vinyl and with killer packaging. Sounds like the work of those pesky anarchists to me. (BL)
(self-released)

LARS ADAKTUSSON – "Säger Ifrån" EP

This band dishes out some great primitive-sounding hardcore. The guitar tone and recording is raw in an URBAN WASTE sort of way, the vocalist sounds like a lonely, pissed off

teenager regardless of his actual age and the malcontent riffs give this record a melodic edge. This record's thirteen songs are all winners and are about evenly split between fast and mid-paced, with the former finding the drummer struggling to keep pace and yet something about this record vaguely brings JERRY'S KIDS to mind, particularly their tracks on *Boston Not LA*. Regardless, this is worth picking up. (DG)
(Den Magiska Cirkeln)

LEFT COLD – "Symptoms of Our Time" EP

Four tracks of slick-but-not-flashy metalcore from this Finnish quintet. Plenty of palm-muted chugging, conservative use of discordant leads, vocals between a grunt and a growl, but LEFT COLD are not afraid of occasional speed. I guess one could say these tunes have somewhat of an "epic" feel, but they're not drawn out or long-winded. Mostly just hammering away at floor stomping, crash-cymbal-heavy grooves. (JU)
(Face Your Gods / Johnny Park Avenue)

LIFE ENDS / SLUMP – split LP

SLUMP is a German sludge grindcore band. Take a sludge band like BATILLUS and mix them with the LOCUST and some ATAKKE and you get this band. All in all, they are a well done, blackened, crusty sludge grindcore band. SLUMP makes the combination of these genres work together without being too erratic. LIFE ENDS is pure thrash hardcore powerviolence. Very menacing and I'm sure the pits at their shows were insane. The breakdowns and the vocals are mean as shit. R.I.P. LIFE ENDS singer, Daniel. If you're into these genres, this is a decent release on both bands' parts. I have a soft spot in my heart for powerviolence and I really think LIFE ENDS were top notch for this genre. They just seethed with hatred. And both bands sing in German, which just adds to the overall impact of this release. It's 33RPM, so you get your fill. (AE)
(Kink / Useless / Vulgar / Fucking Kill)

LOOKS LIKE MIAOU – LP

This sounds like *Gems of Masochism* on the wrong speed, with LIZZIE MERCIER DESCLOUX singing on top. Like BURNING YELLOWS playing at the same time as an ALAN VEGA solo record. The drum machine from a casio keyboard with my first garage band riffs played by a mutant who has ingested too much cough syrup and to whom rhythm is an arcane concept. They are Australian as far as I can tell and are probably beautiful fashion bloggers who didn't experience awkward phases, but I wish they were true mutants with bad haircuts and bad etiquette. (LG)
(Bon Voyage)

THE LOVE BELOW – "Demo" flexi

This is a flexi repress of this band's demo. That's a pretty rad idea for the collector nerds out there and it sounds better than the download that I originally judged this band on. Maybe a remix happened but I'm not about to write a dissertation on this. I still don't like the singer's voice and the best part of the record is the intro. I'm usually a fan of slow and heavy hardcore bands that really like INTEGRITY, but not the way that this band does it. (BL)
(A389)

THE LOVE BELOW – "Every Tongue Shall Caress" LP

What the fuck, I thought we didn't review screamo! This shit sounds like P.99 or BOOKS LIE. This band is whiny and obnoxious. The lyrics are cheesy with generic drug references. I wish I could be more analytical with my disgust, but I just want to shut out late '90s and the early '00s (except street punk) from my memory forever. The internet says they sound like COLISEUM. I wouldn't know what COLISEUM sound like because all the douchebags wearing their shirts filled me with too much contempt prior to investigation to ever listen to them, but, if you like COLISEUM you may like this band. (AE)
(A389)

MAELSTRÖM – "Hell-O-Hill" LP

Here's some nihilistic streetpunk rock'n'roll from Russia. The recipe is formulaic as can be, but the singer sounds menacing enough that I believe him when he sings "I'll blow your fucking brains out!" Yikes. The lyrics, strangely, are all in English (he likes "driving fast to Las Vegas") and quite articulate. What this record lacks in overwhelming crappiness, it more than makes up for in cheap entertainment. (JH)
(OSK)

MALE BONDAGE – "Entrance Music (Born Horny)" EP

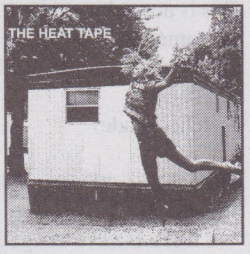
Don't judge this band by the name. This record has nothing to do with bondage. Even the song titled "Bondage Men" has nothing to do with bondage. Weird. Don't judge it by the first track either. It's an uninteresting, sludgy, stoner rock instrumental. The other four songs are up-beat rock tunes that lean toward hardcore. Not all that clever but at least well-written songs with cool but not overly complicated guitar work and screaming vocals that sound a little tamed by the recording. (PA)
(Sleepwalk)

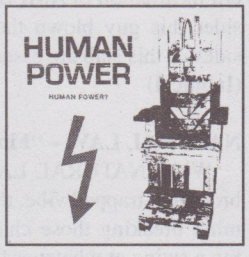
MALEMUTE KID – "Out There" EP

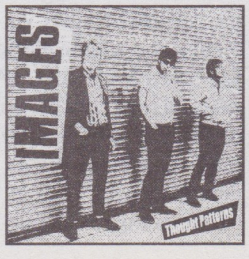
If someone had me listen to this record without knowing where the band is from, I would be convinced it was the people behind LIFETIME, KID DYNAMITE and NONE MORE BLACK. Seriously, these guys sound like they found some lost recordings of any of those bands and recorded the songs themselves. A lot of bands that sound so close to their main influences honestly fall short, mostly because in their attempt to sound like those influences they lose any of their own personality. Yet while MALEMUTE KID sound like they could have been in any of those bands, they manage to bring enough personality to make it fresh enough, to take seriously as their own band. This one is totally worth tracking down, but it's limited to 100, so act fast! (BD)
(Raining)

MARTYR PRIVATES – "Bless / Native Son"

Locked-in punk, moving easily between the psych and post subgenre tags that will either have you rolling your eyes or heading for your wallet. Closest reference point I'm picking up on is NOTHING PEOPLE, in that MARTYR PRIVATES are equally grounded in actual rock'n'roll while they get dark and dire. Both tunes here are great and I definitely would like to hear more. (MC)
(Bon Voyage)







THE MAU MAUS – "Scorched Earth Policies: The and Now" CD

This CD collects some unreleased MAU MAUS tracks recorded with Robbie Kreiger in 1983 with some current recordings from a session with Geza X and is the band's only full length. I have never really listened to this band, though I love a lot of their contemporaries (WEIRDOS, GERMS etc). This is like listening to a combination of the NEW YORK DOLLS and the SEX PISTOLS with a hint of the aggression of early Southern Cali hardcore. It's not terrible, but I guess I am not that into rocknrolla punk with "C'mon Everybody" guitar flourishes on everything. I understand that punk was a rebirth of rock'n'roll in a lot of ways, but I guess I am biased towards the punks that aimed at destroying rock'n'roll rather than creating their own version of it. The early tracks are not that much different from the recently recorded material, meaning this band did not lose their energy and power between the two recording sessions. This is not a shitty rehash of a lost youth, but it's not something I am into either, but I have a feeling there are people reading this that would dig it... (LG)
(Ratchet Blade)

MISERY – "From Where The Sun Never Shines" 2xLP

I feel a bizarre obligation to be exceptionally wordy with this review (and those who know me will cringe at the very thought), but this record is really quite easy to sum up: *this record fukkn rules!!!* After well over two decades in the game it should come as no surprise that MISERY have just cranked out an epic masterpiece, a metallic crust assault that surges constantly forward. I first saw MISERY in 1994 in Mankato, Minnesota, and my mind was blown. They aren't the first record I pull out when I'm looking to blast some jams, but their records have always been solid at least and killer at best. But *this* record? This is some otherworldly shit. It's like the modern incarnation of AMEBIX kind of good. Consider this guy blown the fuck away—all four sides of this slab are essential. (WN)
(Inimical)

NATURAL LAW – "Find the Flock" LP

While NATURAL LAW's 7" has more of a brooding, trapped vibe, the music here brings to mind breaking those chains that bind and taking a swing at whatever forces kept them down. The sound here is a bit less dark and heavy but with more of an aggressive attack, building on the updated-FAITH-via-modern-day-Brooklyn feeling and adding elements of the *Out of Step* LP. Given NATURAL LAW's knack for writing riffs and songs that are both original and channel the right kind of melody, this LP comes off as fresh sounding and with songs that are exactly the right length. Most of the lyrics seem to take on the not-quite-surface-level illusions that individuals concoct to manufacture meaning for their empty lives, and said lyrics are especially well-written. In every way, this record absolutely rules. (DG)
(Deranged / Katorga Works)

NEGATIVE STANDARDS – "I-V" 10"

I actually saw this band play the second day I arrived in San Francisco and I can say they gave off a lot of power! As far as hardcore album artwork goes, I find bands can usually go one of two ways. Either very image heavy, with skulls, bombs, war pits, dead animals, corpses etc; or the complete opposite: a black and white picture of a wall and a small bio, as is the case in hand. Now, just because I'm just not a minimal person by nature, doesn't mean I oppose such bleak artistic statements. In fact, it leaves a clean pallet for the music. Which is heavy fastcore with metallic toppings, German hardcore trimmings, racing angry vocals and crusty rhythms. The second side (or at least the one without Latin numerals on it) begins at a slower, more tormented pace but quickly picks up and by the end NEGATIVE STANDARDS had indeed made an impression on me. Both epic and racing, anguished and aggressive, this Bay Area band, featuring members of ACTS OF SEDITION didn't you know, is worth your time and attention. (LA)
(Cop Grave / Gay Scientist / Halo of Flies)

NEGATIVE STANDARDS – "VI - XI" LP

Somehow I still have not seen this band live which, after hearing this LP, I'm led to believe is the best way to experience them (they use TVs live to add a visual element). This is really heavy, down-tuned, crust played and produced with precision. While I don't care for this style so much, I *do* appreciate any offering that creates and upholds a certain feel the way this LP does. NEGATIVE STANDARDS give us a look at things through a bleak scope with tense lyrics, disharmonic melodies and cold imagery. I've known a couple of these guys for several years and it's worth mentioning that they are truly great, active, stand up punkers. This is an excellent effort all around. Fans of stuff from TRAGEDY to REMAINS OF THE DAY to COUNTERBLAST—do not miss out on this. (MA)
(Vendetta)

NO – 12"

Pretty great debut here from these Londoners, chock full of aggro, raw, rotten hardcore. There's something strange and aggravating and uncomfortable about these songs, but the riffs and drumming have a great a-typical pounding rhythm going on at all times that *might* make someone think of YDI or MECHT MENSCH or some other out-of-the-ordinary hardcore band that is tough without the macho and hard without the heavy. A very cool, intense record. (JU)
(Static Shock)

NOITUUS – "Kiirus" EP

Tuneless, ferocious female fronted Finnish hardcore. NOITUUS attack their sound from the chaotic punk side of the fence, cranking ten raw numbers that owe equally to MOB 47 and primitive grind. Not a hook in sight, these kids have come to blast you into oblivion. (WN)
(Illegal, no address / Punk In Lapland, no info / Distroy Everything)

NOMAD – "Yoparai" EP

Fuck, I hate this recording. I like NOMAD, there's nothing wrong with these songs and I really liked the first EP, but this just sounds flat and listless. I would chalk it up to the equipment at *MRR*, but I've listened to it at home and felt the same way. There's not enough *noize* to make it a proper noise-core record; yet there's too much to assume that's not what they were going for, the guitar is flat as fuck and the drums are barely there. I don't know if it's overproduced or mastered weirdly, but it really doesn't reflect the kind of visceral impact I know NOMAD is capable of. Solid Japanese-influenced hardcore that would sound a million times better on cassette than it does on this (very nicely packaged) seven inch. (AU)
(Toxic State / Katorga Works)

NO MORE ART – "Evil Eyes/Peripeteia"

Over the last decade, Denmark, Sweden and Portland, Oregon have carved out reputations as the epicenters of moody, melodic punk that draws in varying degrees from the WIPERS, early X (LA), and the ADOLESCENTS. NO MORE ART, from Hamburg, Germany, are new to the party but they fit in comfortably with other female-fronted newcomers like the TERRIBLE FEELINGS. Unlike the TERRIBLE FEELINGS, who play dark pop songs with a strong surf and garage influence, NO MORE ART play a more straightforward brand of punk with BUZZCOCKS-worthy guitar leads and slightly more aggressive drumming. It's not the most compelling of the lot, but if you're digging these sounds as of late and still looking for more, it's definitely a good direction to head in. (JH)
(Erste Theke Tontraeger)

NTNZ – "Antisocial" EP

Garagy pop punk from Spain with good dirty sounding production. It's in Spanish, so I don't know what the fuck they're saying. My favorite song is "Fashion Victim" which like the best songs has a faster dirtier sound. They compare to the RIP OFFS or some old Berkeley Lookout Records sounding shit with some better hardcore moments. Some songs are too poppy for me, with that pop punk bass sound that I hate, but most of it is pretty damn good. I love the drunken retard cover art too. (RO)
(Regresivos Discos)

NU-KLE-ER BLAST SUNTAN – "The Wheel of Fate is Turning" EP

Well, punks, here you have it! A kick-fuck-

ing-ass EP! I have been laying in wait for something new by these Georgia punks, as I have been into this band since I first heard their *Blot out the Worthless Sun* LP and saw them live. These songs are fast and brutal with some truly sick growled mean vokills—the lyrics are not cheery… weird, huh? I guess if I had to break this down to its simplest description, this is dark, fast, crusty, punk with nods to psych rock, black metal and some truly fucked up version of bleak southern sounds. Their style combines often badly-done genres touched on in punk, yet NBS rolls them into some truly creative and exciting tracks. The guitar work is fucked up and weird, like this guy learned how to play guitar listening to HAWKWIND on the wrong speed (yeah, everyone has said that about this band, but listen to this for reals!), with a warped record on a turntable belt that was a about to give out. There is order to the song composition here, but not one that punks are used to and all the formulaic shit that keeps these tracks together is obliterated by the unpretentious creativity of this band. These songs will take you to sonic places you didn't know you even liked. Fuck yeah. Love this. (MB)
(SPHC)

ORGANS – "All Alone/Breathing With the Dead"

Dark bluesy garage from the Big Windy Apple itself, New York. Stripped to the bare bones and carried deep into the swamps of Brooklyn with a primal thud and a nifty mouth organ. Side B steps up the pace with a more distorted vibed tribal beat, whilst still blasting out a solid go-get-'em tune *and* keeping the dance floor packed. Early TY SEGALL mixed with even earlier ROLLING STONES. Two bands I dig, now making it three. (SD)
(Puta)

PASS THE AXE – "The Rodeo" CD

PASS THE AXE dish out the sort of passive (cow) punk rock'n'roll you would find at festivals celebrating classic cars and punk in the Southern California desert. It's performed competently enough, but the quasi-rockabilly inspired solos pick-sliding into anthemic, machismo ridden choruses that rehash tired, gritty, pseudo-realist imagery falls flat. Maybe it sounds better at a festival, with your hair slicked back and knuckle tatted hands clutching your pin-up girlfriend, but luckily I don't have to attend those events anymore since the CRAMPS won't be headlining. (SL)
(self-released)

EL PATHOS – "Hate//Love" CD

Woah man, this is starting out as some straight up BLUES TRAVELLER, weekend at the bar dad-rock. Which is fine and all—I mean follow your dreams or whatever, but I feel like this isn't even punk music. It's a little more rockin' than your average dad-blues band, but these guys probably said, "Oh, kids really like harmonica and lap guitar, right?" Eventually it gets all spooky psychobilly, but that also isn't my thing, so unfortunately I cannot comment on whether or not they do that well. Featuring free jazz harmonica player Walter Daniels on one track. (LP)
(self-released)

PEDRO DE LA HOYA – "El Club de Corazones Solitarios del Sargento Pimienta (One Man) Band" LP

This record is way too novelty for me. PEDRO DE LA HOYA is a half-Mexican / half boxing one-man band from France. Yeah, that sounds *so* weird. The music is kitschy: some times garage, some times mariachi with too many sound effects and funny voices. Maybe if I knew what he was singing about it might not sound so lame. However, the only song I can make out is "Goat Boxing Is Not A Crime" which kind of says it all for me. (CK)
(Rock'n'Roll Mastrubation)

PICK YOUR SIDE – "Let Me Show You How Democracy Works" LP

For once, I am actually at a loss for words. This is so fucking mediocre that I really have pretty much nothing to say about it. It's not actively awful, but it's certainly not good by any stretch of the imagination (those "blast beats"…ugh). Deeply derivative crossover-style that goes to the grind well a little too often given their skill set. All this record makes me want to do is take it off and listen to CRYPIC SLAUGHTER. (AU)
(A389)

PLÖTSLIG MÅNDAG – "Drag En Tejp Runt Mina Lår" EP

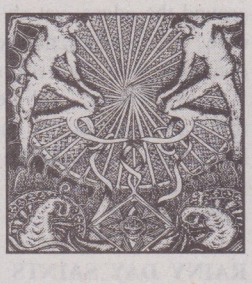
The guitars—Fukk. A tortured wall of pain-filled fuzz that would make circa 1991 Mark Arm swoon, teetering dangerously close to falling hopelessly out of tune. Four excruciating Swedish dirges on this platter, plodding with a menacing fervor and driven by tom-heavy drums and a guitar tone that is unparalleled. Psychedelic and forceful, with chilled out but confident vocals soaring, as if shamelessly stoned but lost in the shadows. The guitar that starts out "Tusen Nålar" is every bit as attention grabbing as anything jammed into my ears this month, and is an introduction to the controlled chaos that will be your treat for the next few minutes. Think early Sub Pop put through the meat grinder, hooks buried under the madness. This is fantastic and demands repeat visits. (WN)
(Gaphals)

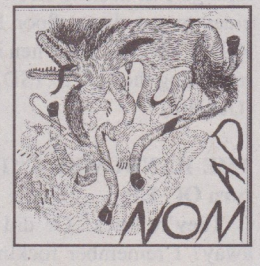
POISON PLANET – "Boycott Everything" LP

These are some pretty serious anarchist vegan edgemen from Chicago. I wonder if they share members with NOOSE? Where the NOOSE EP is straight up ignorant edge riffage, I feel like this LP is more on a political tip, though musically they are pretty similar. The cover/insert is on some anarcho computer artwork style shit. There's even a bit of pixilation on the cover (shout out to STRONG INTENTION). It actually looks like that really terrible VITAMIN X CD from hella years ago. I am not really into that look, but thankfully there are some sick hardcore jams on this record. Only thing is I wish the riffs were harder. Still though, this is tight and this band has a very sincere message so I back it. (TM)
(Not Normal / Third Party)

POW WOWS – "Nightmare Soda" CD

On my first listen to this record, I immediately wanted to dismiss POW WOWS as just another modern garage band going through the motions. However, subsequent listens found this growing on me. The music is somewhat mellow and restrained, but it is pleasant and catchy too. The melodies are fairly simple, but they have a nice sense of style. They seem to come from the BILLY CHILDISH school of garage. The singer even has an odd English-style





accent that reminds me of DAN MELCHIOR. A nice cover of CAPTAIN BEEFHEART AND HIS MAGIC BAND's "Plastic Factory" closes out the record. Good stuff. (CK)
(Get Hip)

PROTESTANT / SUFFERING MIND – split EP

This clear orange piece of vinyl may look small, but boy, does it blasts some power: in just under five minutes SUFFERING MIND and PROTESTANT deliver four fast and heavy tracks. Polish grinders SUFFERING MIND launch their side with aggressive, metal infused hardcore, with ripped vocals and racing rhythm sections, then immediately pound in with what instantly sounds like a classic ("Obudzony"), full of blast-beats, gun-shot riffing, angry death metal growling and a heavy breakdown ending. PROTESTANT have definitely grasped the meaning of mean fucking hardcore, with a sound that's sharp (like black metal spikes) around the edges, yet still packs a solid crusty core. "No freedom, no life, no peace." The rage continues with their second track, "A Sheep in Wolves Clothing," splintering ears with crashing drums and choppy guitars and what do you know? The fun is already over. Suggested for repeated listening! (LA)
(Halo of Flies)

RAINY DAY SAINTS – "All The Strange Ghosts" CD

Psych pop meets stoner rock meets power pop. Might be a first. Formed by ex-GUIDED BY VOICES drummer Dave Swenson, without a hint of his more well-known music explorations. The sound may be a little too clean and polished for my dirty ears, but the song writing and instrumentation (a correct use of saxophone gives it bonus points) make this a more than a worthwhile listen. Vocal- and harmony-wise, late '60s the KINKS with some ROBYN HITCHCOCK come flooding in. When it gets all high I'm hearing HAWKWIND, when it decides to get dance floor friendly I'm thinking ROXY MUSIC and when it dons the leather I'm reckoning the NAZZ. (SD)
(Get Hip)

THE RANDUMBS – "The Triumphant Return Of" EP

They're back! Or did they really ever go away? I remember rocking in the pit to these gentlemen at long defunct clubs like the Purple Onion and Eagles Drift Inn, often with a very drunk sweaty Bruce Roehrs hanging all over me. Good fucking times! Well they're a little older and balder, as myself, but they can still kick some major ass as this record will attest to. To newbies, I'd compare them to the ANGRY SAMOANS, STITCHES as well as fellow North Bay peers the BODIES with some sing along oi/street punk influences. "Super Villain" is by far my favorite track, but the whole record will leave you humming to yourself and bobbing your head in public so no one will sit next to you on the bus. Keep it up guys. (RO)
(Chapter 11)

RAPSÖD / STOLEN LIVES – split EP

A split between two Czech thrash bands. RAPSÖD play thrash, thrash and thrash. Their first track, "Thrashing Bike Maniac" is solid modern metal thrash, catchy and so damn fun. This doesn't have a crossover feel but it does have a hardcore feel even if it's thrash. I hear a tiny MUNICIPAL WASTE in their sound, but while their tracks are fun they aren't singing about drinking and partying. STOLEN LIVES opens their first track with a wonderfully dark and frightening sound collage, with public speeches, crowd noise and even what sounds like circus noise. Like RAPSÖD, STOLEN LIVES also play thrash. A bit more serious sounding and faster, but also a bit simple—in a good way. "Zajatci Bileho Boha" is a solid, short, fast and to-the-point almost speed metal track. If you want to get your thrash on, give this one a spin. (MH)
(Insane Society / Totalitarianism Still Continues)

REALITY CRISIS – "Not Bound By The Past, We Live In The Present" CD

Fans of raging Japanese hardcore are already familiar with this Nagoya-City juggernaut but for the uninitiated, REALITY CRISIS has re-recorded a handful of older tracks for your consumption and annihilation. The perfect combination of Japanese sounds, REALITY CRISIS assault the "old guard" sound with the over the top sound and enthusiasm, mostly associated with a "younger" generation of bands (yes, I'm aware that I am referring to a band who has been active for well over a decade as "younger"). This disc features tracks from the *Open The Door And Into The New Chaotic World* and *Who Is Your Messiah?* EPs from 2004/5, as well as their contribution to 2009's *Nagoya City Hardcore* compilation, all presented in fully maximized everything to eleven dual vocal sound. This disc comes from MCR, but is getting the vinyl treatment from Prank later this month—consider this a must have. (WN)
(MCR Company)

REMISSIONS – 10"

This sounds like the anthems for every tough guy, weight lifting Jabroni, wind-milling in the pit, shirt-off covered with trad tattoos of giant ships and shit (is it hot in here?), but this is good. *MRR* is not traditionally kind to this post-basketball jersey-HC straight into metalcore in the HARM'S WAY vein, but *I* dig it. Chuggy riffage and metallic solos give way to some occasional hints of classic rock shit... There is a laser sound on one track, for real. This record totally surprised me, not so much from the sounds, but because of the lyrics—tough guys singing about what a fucking jerk tough guys are when they throw their weight around for no good reason, bringing the fight in a smart way and that we are all indeed getting fucked by the man. The new sound of powerlifting comes from Finland. (MB)
(Face Your Gods / Hockey Champ, no info / Shill / Mental Breakdown, no info)

ROADSIDE BOMBS – "Bring 'Em Home" EP

One of my core beliefs about punk is that if you don't hate society, what the fuck are you doing here? If you think what the US government says about their invasions of other countries is right, why the fuck would you send your record to *MRR*? This band plays a rough-edged street punk and this wouldn't be a terrible record if they weren't shills for Rumsfeld et al. Maybe these assholes can do a USO tour with Rollins. (JM)
(Chapter Eleven)

THE ROCK AND ROLL BITCHES – "Wild West" EP

I'm still citing *Moans On The Phone* by the DREAM DATES as the high-water mark for Ugly Pop's Canadian punk reissue/excavation series, but they're at it again with several new reissues for you to drool over. Of the recent offerings, this is my top pick. Edmonton's ROCK AND ROLL BITCHES released their lone release in 1980, a fuzzy, frantic and highly tuneful four song EP. It sounds "classic" even if it isn't regarded as such (yet?), as these guys clearly had a bevy of first wave punk LPs on hand to mold them into bitches. Three of these tunes totally rule, with the title-track being my pick of the litter and "Welder's Song" being the stinker. Anyway, far more capable and serious than their name would suggest, but still punk enough for assholes. Add Ugly Pop to your "buy-everything-they-do" list, if you hadn't already. (MC)
(Ugly Pop)

ROSVO – "Ticks & Ants" EP

I don't know what the fuck is going on here. I was kind of digging on the first side of the record, it's pretty much MELVINS worship and that's usually fun but the second side is just bad. The last song sounds like the shit that didn't make it on the DEFTONES records that came out post '90s. I'm pissed that this band made me remember that I know what the fuck that even sounds like. Thanks a lot. (BL)
(Gaphals)

RUINED FAMILIES – "Voidealism" EP

So I'm listening to this record for the third time and I like it more with each spin. The first time around I dug the heavy, aggressive dark

hardcore thing that this Greek band is doing, but by the end of the first side I knew I was going to have to listen to it a couple more times to fully appreciate the breadth of what is going on with this band. The songs are generally fast and crusty hardcore with parts that remind me of BOTCH and others that are like the more melodic DISFEAR stuff, but then there are noisy black metal parts and some post-something or other. There's like nine genres involved here and it's pretty good. Halo of Flies is one of the labels that released it and if you're paying attention to what they have been putting out lately, this is another one of those genre-bending dark and heavy bands, with skilled musicians and an intimidating number of influences. Packaging is rad too. I will probably start bringing this band up in music nerd conversations pretty soon. (BL)
(Adagio830 / Dog Knights Production / Gardens / Halo of Flies)

SCREAMING FEMALES – "Ugly" LP

Sometimes I can't believe this band is real. Recorded with the infamous Steve Albini, *Ugly* is SCREAMING FEMALE'S fifth album and it is stunning. Set against rolling bass backbone and nuanced, tight fills, Marissa Paternoster's iconic caterwaul and masterful shredding are the perfect vehicle for exploring the raw anxiety, self-doubt and paranoia that could only have come from someone dragged through the coals of a Catholic childhood. A double LP with a gatefold featuring Paternoster's stylized drawings of curiously-gendered demons, what SCREAMING FEMALES call "Ugly" looks pretty handsome to me. (FF)
(Don Giovanni)

SEB AND THE RHAA DICKS – "Self Titled" EP

The music on this five song EP is all over the place. At its best, it's pop punk with keyboard-adding computer-sounding "bleeps." It gives it a very '90s college radio sound. At its worst (the entire B-side) it's a slow ballad. The entire recording feels like the singer is smirking the whole time. If it were 1995, these guys would be opening for WEEZER. These goofball French guys made a couple catchy songs on the A-side, but just a bit too over done on the silliness. (FS)
(Rock'n'roll Masturbation)

SECOND COMBAT – "Count On to Survive" CD

This CD is MODERN LIFE IS WAR crossed with VISION crossed with *Hardcore Songwriting for Dummies: the Epitaph Edition* crossed with that *Getting the Perfect Professional Drum Sound* guide I saw in some drum tech's bag at Warped Tour next to the PETA table. (DG)
(Hand in Hand / United Front / Whatever It Takes)

SKY NEEDLE – "Rave Cave" LP

This has shades of GANG GANG DANCE to it, if they slowed down and got more syrupy in a way. It's kind of interesting, plodding through satanic rituals to mescaline haze to gamelan. And while the music is pretty captivating, the vocals are really bumming me out. There's this way that girls sing sometimes that I can only describe as like putting r's at the end of anything, like rolling every note inward, pulling the sound back into your throat, like kind of how NATALIE MERCHANT sings, and I fucking loathe it. And then, taking that kind of singing and putting it through a lens of trying to sound experimental or weird makes it even fucking worse. Hate it. Kind of just totally makes me hate the record in its entirety. (MM)
(Negative Guest List)

SKVLT – "4 Tracks" EP

Holy shit, this is a nice surprise! I've never heard shit about this band and they really fucking rip. This record is totally lo-fi, mean-sounding hardcore that approaches noise-core, while staying very much outside that style. The leads recall DISCLOSE, the drummer hits hard as hell, the vocalist sounds legitimately pissed in a way few can manage and the riffing is simple but memorable. If BONE AWL were a punk band, they'd sound very much like SKVLT. Not to make fun, but I find it kind of amazing that a band this raw and pissed can come from a pleasant town like Amherst, MA. I can't wait to hear more! (AU)
(Hesitation Wound / Prgnt)

SLUG GUTS – "Strangling You Too" EP

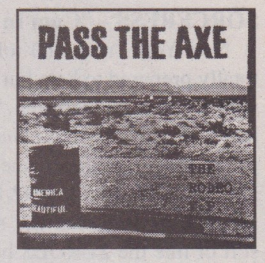
Is garage punk officially dead? I don't know, I kind of expected something a little more upbeat, this is all moody, downer shit with keyboards and stuff. And actually the guitarist does this total U2 *Boy*-era slashy guitar flourish on the first song. Actually, the guitars are all early '80s UK sounding, like SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES style and the singer is all angry gothy, like a bored NICK CAVE. They do reverber-ish tremolo-ey effects and, I mean, should I go on? You get it, right? Am I mean? 500 press Hozac singles club style. (GB)
(Hozac)

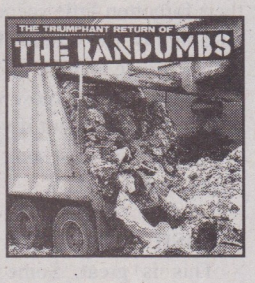
THE SNOOKYS – "Automatic Stomp" CD

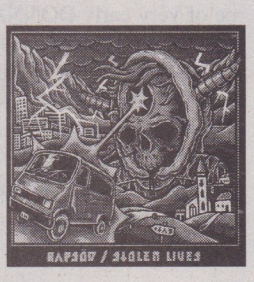
This is a clear case of blasé punk rock'n'roll that hastily hijacks viable components of other genres like surf, pop punk or power pop, and spews them forth without the least amount of originality in rehashing such tropes. This is slick-punk with a slick, new school of graphic design, dual tone cover that presents the group's appropriately bothersome name in a tasteful typeface. This is punk *refined*, or so promoters would like you to think. It's more like punk *marginalized*, and why is there so much marginalized punk on CD? (SL)
(Night Fighter)

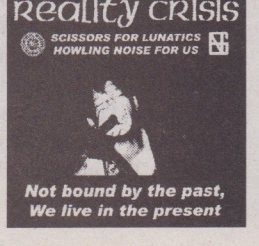
SON SKULL – "Wiped Clean" 12"

SON SKULL is part of the wave of amazing bands that emerged out of Olympia in the past couple years. Melding perfectly the spacious foreverness of WHITE BOSS and borrowing the brooding frustration of SEX VID, setting up all these bursts of groovy hardcore that lay out the most expansive landscapes, detailing perfectly the comfort and confinement of the Northwest. Hayes' guitar riffs are always heavy and psychedelic but definitely not in a bro way and every song expands and contracts at these perfect moments. By far my favorite part is Mary's vocals, they express exactly what it feels like to exist in a town like Olympia, or really in any kind of insular place, places that have these moments of total elation but can also feel so terrible and fucked up and suffocating. There is one song that feels like a thousand years long that Hayes sings on, that is kind of a bummer. (MM)
(Perennial Death)









SORCERESS – "Cum In My Kitchen" EP

New York "rock and roll" "punk" that I was totally prepared to hate but, after listening twice with a pee break between, I actually sort of like it. I will tell you that *Cum In My Kitchen* is a pretty lousy fucking name for a song (it's just not that cool, you know? Like I get it, but it's still sorta corny) but the song itself is catchy, sort of like the ZEROES but a little more traditional and a lot less teenage. I feel like this band has that New York sound down pat—bands like the STALKERS, or (I know they're not from New York) TOUGH SHITS probably gig with this group in crummy basement bars. The record could do with a bit more energy; I feel like this stuff works a lot better if it's more unhinged, a bit less "perfect" sounding. Anyway, if you're a fan of this sound, here you go—*a record*. On a more personal note, I no-joke thought there were two girls in this band from the pictures on the back cover. Whoops? (BB)
(Puta)

SPY'S – "Underground/Machine Shop" EP

Whoa! A great record?! I got fuckin' *hooked up* this month. Sick! OK, you might not know it when you first drop the needle on "Underground," it's admittedly kind of understated '70s punk ditty, but fuck, the second you get to that fucking chorus you are in it for life. "Machine Shop" (once it actually gets started) is also killer '70s punk rock. They were from Windsor, right over the bridge from Detroit in Ontario, and their forgotten little scene generated two of my all-time favorite Canuck KBD singles; this here SPY'S single and the utter WTF EP from DRY HEAVES. I don't know what was in the water, but you need this shit if you like '70s punk rock even a tiny bit. Best song. *Evar*! (GB)
(Ugly Pop)

SQUISH – "Shame Spiral" EP

This is great. Some screechy, amateurish punk played by women from Chicago. Reminds me of very early DONNAS. It is charming and fun. The two songs on side A sound manic and a bit off-kilter giving the impression that perhaps these girls don't know how to play. Side B clears up that misconception. I might possibly like this version of "Rabies Is A Killer" better than AGONY BAG's original. The song always seemed like a woman should have sung it. (CK)
(Hozac)

STONE TITAN – "Fucking Hate You/Planet Melter"

Not much information with this release. You get the band name and track titles on the sleeve and that is it. No label info, no lyrics, nothing. STONE TITAN play dirty, ugly, raw sounding stoner metal. I hear a little bit of HIGH ON FIRE but nowhere near as polished and much uglier-sounding. The guitar solo in "Planet Melter" is trippy psychedelic guitar. STONE TITAN might be onto something here. Mixing the psychedelic sounds, the ugly sounds of say BUZZOVEN and the stoner sounds of SLEEP. Scott Martin, who has sat in with BIG BUSINESS, plays guitar and sings in this band. (MH)
(Stone Titan)

STRESS – "Athens Burning I" EP

Ah, STRESS, that is what I had a load of trying to track these EPs down when I got word they came out. For those who are unfamiliar, STRESS is a legendary Greek punk outfit, that wrote some amazing punk anthems, which, until this day, speak to generations of punks getting into some radical and rocking shit in that part of the world. This record is comprised of demo takes of some already released songs plus some I had never heard before. "Athens Burning" and "Devil Driver" are English stompers that definitely have a first-wave punk feel to them. The flipside is the shit that drives me nuts, raw versions of songs from their LP. These versions lack in polish as far as production goes but in no way lack in fierceness. STRESS rules! If you can get your paws on the two EPs do it fast. (MS)
(B-other Side)

STRESS – "Athens Burning II" EP

Okay, now that I'm finished crying because I didn't receive a take-home copy of this, let me tell you that STRESS is one of the most important bands from the early Greek punk scene. On side A we get two tracks from 1983: "Stratiotis" or "Soldier," is a bouncy, roomy mid-paced punk song with a catchy chorus, and "Indianiko" or "Indian" is a cool instrumental post punk number that still succeeds at being great. On side B shit picks up with an upbeat punk tune, called "Fovos" meaning fear, complete with rich guitars and gang-chants. "Skepsou Prin Ine Arga", so "Think Before It's Too Late" is scratchier in the guitars, but still catchy and moving in an ESKORBUTO kind of way. It comes in a handsome glue-pocket sleeve with a nice foldout lyric sheet. Unfortunately these two limited releases of unreleased STRESS material are already long gone, which fucking breaks my heart, as I've been a seeker of this Greek punk stuff for years and it's so hard to find over here in the u$a (though I'm trekking through Greece for a month this summer and I'll be damned if I can't finally find some classics!). So if you ever have the chance, do not hesitate to snag this essential piece of European punk history! (MA)
(B-other Side)

STRIPMINES – "Crimes of Dispassion" LP

In a word: relentless. This thing is just one rapid-fire grouping of riffs after the next, with rare snappy breaks thrown conservatively here and there—both during and between the songs—that are more suffocating than they are a chance to catch your breath. The amount of creativity, effort, and skill put into these songs is quite impressive when you take into account how many changes, parts and redirections of speed there are in each dark track. I believe my second word is "dynamic?" Fuck. The sound is huge, the tones are great and the anger is swelling out the mother fucking gills, the riffs… This is what I want from hardcore. There have been some great records in recent times, but it's been a while since I have been this impressed and a record has been able to capture all the best parts of every niche of good punk rock and do it with this kind of finesse. Just fucking awesome. (JU)
(Sorry State)

TELEDETENTE 666 – "Les Rats/Panne Sexe"

This is sullenly brooding post-punk with industrial damage, but the pervasive attitude seems very much informed by bleak death rock. The vocals chant morosely above turgid feedback, plunging drum machine and alarming crashes of metal on metal recalling early KILLING JOKE and SIEKIERA. Either side could soundtrack a celebratory dystopian ritual march. The group is French and they sing in French, but the sense of Soviet alienation that makes the music of Eastern Bloc bands like SIEKIERA so incisive, definitely rings true in this group. (SL)
(Sweet Rot)

TELEDROME – "Double Vision" EP

TELEDROME recall that moment in the early '80s when power pop bands began to adopt synth as a loving counter-part to their syrupy amalgamation of punk's immediacy and the pop sensibility new wave. The vocals carry an enticing tunefulness propped up by the non-intrusive synth flourishes. There are enough hooks on either side of this record to fill an LP. Each track really vies for "the hit" category and I'm tempted to call this "minimal synth-punk" but I understand that "minimal synth" is already a genre that doesn't sound much like this record. Still, discerning listeners should be annoyed with the amount of synth revivalism going on right now and eagerly seek out the handful of bands utilizing this style the best. For those weary of the latest backwards-looking trends and looking for at least one group to redeem the trend, I strongly suggest TELEDROME. (SL)
(Hozac)

TENDER THRILL / ZULU PEARLS – split EP

Just from the cover and the titles of this 7" I can tell this is going to be about being young, horny, in love, on ecstasy, drinking milkshakes with vodka, taking nude pictures and generally self-indulging in sin and addiction. Both sides are charming enough, in that vintage-in-2012 kind of way, ideal background music to a rockster Instagram moment (isn't that what the ikids call it?). "Geena" by TENDER THRILL is as

catchy as OASIS or the HORRORS and just fuzzy enough to avoid the indie Brit-pop reference. On the flipside, "Feel Me" by the ZULU PEARLS croons "I do it just to do it, I do it 'cause we're young" with guitars that really just remind me of every other indie alt rock band that came out of the UK in the first half of the zeros. You'll like this if you're spinning records one evening at a coffee shop, bar or party. (LA)
(Disco-Lite)

TERRIBLE FEELINGS – "Shadows" LP

TERRIBLE FEELINGS represent a different facet of the recent fascination over all things goth in the punk world. Instead of synths, SIOUXIE worship and dudes that sound like Dracula, they represent a more sitting-alone-in-your-room-crying-with-mascara-running-down-your-face-because-the-weight-of-the-world-has-ground-you-into-nothing-more-than-a-cold-and-bitter-husk-of-what-could-have-been type of goth punkiness. TERRIBLE FEELINGS fall nicely into the progression of modern Swedish power pop bands (MASSHYSTERI, HANNA HIRSCH, VANNA INGET, etc) by taking the well laid formula and expanding it with their now staple lyrical gloom and reverby, twangy, surfy guitar. Sometimes the lyrics get a little too blunt for me, like an Ingmar Bergman film made very unsubtle in song form. But mostly, this record is a treat. (LP)
(Deranged)

THESE NEEDLES – "Auction" LP

This is messy, sloppy hardcore that only works because it's messy and sloppy. Give them a month in the studio with an overpaid producer and you'd probably end up with a giant turd. That being said, it takes a while to get over the lack of bass in the recording. It sounds like the engineer rolled off everything under 300 Hz making the bass guitar sound plunky and the kick sound like all attack. Maybe it's just their aesthetic, who knows? All that aside, there's some cool stuff here. They manage to incorporate a number of styles of hardcore while maintaining some cohesion. Some of it is pretty straight, fast hardcore with short bursts of blast beats. Other songs have a very '90s emo / hardcore feel to them (not the whiny stuff, the heavier stuff). The times that they're really on, is when the two guitars (that play pretty much the same thing, one more distorted) sound like a hardcore version of early MINUTEMEN stuff. It's all kind of held together by the vocalist who maintains a rough scream throughout the whole record. It's not necessarily packed with gems but there are cool songs here. (PA)
(Hard Art)

THE THROWAWAYS – "Pizza" EP

This is like saccharine sweet pop punk that just screams "We're *so* tuff but don't worry we're stillll cute!" There's one song on here that almost sounds like HEY GIRL! sans the chaotic sloppy screech that HEY GIRL! mastered so well. Bratty but not obnoxious, it's kind of just too safe sounding to me. (MM)
(J.A.W., no info)

TOM77 – "Pricel Cas" CD

This is a Czech band that remind me somewhat of later era ADVERTS, but they are a little too rock, which ruins what could be a great CD. It's definitely got the melodic TV SMITH feel, but then there are folk punk and terrible "rock" parts that totally ruin this for me. If you like sort of wing nutty Eastern European punk with folk tendencies that brings to mind *Cast of Thousands* and bad Euro rock simultaneously then this will be your jam. (LG)
(PHR)

TOMMA HÄNDER – "Tommy Har Ett Morker Inom Sing/Folkets Park Och Sanningen"

Recent records from TERRIBLE FEELINGS, MORALENES VAKTARE and HANNA HIRSCH have set the bar for catchy Swedish punk pretty high and this 7" doesn't begin to vie for attention considering the aforementioned. Similarly to HANNA HIRSCH, they use organ, but it's mixed so low that it's more of a nuisance than a compliment to the other instrumentation. Both songs contain instrumental breaks, but the leads and rhythmic segues rely pretty heavily on common tropes without inserting enough character to stick out. The vocals are rather at odds with the music, considering the singer's raspy, lazy delivery that seems to make the songs drag and eliminates whatever pop qualities the songs possess. The most interesting moment of the record is a sort of psychedelic bridge on the B-side, so perhaps they should veer in that direction. (SL)
(self-released)

TOPSY TURVYS – "You Better Believe It, You're In" CD

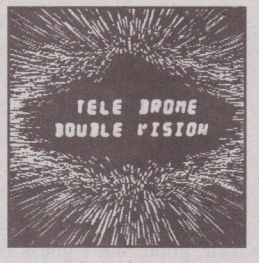
You would never know this band was from France. Very mid '90s pop punk. In fact, when the girl sings, they sound a lot like the UNLOVABLES whom I love. When the guy sings, they have a fun early ATARIS meets the TRAVOLTAS feel. Only eight songs on this but this is some strong pop punk. Recommended! (RL)
(Smalltones)

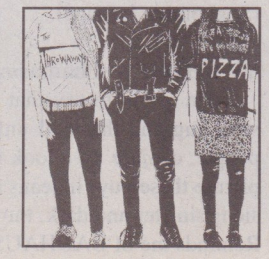
TORPEDO ZOMBIES – "Selv Ikke Døden Vil Have Os" EP

This is some fast paced wave-punk slapped onto this little seven-inch platter. Although the opener is the least interesting of all tracks on this record, overall it is worth a listen. Now, don't think I am losing my head here but I think if these tracks were slowed down just a touch, they would allow for some really awesome wave-punk song writing to shine through. Wow, did I just say that? Oh well. If you're curious and want to hear this record, good luck finding it, there are only 105 copies made. Sniff sniff. (MS)
(Elektriske Plader, no info)

TRONICS – "Love Backed By Force" LP

What's the hubbub, bub? I was stoked to see this one come in. I'd loved their song "Shark Fucks" ever since I'd heard it on one of the *Messthetics* Comps, and I'd seen this floating around but hadn't picked it up because I didn't known whether or not the magic on the "Shark Fucks" single was a fluke. It wasn't. Though decidedly less punk than the "Shark Fucks," the songs are still classic DIY pop. On this reissue of their 1981 cassette, these London teens reeled it in from the outer-space post-punk territory of their earlier releases and dropped the samples, but kept the drumming that sounds like they were only playing alternating toms. From what I can gather, it looks like they released the first independent cassette to ever be internationally distributed (*Love Backed By Force* was their third full length release). Phenomenal teenage DIY pop for fans





of John Peel, the SWELL MAPS, BEAT HAPPENING and jangle-y DIY space pop. Great stuff, get it before the prices shoot up! (P$)
(What's Your Rupture?)

TRONICS – "Shark Fucks/Time Off"

New York's indie What's Your Rupture? has reissued some great prizes in the recent past, the YUMMY FUR's resurrection no exception. WYR? has brought back TRONICS into the affordably accessible field, with this "Shark Fucks" single and (reviewed in these pages as well) the mind-blowing and seminal *Love Backed By Force* LP. Both will surge through your heart with some weird combination of the naivety of BEAT HAPPENING, the blasé and articulate delivery of the MODERN LOVERS and the stumbling pop swing of the SCROTUM POLES... Except that TRONICS and its elusively anonymous songwriter might be able to stake claim on being *the* originals. "Shark Fucks" is a jam, no argument there, but the flipside "Time Off" (taken from the first TRONICS cassette—as was his medium of choice) outshines the former in my humble opinion, albeit without the cheeky titling advantage. It also just feels so much more authentic of its period in the late '70s—outrageous horn sections and "Honky Cat"-esque keys and vocal pattern. (I don't really get the whole violence-against-women kitsch, but I also didn't live through the '70s as a mentally ill person, so I'm gonna brush it off and enjoy the fact that I legitimately dig a saxophone for once). Must, must, must, must have, I don't care how many UK DIY reissue disappointments you've weathered in your life. (JS)
(What's Your Rupture?)

TROPICAL TRASH – "Fear of Suffering" EP

The info sheet on this record read like refrigerator magnet poetry, but I gather these are some kids from Kentucky and this is their first release. The A-side is an exercise in durability I guess; though I'm confused because while it really sounds like a single (long) song, apparently it is two. The B-side packs in three tracks and the first, "Pentagram Ring Finger," clocks in at just over a minute and sounds vaguely like some early *Confusion Is Sex*-period SONIC YOUTH. I can't say this is very imaginative or driving or, well, good, but I guess I would still encourage them to harness some focus, then take another stab at it? (JS)
(Sophomore Lounge)

TV GHOST – "Phantasm/Panic Area"

I am going to say that TV GHOST is goth sounding and that will unfortunately, for most people, conjure up a look instead of a sound. I picture these guys in jeans and t-shirts. The music is sinister and dark, throbbing and hypnotic. Reminds me of BAUHAUS minus the overdramatic vocals. The vocals here are subtle, but intense, covered in reverb, but still powerful. Mix that all up and it is an excellent listening experience. I like these two songs more than everything else I've heard from these guys. They just keep getting better. (CK)
(Sweet Rot)

UNHOLY THOUGHTS – "The Attic" LP

I usually am not too into bands from Richmond but this LP has a cool early '80s SoCal hardcore vibe that sounds pretty legit. There's a good amount of reverb on the vocals that gives this shit a smart look and kind of makes the recording for me. Some raging riffs too. Cool record. (TM)
(Even Worse)

UP THE ACADEMY – "Gimmie Gimmie/ Pretty Bird"

The A-side is pretty cod garage rock; a repetitive blues lick underscoring howling, desperate, whisky-drenched vocals. The flip took me a bit by surprise though—an upbeat instrumental, based on an almost-HAWKWIND riff. Is this a red herring, or a direction UP THE ACADEMY is headed in? When you only get two songs and they are this different from each other, it's hard to judge, but I'd love to hear more of the band on side B! (AM)
(Replay)

VANNA INGET – "Jag Ska Fly Tills Jag Hittar Hem" EP

Four songs of killer Swedish soft-wave. These guys get compared to MASSHYSTERI quite often and the equation is more than warranted. But while they are geographically and stylistically super similar, VANNA INGET rock their sweetly melodic side much harder. The songs are upbeat and tuneful, yet devoid of grit and filth. They're like if the GITS were really PAT BENETAR. The songs are good, really good! Certainly recommended to folks excited about the TERRIBLE FEELINGS record (and I know there are a lot of you) cause VANNA INGET is in the same vein except a bit softer, sweeter, (and if the photo in their LP insert is any indication) cleaner and more fashionably dressed. Also, this record label is on fire right now, you'd do yourself a favor to check them out! (FS)
(Erste Theke Tontrager)

VICE SQUAD – "London Underground" LP

Beki Bondage and crew are still kicking. I think she's the only original member left... She was all the teen punks pin-up girl when I was growing up. She still looks hot and her voice has held up well, but this is some of the worst, most laughable shit I've heard in a while. The best name I can think of for this kind of music is Hot Topic rock. I can't think of who listens to this kind of crap anymore. It used to be that kids who lived in some remote suburb would buy stuff like this because they were cut off and knew the name, but now with the internet you're open to hear anything so, fuck, I don't know. This record came out in 2009 but we're just reviewing this. For folks looking for a harder edge NO DOUBT. Definitely sounds like the soundtrack for the next *Legally Blonde* movie. (RO)
(Papagajuv Hlasatel)

VIOLENT PARTY – "Death Dance/Eternal War"

Hey, you: don't judge a book by its cover. Given the art and the two-song 45 format, I thought this would be another installment of the depressing trend of goth-punk revival records, but instead it's thrillingly unhinged hardcore! Brutally bare-bones D-beat that recalls ZOUO and LSD but with a stronger grounding in hardcore than metal. The bass sound in particular is fucking impeccable, but the entire package is tremendous. From the effects-laden intros and interludes to the viciously high-pitched vocal attack, to the really remarkably excellent lyrics, this is just a fucking excellent record all the way around. Apparently there's an earlier single as well, I recommend you pick this up while tracking the other one down. Seriously best-of-the-year material. (AU)
(Chaotik. no info)

VIVISEKTIO – "Naamiaiset" CD

Very interesting, this phenomenon of even the most obscure bands from the early days of punk and hardcore reforming. So apparently, VIVISEKTIO were originally a Finnish hardcore/peace punk band (from above the Arctic Circle!) that were around from '83 to '86 that only ever played eight gigs. This CD collects demos from their 2008 comeback and some live tracks from 2011. It's...okay I guess. The distortion and recording are all primed for metal, but the music is very basic early CONFLICT-style sing-song stuff, with touches of MINOR THREAT/early USHC here and there. Finnish continues to be an awesome language to sing punk songs in, but that's about the best thing this recording has going for it. I would prefer to have been blown away by this (obviously), but I would have rather heard the badly recorded '83 demo tapes, than an almost 30-year-old nostalgia trip. (AU)
(Reset Not Equal Zero)

THE WANKYS – "Poundland" EP

England's reigning noise punk champions return with another excellent record. The lone song on the A-side, "Poundland," is a bouncy, catchy tune that's quite similar in composition to some of my favorite WANKYS tracks ("Much To Young," "Princess Wanky"). The two cuts on the B-side are speedier, more straightforward and akin to the bulk of the *Very Best of Hero* LP. A must-have EP if you're a fan. I know some

people think the whole "raw punk" thing has jumped the shark, but you have to take the good with the bad, and the WANKYS are a good fucking band. (KM)
(Noise Punk)

WE MUST DISMANTLE ALL THIS – "Eomaia Scansoria" EP

These dudes from the college town of Champaign, IL bang out some anti-civilization crusty thrash. Within these confines, there's a lot to like about this record. They mix up the songs enough, but still have a honed power. The sound quality is rough and well balanced, the vokills pained and roared, and mostly they're fucking fast. I don't think plugging in one's equipment to decry civilization is philosophically consistent, but that's my only real complaint. (JM)
(Dead Rodent)

WHITE WHALE – "No Solace/Waxing"

Great pop-inspired blown-out punk. It's got more of a hint of the MARKED MEN whilst adding some nice indie touches. A rough and ready production lends it that garage appeal whilst the hook-laden song writing carries these tunes straight into the shower time top ten. The A-side bounces, whilst the more GUIDED BY VOICES vibed B-side has its own shoe gaze-y charm. Repeat listens are highly recommended as well as a big endorsement for this band to get straight back into the studio and give us plenty more of this. I'm digging, I want more and I want this band to play SF pronto. (SD)
(Feral Kid)

YI – "Host Body" EP

This group of Bay Area noiseniks creates quite a dustup for three people. Quirky, repetitive post punk with bristling SCRATCH ACID guitar and muffled AM transistor vocals gives way to the occasional pop chorus or flash of melody. The title track (which appears second on the record) is a slow burn that (to my ears) combines BIG BLACK, NOMEANSNO and PERE UBU. Great stuff and I'm sure there's more to come. (AM)
(Reeducation, no info)

V/A – "Bring Beer" LP

Sometimes it's hard to tell if you're spacing out, or if the jams that are spinning on the turntable just aren't really grabbing and holding your interest. I zone out while the A-Side spun through a smattering of some of the sub genres of DIY rock/punk. When I got to the B-Side, the GOLDEN BOYS track started spinning and I realized that it wasn't because my brain was zoning that I couldn't muster the attention necessary to traverse the aural topography of the A-Side. It was that that side was pretty uneventful. The garage / power pop of the GOLDEN BOYS song "Sidewalk" rocked me back to life and brought my attention back to the record. When the FLESHLIGHTS song came on, my interest got piqued because it was pretty awesome and instantly catchy. It also had a really nice analog sound, that's warmer than it is raw. Rather than seeking this record out, I think readers of this magazine might enjoy seeking out the GOLDEN BOYS and the FLESHLIGHTS if they're into power pop/garage. (P$)
(12xU)

V/A – "Four Way Split" CD

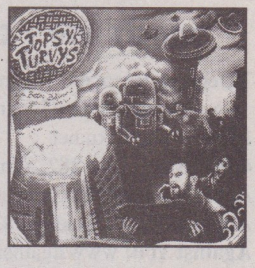
Four bands from as many different countries come together to keep the post-hardcore vibe going with this cool four-way split. With their shambolic clashes and nervous yelps, Chicago's 97-SHIKI bring to mind bands like the VAN PELT and DRIVE LIKE JEHU. Australia's BARE ARMS are the most memorable, featuring fierce, nervous-breakdown style female vocals breaking through long, orchestral builds and shattering percussions. Malaysia's INQUIRY LAST SCENERY and Italy's MILVAINS are indiscernible from the post-hardcore San Diego sound of the late '00s: disjointed tempos, sputtering bawls and SLINT-style guitar solos. All in all, a worthwhile trip down memory lane from bands who are all clearly acquainted with the Gravity records back catalog. (FF)
(Tenzenmen)

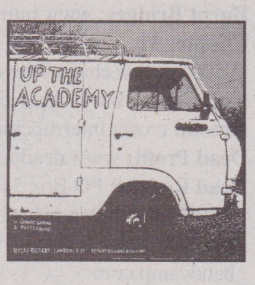
V/A – "No Coast, No Problem Vol. 1" CD

The pros of the compilation: a great way to check out new bands. In this case, largely from South Bend, IN, which would appear to have a pretty vibrant and diverse 'scene' going on down/up there. The cons: quality, as one would expect, is varied, as are the genres on show. Too much Cookie Monster thrash for my personal tastes, but CITYWIDEFIRE deliver some driving street punk, RANDY AND THE FINKS do a more than passable take on early DEAD KENNEDYS, 2 LITER BOMB have been listening to JAWBREAKER and FIFTEEN to good effect, while CITY NEVER SLEEPS have the techno-metal down pat. Have heard a lot worse, for sure. (RK)
(Wrecked Hooligan)

V/A – "Turist I Tillvaron vol 3 – Svensk Punk Här Och Nu" LP

Here's the third comp of a DIY series featuring current punk bands across Sweden. They do an amazing job covering all the bases here with sixteen fucking bands playing anything from melodic punk, to hardcore, to Fat Wreck pop punk, to garagey stuff, to street punk, to grind, etc. What an ambitious project! I tried to release a 7" compilation a long time ago and couldn't even pull together six bands! The label seems to be related to this blog (sirling.blogspot.com) that's mostly in Swedish. My picks on here are the two MASSHYSTERI-esque bands VÄNNÄ INGET and UPPGÄNG & FALL, the raging hardcore track by THRÄSHERS, MORALENS VÄKTARE's late '70s Swedish punk sound, TICKING BOMBS covering legends MISSBRUKARNA and the anthemic closer by ANTIPATI. The recordings from start to finish are great quality and the comp flows really well (with the exception of the MORALENS VÄKTARE track which sounds rawer, as it should, considering the style). The vinyl is nice and sturdy and is housed in a slick full-color gatefold jacket. Thankfully there are two more of these comps on the way! Impressive! (MA)
(Turist I Tillvaron)





CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO • CONTACT INFO

7 Degrees Records: 7degreerecords@gmx.net, www.myspace.com/7degreesrecords
12xU: www.12xu.net
45RPM: PO Box 282, San Pedro, CA 90733
A389: www.a389records.com
Adagio830: www.adagio830.de
Against You: www.againstyourecords.blogspot.com
Alternative Tentacles: PO Box 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141
Artifix: www.artifixrecords.com
Attitude: www.myspace.com/londonboy1997
Axt: www.axtsucks.net
Bachelor: 5421 Adnet 186, AUSTRIA, info@bachelorrecords.com
Bad People: badpeoplerecords@hellokitty.com
Balcony Jive: www.balconyjiverecords.ch
Behind Punk: www.behindpunk.blogspot.com
B-otherSide Records: www.b-otherside.gr, bothersiderecords@gmail.com
Beach Impediment: www.beachimpedimentrecords.blogspot.com
Bill Bondsmen: 15016 Paris St., Detroit, MI 48101, billbondsmendetroit@gmail.com
Black Thirteen Recording Company: noyokono@gmail.com
Blindead Productions: c/o Krogh, Källgatan 24 B, 671 30 Arvika, SWEDEN, info@blindeadproductions.com
Bluhuf: www.bluthuf.de
Bon Voyage: www.bnvyge.com
Burnt Bridges: www.burntbridgesrecords.com
Chapter 11: 220 Figone Ln, Ben Lomond, CA 95005, www.chapterelevenrecords.com
Cop Grave: www.cgrave.org
Crosta: crosta.interrupciones.net
Dead Profit: www.deadprofit.com
Dead Rodent: PO Box 518, Plainfield, IN 46168, deadrodentrecords.blogspot.com
Den Magiska Cirkeln: www.dmcrecords.bandcamp.com
Deranged: 2700 Lower Road, Roberts Creek, BC, V0N 2W4, CANADA, derangedyouth@hotmail.com
Dirt Cult: 713 Stagecoach Dr., Las Cruces, NM 88011
Diseased Audio: www.diseasedaudio.blogspot.com
Dirty Knobby: www.dirtyknobby.com
Disco Assault: facebook.com/discoassault
Disco-Lite: www. discoliterecords.com
Distroy: www.distroyrecords.blogspot.com
Dog Knights Production: www.dogknightsproductions.com
Dolf: www.facebook.com/dolfpunk
Don Giovanni: www.dongiovannirecords.com
Eaglebauer Enterprises: 216 Buckingham Pl. Apt 2, Philadelphia, PA 19104
Eradicator: eradicatorrecords.bigcartel.com
Erste Theke Tongraeger: www.erstetheketontraeger.blogspot.com
Even Worse: www.evenworserecords.com
Face Your Gods: faceyourgods.blogspot.com
Feral Kid: www.feralkidrecords.com
Fone: fonerecords@gmail.com
Frenzy of Tongs: www.thefots.com
Fucking Kill: www.fuckingkillrecords.com
Fysik Format: PB 8828, Youngstorget, N0028 Oslo, NORWAY. www.fysikformat.no
Gaphals: www.gaphals.se
Gardens: www.iamgardens.bigcartel.com
Gay Scientist: www.gayscientistrecs.blogspot.com
Get Better!: www.getbetterrecords.storenvy.com, getbetterrecords@gmail.com
Get Hip: PO Box 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317, www.gethip.com
Grave Mistake: PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241, www.gravemistakerecords.com
Hailgun: www.facebook.com/pages/Hailgun/251635834886412
Hard Art: www.hardart.bandcamp.com
Halo of Flies: www.haloofflies records.com
Hesitation Wound: hesitationwoundrecords.blogspot.com
H.G. Fact: www.interq.or.jp/japan/hgfact
High Anxiety: highanxiety416.blogspot.com
Hover Craft: www.hovercraftpdx.com
Hozac Records: www.hozacrecords.com
Hysteria: 538 Johnson Ave #203, Brooklyn, NY 11237
Inimical Records: PO Box 2803, Seattle, WA 98111, www.inimical.com
Insane Society: PO Box 18 504 01, Novy Bydzov, CZECH REPUBLIC, insanesociaty.net, objednavky@insanesociaty.net
Johnny Park Avenue: www.jpar.blogspot.com
Katorga Works: 538 Johnson Ave #203, Brooklyn, NY 11237, katorgaworks.com
Kink: www.kink-records.de
Kornalcielo: www.kornalcielo.it
Loglady: www.theloglady.com
MCR Company: 157 Kamiagu Maizuru, Kyoto 624-0913 JAPAN, www.dance.ne.jp
Negative Guest List: 62 Washington Ave, Tincalpa, Brisbane, QLD 4173, AUSTRALIA
No Way: www.nowayrecords.com
Noise Attack: noiseattack1@gmail.com
Noise Punk: noisepunkrecords.blogspot.com
Not Normal Tapes: www.notnormaltapes.blogspot.com
One Eye Records: www.deardiaryiseemtobedead.org
Osk: PO Box 64. 109147, Moscow RUSSIA, www.oskrecords.com
Papagajuv Hlasatel: Pavel Friml Mrštíkova, 393 Říčany u Brna 664 82, CZECH REPUBLIC, www.phr.cz
El Pathos: www.myspace.com/elpathos
Perennial Death: www.perennialdeath.com
PHR: bandzone.cz/tom77
Prgnt: www.prgntrecords.com
Prohibited Projects: www.prohibitedprojects.blogspot.com
Protagonist: PO Box 64574, Tucson, AZ 85728, www.protagonistmusic.com
Psychedelica: www.psychedelica.fi
Puta: 33 Howard St, Suite 14, Ground Fl., NYC, NY 10013, putarecords@gmail.com
Rad Girlfriend: 2981 Meadow Park Dr., Dayton, OH 45440, www.radgirlfriendrecords.bigcartel.com
Radical Punks Never Die: www.radicalpunksneverdie.blogspot.com
Rage For All: 5550 Rome Taberg Rd., Rome, NY 13440, griefofseparation@hotmail.com
Raining: www.itsrainingcats.it
Razorcake: PO Box 42129 Los Angeles, CA 90042, www.razorcake.org
Regresivos Discos: www.discosregresivos.blogspot.com
Replay: www.replayrecordsusa.com
Reset Not Equal Zero: resetzero@hotmail.com
Rock'n'roll Masturbación: 23, rue de Flesselles, 69001 Lyon, FRANCE
Rust and Machine: www.rustandmachine.com
Saustex: PO Box 691356, San Antonio, TX 78269-1356, www.saustexmedia.com
Say 10: www.say-10.com
Scumbros: scumbrosrecords.bandcamp.com
Shill: www.myspace.com/shillrecords
Sleepwalk: www.sleepwalkrecordings.com
Smalltones: www.smalltones-records.com
SPHC: www.sphc.bigcartel.com
Solidarity: www.solidarityrecordings.com
Sophomore Lounge: sophomorelounge@gmail.com
Sorry State: www.sorrystaterecords.com
The Sounds of Sweet Nothing: www.thesoundsofsweetnothing.tumbler.com, info@soundsofsweetnothing.com
Static Shock: www.staticshockrecords.com
Stone Titan: www.myspace.com/stonetitan, scottwm@me.com
Sweet Rot: PO Box 78025, Vancouver, BC V5N 5W1, CANADA, sweetrot@hotmail.com
Tenzenmen: www.tenzenmen.com
Third Party: www.thirdxparty.blogspot.com
Totalitarianism Still Continues: www.punkgen.sk/label, punkgen@gmail.com
Toxic State: toxicstaterecords@gmail.com
Turist I Tillvaron: turistbloggen@gmail.com
Ugly Pop: 45adapter@gmail.com, www.uglypopvinyl.tumblr.com
Underground Communique: undercomm.org
Under the Bridge: PO Box 1794, San Pedro, CA 90733
United Front: myspace.com/unitedxfront
United Riot: www.unitedrecords.com
Useless: www.useless-hq.com
Vendetta: www.vendettarecords.de
Vulgar: www.vulgarrecords.com
Whatever It Takes: myspace.com/witrecs
What's Your Rupture?: www.whatsyourrupture.com
World's Appreciated Kitsch: www.wakhc.blogspot.com
Wrecked Hooligan: wreckedhooliganrecords.com

PROFANE EXISTENCE

MAKING PUNK A THREAT AGAIN!

(one record at a time...)

DOOM
Police Bastard 7"
Classic band! Classic record! You shouldn't need a description. Now back in print with the original cover art.

DEVIATED INSTINCT
Liberty Crawls... LP
This is a new studio album by one of England's most historic and legendary crust bands! Killer songs. Killer production. Includes download with bonus trax.

OILTANKER / NO TOMORROW
Split LP
These two bands mix Scandinavian hc, Japanese punk, classic d-beat, and vicious, metallic-minded crust. This is a powerhouse of an album! First press on color vinyl.

APPALACHIAN TERROR UNIT
Armageddon Won't Be Brought By Gods... 7"
ATU belt out a thunderous chorus of eco-awareness and chastisement for mankind's destructive ways!

APPALACHIAN TERROR UNIT
Black Sands 7"
Disgusted by the gulf oil spill & under the influence of ANTI-SECT & NAUSEA, these are their heaviest & most well thought-out tracks to date.

IN DEFENCE
Don't Know to How To Breakdance LP
Reissue of their debut LP plus bonus tracks. Includes "No War But Star Wars", "All Hail The Taco Avenger" and more. On splatter vinyl.

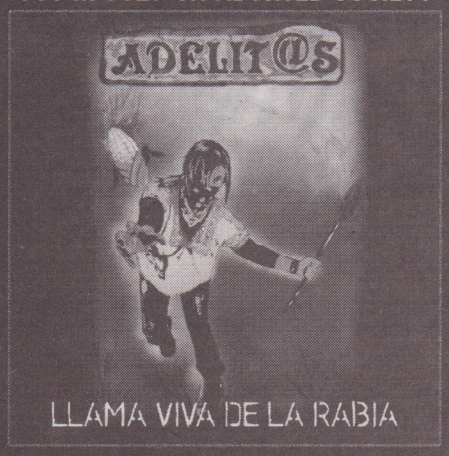
DRESDEN
Extinguish the Cross 7"
A follow up to their mighty debut LP, now with 50% more epic crust in each song!! Mastered by Brad of FROM ASHES RISE. Cover art by Jeremy Clark.

V/A P.E. Presents... Welcome to Minneapolis 7"
Six of the Twin Cities most active underground bands. New trax by KONTRASEKT, VARIX, IN DEFENCE & more. Includes a poster sleeve and color wax.

Get these titles and more from:

PROFANEEXISTENCE.COM

OUT IN JULY ON ABORTED SOCIETY



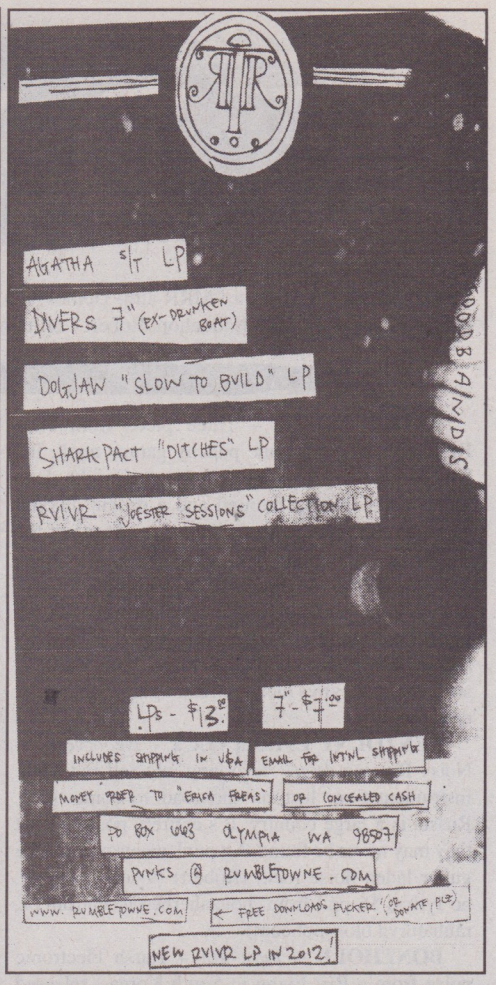
ADELIT@S - LLAMA VIVA DE LA RABIA LP/CS

NINE BRAND NEW TRACKS OF ENERGETIC, MELODIC, AND RAGE-FILLED ANARCHOPUNK WITH DUAL MALE/FEMALE VOCALS SUNG IN SPANISH.
WEST COAST US & MEXICO TOUR IN JULY 2012
RECORDED AT BUZZ OR HOWL STUDIOS IN PDX BY STAN WRIGHT
MASTERED BY BRAD BOATRIGHT AT AUDIOSIEGE IN PDX

ALSO AVAILABLE:
RATBITE - TWO TEETH CS ☠ AGE OF COLLAPSE - BURDEN OF BEAST LP/CS
FUTURE RUINS - S/T LP ☠ NUX VOMICA - EMBRACE THE CYCLES 7"

UP NEXT:
MURDERESS 7" + 1ST LP REPRESS + EAST COAST TOUR IN AUGUST
COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON 2ND LP + EURO TOUR IN SEPT/OCT

ABORTED SOCIETY RECORDS
1122 E. PIKE ST #1377 | SEATTLE, WA 98122
WWW.ABORTEDSOCIETY.COM FOR ONLINE DISTRO



Out Now!

SICKOIDS

self-titled LP

ALSO AVAILABLE:

SOLID DECLINE/ RUIDOSA INMUNDICIA - split LP
DAYLIGHT ROBBERY- Though the Confusion LP
SACRED SHOCK- You're Not With Us LP
DIVINE RIGHT- Pray For Me EP
DAYLIGHT ROBBERY- Red Tape EP
DAYLIGHT ROBBERY- Washtenhaw EP
PEDESTRIANS- Killing Season EP
NO SLOGAN- Aversion Therapy LP
CANADIAN RIFLE- Facts EP
OTTAWA- reissue 12" LP
HERDS- Michigan" EP

RESIDUE RECORDS

www.residue-records.com
wholesale: residuerecords@gmail.com

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Matt Badenhop, Robert Collins and Amelia Eakins.

ASTRAL GUNK – Three piece from New Brunswick playing some punchy garage punk. It's lo-fi (not too much) but still has some bright clean guitar parts shining through and a decent amount of weird psych influence, which reminds me of the YOUNG. The vocals have an urgency akin to X (the Australian one). I got a little lost during the jam session at the end, but that's because it's just not my preferred style. Throw in a dash of MINUTEMEN and we have a pretty cool, dynamic demo. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, astralgunk.bandcamp.com/yum)

BENZOLNY EMERTVECY – *Nedozvezdy* – Noisy Russian dirges devolving into self-indulgent instrumentation, lost on the road to somewhere. Russia is a large country; it's entirely possible that they may never be found. Art punk meets pre-grunge guitar laden noise rock. (Robert) (9-song cassette, no lyrics, $6 ppd from: houzaherbert@centrum.cz, rauhaturva.blogspot.com)

BONEHOLE – *Pure 4th* – Harsh electronic noise from a Brit living in South Korea...released by a Czech label. The internet rules, huh? Some tracks will lull you into submission, while others will punish you for letting your guard down. Relentless... not for everyone. But definitely for me. (Robert) (23-track cassette, no lyrics, $6 ppd from: houzaherbert@centrum.cz, rauhaturva.blogspot.com)

BRIGADA ROJA – Nineteen-song disc making up all three EPs from this long running Mexican hardcore band. Bursts of catchy punk interspersed with rampaging, fist-in-the-air Spanish language hardcore, with an unapologetic lean to revolutionary Communist ideals. Gruff male vox dominate much of the recording, but this band's output is raw and honest, the way punk should be. (Robert) (19-song CD-R, lyrics included, brigada.roja@gmail.com)

BRUME RETINA – *Agresse Guele* – Ugly, noisy guitar rock. Chaotic low-end aggression permeated by bursts of electronic noise, like JESUS LIZARD gone the way of high energy screamo. A full frontal release grabbing your attention and holding it throughout. (Robert) (14-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 ppd, loeildutigre.com)

CHEAP ART – Rabid powerviolence from Atlanta Georgia. CHEAP ART reminds me of stuff like CAPITALIST CASUALTIES—they're not down-tuned or heavy, but they are tight and fast and talented. This would have fit nicely on the Slap a Ham or 625 roster in the early '00s. Honest lyrics make it even better. Check out "Grown Apart:" "A lot has changed in two whole years... Mostly me / I had to grow or I would be stuck like you / Ignorant, insensitive, chauvinist." I support that. (Matt) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, cheapart.bandcamp.com, 232 Wilbur Ave., Atlanta GA 30316)

CHIT CHAT – Breathy female fronted garage pop. The guitar melodies and lazy tempo are every bit as effective in winning me over, as the vocals that are clearly meant to take center stage. Simple and successful. (Robert) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, chitchat.listen@gmail.com)

CRUTCHES – The first line in the insert pretty much sums it up: *"We are a Malmö based A//E political D-beat unit..."* and so they are. Bombastic presentation of a tried and true formula, this time with a *huge* and chaotic sound and strained high-end vocals, struggling to maintain control. Just barely reigned in, CRUTCHES are a tornado of high energy D-beat perfection. Total brutality from these Swedes on side A and friends' bands on the flip (a very good idea, by the way); killer stuff from CONTORTURE, SEPSIS, FREEDOOM and CRIMEN. Fukkn excellent release, highly recommended. (Robert) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, crutched666@live.com, crutches666.blogspot.com)

DAS BUNCH – *Discography 2001-2011* – Snarky and forceful punk with dirty '90s guitars. Little hints of San Diego (cleaner than Gravity, dirtier than DRIVE LIKE JEHU) and plenty of indie sensibilities seeping into the mix. Packaged nicely. (Robert) (?-song cassette, no lyrics, $5 ppd, loeildutigre.com)

DEAD FOR A MINUTE – Heavy emo/metalcore from France. A discography spanning 1998-2003, these dudes are all over the place, even though they pre-date the scourge of hair tossing pretty boys. Funk breakdowns, melodic pop vocals, gratuitous mosh parts. I'm confused. Everything is very pro and this label really steps up the packaging on their releases. (Robert) (31-song cassette, no lyrics, $4 ppd, desordre-ordonne.blogspot.com)

DEAD PEOPLE SCREAMING – First thing here: this recording is really thin sounding. The band plays tight but lifeless, monotonous, fast popish-punk. Kind of reminiscent of the early days of FYP or other Recess records stuff, but lacking the charm that they had. This tape is decent for a first effort but there's plenty of room for improvement. (Matt) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, itsdeadpeoplescreaming@gmail.com)

DIG IT UP – *Magnets* – Hard-driving rock club punk, a modern interpretation of later AVAIL, PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS, HOT WATER MUSIC and the like. Super slick, raspy vocals and mature guitar melodies. Cassette version of their EP from a couple of years back. (Robert) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, loeildutigre.com)

DIPPERS – OMG! With hits like "Bed Bugs Are Back" (so Brooklyn!) and "Drinking & Doing Drugs While Texting & Driving" and "Jerking Off," you know this tape is a winner! And the DIPPERS (DIPPERS?!) logo rips of the WIPERS logo—brilliant. I thought this band blew at first, but it was me; I just didn't get it. After a live show though, I was a believer. The night they played with POOR CHOICE fulfilled many a punk fantasy. Catchy hardcore punk that is really solid: think TEAR IT UP high on life and even more sing-a-long. If you don't dig, you have a stick up your ass or you're not Tri-State enough, sucker. No posers, home run II! Only 200 of these were made, so act fast. (Amelia) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, Shit Hawk records, 175 S 4th Street, #4, Brooklyn, NY 11211, reddunlea@gmail.com shithawkpunks.blogspot.com,)

EGYPTIAN ART STRIKE – Aggressive PV/hardcore from the Canadian plains. Odd chords ripped from the fingers of IRON LUNG, pained vocals reminiscent of DIY hardcore from years past. This tape has the indefinable something that holds your interest even though you might be inclined to say you've heard it done before...but there's a build-up midway through the first side that will win you over. They have the mystery ingredient. Aggressive, low fidelity and inwardly mean music. (Robert) (13-song cassette, no lyrics, $6 ppd, 651 Home St., Winnipeg, MB R3G 1X9 CANADA, www.egyptianartstrike.tumblr.com)

ENDLESS ROPE – I'm getting a heavy RITES OF SPRING and GRAY MATTER vibe here from this Leeds-based punk band, especially in the vocal department. Once we get to "Antiquated," it slows down and darkens up a bit to a sound more like the WIPERS. Yeah, so it's like a cross between DC post-HC stuff and gloom of the Northwest, but from the UK. I like the drumming on this; it's very driving and consistent and gives the whole tape a good pulse. Wrap it up in nice packaging and we've got ourselves an excellent demo. (Matt) (£3 ppd in UK, €7 ppd Europe, $7 ppd surface world, $10 ppd world air, 8-song cassette, lyrics included, endlessrope@fastmail.fm, 25 Roundhay Mount, Leeds, L58 4DW, UK)

FAGETTES – *Savage Young Volumes 1+2* – Fuzzy garage pop from Boston. Occasionally the band ramps up from their lazy psychedelic swagger and they come off like a '60s garage version of SONIC YOUTH on ludes, but these kids pretty much deliver chilled out airy pop. Well-done, good songs. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, stimulationaddict.blogspot.com)

FATHER IGNORANT – Buffalo rules, OK? Forceful female fronted punk with a dude from BROWN SUGAR. Plenty of swagger and sass (think about a mysterious land in between GRASS WIDOW and MASSHYSTERIA), but punk as shit and weaned on basement hardcore. Earnest and intense, with plenty of hooks—I've been listening to AVENGERS every morning when I wake up

for a week straight, but tomorrow I'm listening to FATHER IGNORANT. (Robert) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, $3.50 ppd, Drug Party Tapes, 527 Massachusetts Ave., Buffalo, NY 14213)

GROW... – Chaotic full throttle screamo, disjointed bursts of raw power. A lo-fi MOHINDER with less emphasis on hardcore and more on emo, but then again it's so distorted that sometimes it sounds like black metal. I'm intrigued. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, noqurtr@aol.com)

GROW... – *Leave* – Recorded a few months after the cassette reviewed in this issue, this CD-R seems to be a better representation of GROW...'s actual intent. Discordant, emotional hardcore, start/stop manic blasts with introspective interludes and swells. Might be a couple of decades too late for some, but this might just hit the spot. Well done... and I'm still intrigued. (Robert) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, noqurtr@aol.com, grow.bandcamp.com)

HELLOWAR / PEACE OR ANNIHILATION – I'm so lucky to be reviewing this split tape! The packaging is well done and screen-printed with fold-out lyrics. Both bands are from Jakarta, Indonesia. The HELLOWAR side is super melodic crust in that PARASYTIC or ATAKKE style. It's metal punk to the blackest core, with a rich bass, brutal satanic vocals, strong driving drums and pretty guitar intros: a total headbanger. PEACE OR ANNIHILATION is a band that references CRUCIFIX in its name, which states its political stance in an in-your-face way. PEACE OR ANNIHILATION does not sound like CRUCIFIX, but still has that desperate '80s feel with a mid-era DISCHARGE sound, complete with a solid D-BEAT. Like HELLOWAR, it has a metallic vibe (at times) more due to the Scandi guitar being slightly blackened and galloping, but it's pure raw D-beat delight without overdoing the noise. This side is a total rager. It has pogo intro perfection at times and the vocals are so totally Cal without being reverbed to hell like their contemporaries in this genre. The singer screams viscerally, in a WRETCHED or EU'S ARSE-feeling style with Cal cadences. If you like ANTI-CIMEX, DISCHARGE, DISASTER or MOB 47, check these guys out! This band brings warmth to my jaded gut that makes me yearns for a US tour and/or more releases now. They must be spread to the masses in all hemispheres! Full force hardcore destruction, indeed! (Amelia) (8-song cassette, each band has 4 songs, lyrics included in Indonesian, tape released by Full Force Hardcore Destruction, fullforcehardcoredestruction@gmail.com)

LOUGHTON – *Seafoam Nails* – Super raw, plodding garage punk that sounds like it was recorded in a suburban backyard wading pool. Tight pants, tape hiss and a calculated swagger. (Robert) (3-song cassette, no lyrics, no contact info)

LOUGHTON – *Live At Back To Basics* The three songs from the *Seafoam Nails* demo given the live treatment with two new tunes on the flip, this time with a full band more energy and precision, but fighting through a recording that is equally murky. (Robert) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, no contact info)

MALLWALKERS – You say you are funky, so I'm supposed to compare you to the BIG BOYS, right? Not gonna happen. Instead, I'm going to say that these jams take all of the genuine innovation from late '80s alt/punk and inject it with energy that can only be found in basements. What does it sound like? Fukk man, you tell me—second song sounds like AmRep meets goth resurgence, while other elements actually warrant the previously scoffed at BIG BOYS comparison and then MALLWALKERS sound like the PIXIES. What I mean is that they sound like whatever the fukk they want to and what I mean is that this rules. (Robert) (10-song cassette, no lyrics, $3.50 ppd, Drug Party Tapes, 527 Massachusetts Ave., Buffalo, NY 14213)

MARY CHRIST – Bass heavy lady punk. The music drives at a steady lurch and the vocals have a lilt that suggests these women might not be all nails. Sweet sounds, with a wonderful hint of ugly in the presentation. I hope this is just a preview and that there is more to come. (Robert) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, marychrist.bandcamp.com)

MARK LEONARD – *Work Free Play Zone* – Political acoustic folk music with a punk attitude. (Robert) (14-song CD-R, lyrics included, $5 ppd, Wilted Rose, 38 Rt. 2, Preston CT 06365)

MIKE ARSENAULT / MARK LEONARD – *The Get Lit Split* – Acoustic guitar and vocals. Folk music made by punks. (Robert) (14-sond CD-R, lyrics included, $5 ppd, Wilted Rose, 38 Rt. 2, Preston CT 06365)

MOMMA DUCK – Primitive rehearsal recordings of marginally adept melodic punk. I'm guessing they listen to DINOSAUR JR, as the gratuitous guitar work (the only remotely engaging part of this demo) reeks of weed, no supervision and J. MASCIS. The vocals are off, band is loose to say the least and the recording leaves *a lot* to be desired. The first track is an eighteen-minute no-fi wank-a-thon and the quality only improves slightly for the next two tracks, both clocking in well over six minutes. This band has since changed its name to SHIT YOUR PANTS AND DO THE DEATH DANCE. (Robert) (3-song CD-R, no lyrics, % 6103 Colby St., Oakland CA 94618)

PERMACULTURE – *Swallow What You're Given* – Considering the pedigree, it should come as no surprise, but this demo is nothing short of brilliant. All of the energy of female fronted UK anarcho punk offered up with the fiery intensity of modern east coast hardcore punk. Vocals from NUCLEAR FAMILY, instruments from CONFINES, SOCIAL CIRKLE and others. Just four songs, which means you will be listening to them over and over and over again. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, side-two.com, sidextwo@gmail.com)

PIG//CONTROL – Sounds like CRUDE SS mixed with sped up SLIME and the frustration of REAGAN YOUTH with far-out feedback. This tape rips! Comes with a sick fold out poster with political lyrics from a German perspective. It's refreshing to get a tape with non-generic, americanized political lyrics that's über punk. This tape is completed with deafening feedback and a few killer breakdowns. So good! (Amelia) (5-song cassette, lyrics included in German with English translation, Pig//Control c/o Doliva, Niemetzstr 1, 12055, Germany, pig-control@yahoo.com, $6ppd)

PIT OF SPIKES – Holy fukkn shit!! Burly as fukk grinding hardcore from Chicago. KUNG FU RICK and WEEKEND NACHOS dudes made this racket, so the quality should come as no surprise, but this is as pissed as anything I've heard in ages. A metallic onslaught, down tuned, but not pretentious about it, slowing down to a lecherous stumble before launching repeatedly straight for your throat. They are just here to rule... and that's exactly what they do. I cannot ask for anything more from my hardcore—get this. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, pitofspikes@gmail.com)

POISONED LEGACY – *II* – Snotty mid paced UK punk from a bunch of adults who should know better, but luckily they don't. This is the punk that your dad makes in the garage while you are trying to listen to electronic dance music with your friends. You whine and piss on about how you want him to keep the volume down because he's embarrassing you and he tells you to go eat piss and cranks the gain up to eleven. Two fingers in the air kids, get on board or move aside. (Robert) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, poisonedlegacy@yahoo.co.uk)

POOR WHITE TRASH – *Brutal Truths* – I wish I could share the cover of this tape with you, because then I wouldn't need to write a review. Lancaster, Kentucky one-man-band POOR WHITE TRASH is bedroom 4-track angst at its most primal. Songs about being poor white trash, drinking whisky, living in the middle of nowhere and being a bad ass. NINE POUND HAMMER and ANTISEEN manifested in some dude's closet. Yeah, it's kinda rad. (Robert) (16-song cassette, no lyrics, Corey Trash, 492 Leavell Ridge Road, Lancaster, KY 40444, poorwhitetrash859@yahoo.com)

PSYCHO BAITS – Raw and snotty dark punk dirges. CRUCIFUCKS and FLIPPER through a present day basement haze... I would think that I'd hate this if I described it to myself, but these Steel City fukks have totally won me over. Uncomfortable. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $4 ppd, 4936 Harrison St., Pittsburgh, PA 15201)

RADIATOR HOSPITAL – Super stripped down dream-boat garage/folk punk. Equal parts MOLDY PEACHES, sweaty Tennessee basement and wizened pop punk songsmiths going back to their roots. Admittedly catchy and sometimes really good—it's a grudging admission, but I don't really like to lie. And since I don't like to lie, sometimes this is also annoying. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, radiatorhospital.bandcamp.com)

RECIDE – Relentless, short, fast and raw hardcore that's to the point. These boys hit home in a mean, visceral way. If you like bands like HOAX or VILE GASH, check this out. The demo is at times melodic but simultaneously quickens your pulse with interludes of scathing guitar and features sickening lyrics about the drag of daily life, the seething pain that lies beneath and the bad aftertaste that is left. Get this, get hooked. Hardcore and to the mother-fucking-point. (Amelia) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, recide.maximumeffort@gmail.com)

SADICOS – A damn fine punk cassette from these three veteran raw ponx! This magical trio bombs us with six bouncy hardcore punk songs sung in Spanish and full of hooks. I love the bass on here! It bumbles along right up in front of the mix and has a really energetic quality to it. It shines the most in "Te Quiero Destruir," which is the standout track on here for me. I pick up on some Finnish hardcore cues here, but this is all natural with no copycatting. The overall recording is the perfect balance of rawness and clarity. This is folks from TUBERCULOSIS and MATA MATA by the way, so you know you won't be let down. Do not miss out on this tape! (Matt) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, staticopunx@gmail.com)

S.H.I.T. – Hell yes!! Killer driving Canadian hardcore punx, laid back and full of attitude with leads peeking through the curtains only when appropriate. Like an '80s Euro influenced version of the animal that created the first few FUCKED UP singles, fellow Torontonians S.H.I.T. crank out straight forward punk with reverbed vocals and a simple, flawless drum attack. This was sick from the minute I pressed play and it's only grown on me since then. Mandatory. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, Greg B., 107-27 Brock Ave., Toronto, ON M6K 2K9 Canada)

SHOP TALK – There is no info besides the song titles and band name accompanying this tape, *SF 3/12*, so let's get straight to the music. Melodic, clean guitars and semi-shouted vocals with a kinda lazy backbeat from this San Francisco band. Not as upbeat or fuzzed out as HEX DISPENSERS and not as catchy and bouncy as THE OBSERVERS, but floating somewhere between those sounds. Not bad. (Matt) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, 332 Stanyan St., SF, CA 94118)

THE SHRINE – *Bless Off* – Drunken SoCal mid tempo punk, steeped in Sunset Strip sleaze, late '80s SST and BL'AST. Avoid at all costs if you are scared of guitar solos, but for those among us who still blast THIN LIZZY from time to time and think that MOLLY HATCHET doesn't get nearly the credit they deserve even though we know that CIRCLE JERKS are ultimately better than either… yeah, for us there is the SHRINE. Skate hard, don't bathe, get high and shred. (Robert) (9-song cassette, no lyrics, getresurrected.com)

THE SIOUX – Discography from female fronted French garage punkers. Fans of BAYONETTES, LIBYANS and good fast punk rock will eat this for lunch., Killer jams. (Robert) (?-song cassette, no lyrics, $6 ppd, desordre-ordonne.blogspot.com)

SOFT TARGETS – *The Rise And Fall Of Soft Targets* Chicago indie pop. College rock from the '80s (when that was actually a genre descriptor) melted into syrupy sweet sounds of twee. I'm reminded of the long-defunct SF band FANTASY, but the now defunct SOFT TARGETS did not seem to have tongues in cheek, but rather an eye on the prize. This collects singles, outtakes and alternate recordings, and is very good. (Robert) (9-song cassette, no lyrics, roostercow@hotmail.com, soft-targets.com)

SPECTRE – *The Searchers* – Stream of consciousness hardcore, impassioned meandering sounds with one track merging into the next. *Huge* and heavy in their interpretation of CAVITY meets '90s emotional hardcore. This starts out strong and ends even better—looking forward to hearing more. (Robert) (?-song cassette, no lyrics, no contact info)

STRAIGHT ARROWS – *It's Happening* – A cassette version of this Australian garage band's recent full-length platter. Chilled out, psychedelic, fuzzed out and insanely infectious garage pop, worthy of hipster DJ nights and *Nuggets* comps. Songs tend to clock in around the 1:30 mark and all are damned excellent, whether you like to admit it or not. (Robert) (11-song cassette, no lyrics, pleasantscreams.com)

STUPID NOIZE – *No More T.V.* – OK, so maybe the noise punk thing has gotten a little out of hand… but maybe there's a whole world of earnest and raw hardcore waiting for us. Maybe STUPID NOIZE and their relentless retardo distortion is exactly what you need, you just don't know it yet. Seriously, this is like WANKYS huffing gasoline; Virginia noise mongers have delivered the goods. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, 310 Westover Blvd., Lynchburg, VA 24501)

SUFFER THE PAIN – *The Death* – When you have a country as known for MOB 47 as AT THE GATES, bands like SUFFER THE PAIN should come as no surprise. Rapid fire metallic hardcore with vocals that bring to mind the HAUNTED and an unrelenting double bass attack that will make your head spin. Punk as shit, with metal leads that are engaging and not over bearing. Good jams. (Robert) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, suffersatanikpain1988@gmail.com)

WAR OF AGGRESSION – *Come Out Swingin* – Bay Area punk. To some people that might mean ECONOCHRIST, others will think JAWBREAKER and J CHURCH, but WAR OF AGGRESSION seem to have been weaned on slick suburban bands who have honed their craft in the malls as much as the streets. It's good—played well and written better than most, it just seems geared for the club instead of the warehouse. That said, I bet it's pretty fukkn good live—high energy punk is your friend. (Robert) (7-song CD-R, no lyrics, thewarcorp.com)

WHO$HIT – Primal Japanese hardcore that looks for NEGATIVE APPROACH and FLAG as much as the biting snarls of their countrymen. But where they find their influences is not as important as what WHO$HIT do with them… they fukkn rage. Pissed, blown-to-shit in all the right ways and over-the-top in construction and presentation. Great demo, though recorded in 2008—difficult to find more about the band but worth hunting. (Robert) (10-song CD-R, no lyrics, finetuningrecords.com)

WRETCHED OF THE EARTH – Members of SQUALONA, OLD CITY, WEEKEND WARRIOR, DETENNONFORMED, MACHINE GUN CONG'N'ESS and AL/POLITICAL with a Franz Fanon reference in their name, a DISCHARGE reference in their web domain and a variation of a CRASS reference in their e-mail (your nuances do not escape me!). A letter that came with the demo, addressed from Portland, OR states: "We're trying to bring the ideas of decolonization and fighting white supremacy back to punk and maybe add a little hope back to the nihilist D-beat trend." Part of the NUX VOMICA crowd, I'm sure. I was about to go on a rant about Portland being full of upper-middle class rich kids talking about racism and class struggles, while insulating themselves in safe bubbles of people who look just like them, but the booklet that comes with this tape is changing my resentful, judgmental mind. Basically, these revolutionary, communist, feminist, anarchist punk rockers identify as persons of color and have a mission statement that they want to at least help, or begin to deconstruct internal oppression, outward privilege and power dynamics within the scene and world at large. They have solid anarchist ideals, not just Watty and anarchy signs (but who doesn't love some death and destruction; and don't forget the chaos right?). I can assure you at least one of these people was a political science and/or sociology major, or maybe they still believe that they can change the world. It's refreshing that they're not jaded and judging from the skill with which they play their instruments, they were not born yesterday. This band is not just a '90s-style rehashing of good intentions turned ugly. They back up that educated ANTI-PRODUCT and NAUSEA feel with beautiful IRON MAIDEN guitar and a very PROTESTANT vibe. Anyway, for all you guys who are forced to read *MRR* now that *Profane* in print is dead, I apologize for this inadequate review by a noise-loving cynic. This band is excellent at the style they are playing, their lyrics, the way they back up their claims as a political band and their musical aptitude. If you're into this genre, I recommend you check this band out as soon as you can. (Amelia) (100 cassettes made, $5 ppd, tomorrowbelongstous.weebly.com, punkisaghetto@gmail.com)

ZOLOA – Second tape by these demonic LA crusters, *Todo Mundo es Una Tumba y Nada Escapa*. This tape doesn't grab me right off the bat as much as the first one did, mostly due to the sound quality. The tape transfer is a little soft or something, but ZOLOA certainly have not lost their fire on here, with a sheer brutal hardcore crust onslaught. My favorite things about this band are their innovative transitions and song structures, helping them stand out from other bands doing a similar style. Once again channeling everything from old scandi-crust, to black metal, to more evil-sounding Japanese hardcore bands like GHOUL or GISM (they cover "Death Agonies Screams" on here), to the harsh Colombian hardcore stuff from early '90s. Devastating shit. (Matt) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, zoloapunx@gmail.com)

V/A "Are They Handing Out Guns Yet" – A good idea results in a raw hardcore/crust comp. In Philadelphia, four bands played a show to benefit the Occupy movement and this cassette is the document. Ripping metal crust with guttural vox from CASKET, blistering HC/crust from the aptly named ANGEL CRUST, rapid fire hardcore (still with the crust) from ALEMENT and BLOOD STAINED CROSS wrap up the tape with an attack as rooted in primitive metal as in primitive crust. A good idea, executed well with good bands—live, charged and raw. (Robert) (14-song cassette, no lyrics, no contact info)

V/A "No Red Tape Vol 1" – Puta Records compilation featuring an array of bands that remind me of the *True Blood* theme song. One song each from BACK C.C.s, ORGANS, WELLINGTON LADIES WELFARE LEAGUE, SORCERESS, the OTHERMEN, OLAF & THE SIBERIANS, SOME DAYS and the RATS (not the ones you're thinking of). Everything's in the vein of GUN CLUB, the CRAMPS and those Nuggets comps. (Matt) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, 33 Howard Street Suite 14 Ground Floor, New York, NY 10013, putarecords@gmail.com)

V/A "No Red Tape Vol 2" – This one features tracks by the PEACEKILLERS, the ABOVE, AMERICAN SUN, TWIN GUNS, the JIGGLERS, the EERIES, FOSTER CARE, and MADAM ROBOT AND THE LUST BRIGADE. I enjoy this comp a little more than Volume One, though it's pretty much in the same vein. This one's less rockabilly and has a wider variety of bands, from pop to post punk to rock'n'roll. (Matt) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, 33 Howard Street Suite 14 Ground Floor, New York, NY 10013, putarecords@gmail.com)

PUNK STUFF .COM

PUNK
CRUST
METAL
HARDCORE
HORROR

SHIRTS
HOODIES
LONGSLEEVES
PATCHES
GIRL SHIRTS

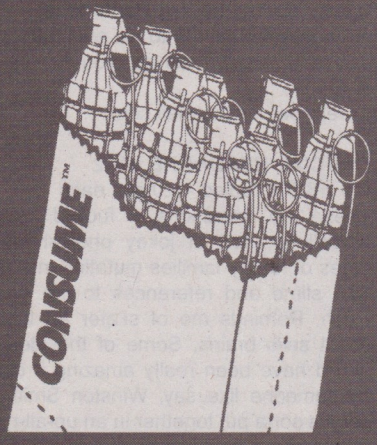
WWW.PUNKSTUFF.COM
HUNDREDS OF DESIGNS! UPDATED WEEKLY!
WE DO WHOLESALE AND CUSTOM PRINTS

The Coltranes
I've Got Heaven In My Smile LP

New MISFITS from California

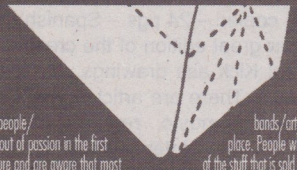
SHOGUN RECORDINGS

We carry a HUGE DISTRO!
7" and tapes: €4,50
LPs: €12 - PPD WORLD!
In the U.S., get them from Ebullition, Vinyl Rites, Grave Mistake, Sorry State and many others!



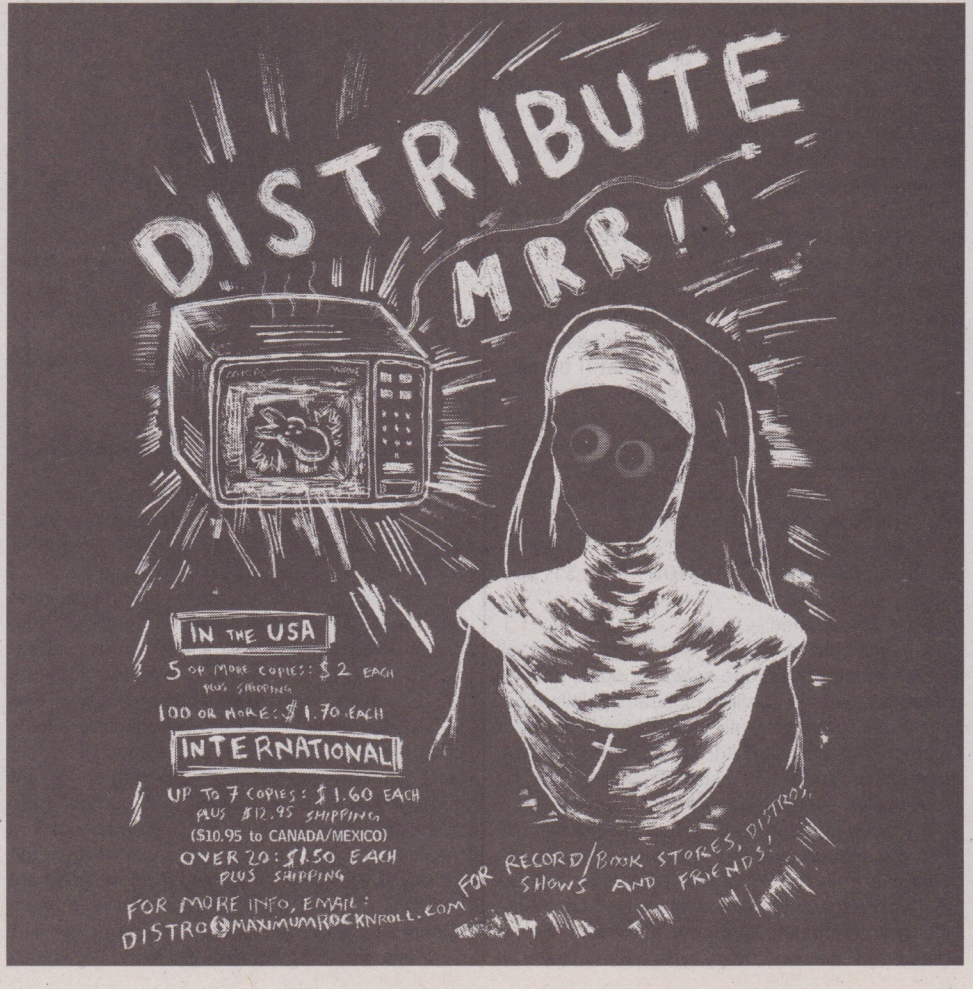
TRUST

WWW.TRUST-ZINE.DE



We like to meet people/ bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in a underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that fing is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING-
IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"



ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(AR) Ariel Amend-All
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(EC) E.Conner
(AE) Amelia Eakins
(FF) Francesca Foglia
(DG) Dan Goetz
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(BG) Bob Goldie
(SL) Sam Lefebvre
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(LA) Lydia Phelps
(CR) Casey Ress
(KR) Keith Riley

1999 / $5
5 x 8 – printed – 36 pgs
This is a comic zine about a self-loathing archetype of a twenty something ignorant loser named Mark who drops out of college, moves back in with his single mom and works at a shitty sandwich shop. It's funny because I started reading this and realized that even though I feel no pity or connection to the main character, I couldn't stop reading. There is something about the situations the author illustrates here that highlight meaning in the mundane. The best part about this comic is that even though there is a main character, the other characters in the story, namely his boss, serve as an unintended foils. Although all the characters here are all equally pathetic, the levels in which they function in the same environments prove that perspective and introspection are sometimes just a gateway into apathy. Doing nothing will ruin your life, relying on chance is weak. The illustrations are line drawings with heavy use of solid inking. The page compositions are simple but effective. This is definitely one of the better comics that has come through here. I am interested to see what the creator does next. (MB)
noahvanscriver@gmail.com

AS BOREDOM SETS IN winter 2012 / $2
7 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
Cool cut-and-paster with a chill, slightly flippant, but smart vibe. Interviews with Birth Deformities and Sucked Dry, an article on why tapes should be taken more seriously as a format (I agree!), some decent reviews, a collage of recent Chicago show flyers, and some good, hand-drawn artwork. This kid's got a bright future in zine-making. (DG)
c/o Max / 1057 W. Foster Ave. / Chicago, IL 60640 / frankenjew@sbcglobal.net

BADLANDS / WASTELANDS #1 / $1 ppd, trades encouraged
5.5 x 4.25 – copied – 18 pgs
Short little moments that blur together like all travelling memories: one or two thoughts about a place or a person briefly met, beautiful little typewriter paragraphs slanting over blown out geometric photocopy backgrounds, awkwardness, roof-sitting, truth and lists. "Travelling doesn't really solve everything or answer your questions like it does in the movies or the way your family told you. Roads, buildings, people—probably the best line from the worst movie." Makes me feel like a teenager, not in the way where I am hating life but celebrating instants of marked importance that fade so quickly, shared intensity with a friend you never see again, cigarettes and walking aimless in the night… (JB)
Hari / 5281 Rue Sainte Marie / Montreal QC / HHC 1x8 / Canada

BIG HANDS #9 / $4 ppd
5.75 x 8.75 – copied – 72 pgs
A fantastic zine created by a gent whose writing voice was born out of the punk scene, but has clearly escaped the rigid trappings of typical punk writing and taken on a much more mature and reflective tone. The prose in this issue is irreproachable, to the point where I had to do some research to find out what other endeavors the creator–Aaron Lake Smith–has been involved in. As it turns out, he's written for *The New York*

Times, *GQ* and many other well-known publications. Material-wise, the first forty or so pages of this issue are made up of a semi-fluid narrative about Aaron's return to his childhood home of Greensboro, NC. While there, he spends time with and learns some invaluable lessons from his disabled brother, explores various abandoned areas of the town and eventually takes a job as a security guard at a denim factory. Tales of his time at the factory are accented by a fairly comprehensive history of the failings of organized labor in the South. After that, there are some excellent short pieces; most of which are about the overall feeling of hopelessness that often permeates the psyche once we become keenly aware of our own aging. Also included are reviews of works by Christopher Hitchens, Richard Linklater and Aaron Cometbus, as well as a few non-cringe-inducing poems. Big Hands is one of the best zines I've read in ages and I encourage everyone to check it out. (KM)
1104 Imperial Rd. / Cary, NC 27511 / aaronlake-smith@gmail.com

BROKE A$$ #4 / trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 44 pgs
Steve left his quaint island for the big city. He's dealing with all his old friends: filth, poverty and boredom, but now they have a slicker more metropolitan edge. This issue of *Broke A$$* is about how to get by within the big shitty. The shift of leaving the place that defines you to a newer bigger city. It's nostalgic without being nauseating or regretful. Steve walks around all day when he's not scraping cheese off the stove for lunch and calls strangers in far-off places to get the bang for his buck on all those phone cards he buys to call strangers in far-off places. Steve wants to show you how to be the best house-guest you can be. He wants to let you into his strange apartment, into his even stranger mind. You're already friends and you didn't even know it. (EC)
towerofswine@hotmail.com

CRUCIAL HEADACHE #1&2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs each
These are collections of fucked up damaged art/collage, sort of jokey photoshopped montages of happy families mutating into armadillos with slime and references to the drummer of Rush. Reminds me of skater art zines, a girl scout sells brains. Some of the ideas in here would have been really amazing if constructed by someone like say, Winston Smith, but this seems sorta put together in an up-all-night sesh, rather than a careful thought out critique of modern life as depicted in advertising. Not sure how much it costs, check his website? (LG)
Crucialheadache.bigcartel.com

ESKUPE AL ALKALDE #21 Feb. 2012 / $?
5.5 x 8 – copied – 24 pgs – Spanish
It's another great edition of the creative endeavors of Teo! Kick ass drawings, comics, articles and reviews. There are articles about Narcosis, comics about music, reviews of zines like General Speech, interviews with bands like Fracaso from Caracas, waxing over Gatillazo and more! This might sound typical of any punk fanzine, but the topics covered, the aesthetic and literary approaches are compelling. This guy loves to talk about music, not just by way of reviews, but also the way we ingest punk and why we like what we like! If you are a Spanish speaker and enjoy a killer zine that goes beyond

just the surface of punk, this is highly recommended. The comics alone are worth it! (MB)
bastardosucio@hotmail.com

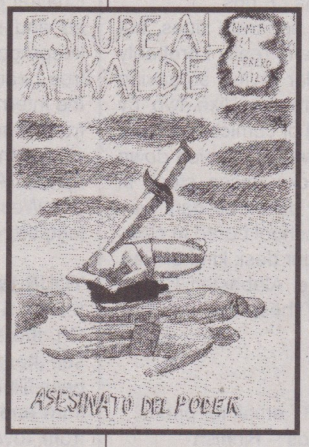
FREAK OUT #5 / French
12 x 9 – copied – 28 pgs
I picked up a bunch of these when I was in Europe last fall; they were newsprint and free at record stores. This one is more like a zine and I am not sure about the price so write to Julien. *Freak Out* is a really cool music zine in French for punks who like to think of punk as an idea rather than a rule book. There are interviews with Perennial records, the people that did the KARP movie, Mike Watt, Los Llamarada and more! Tons of writing, comix and reviews, French speaking punx pick this up! Alex Ratcharge is involved and it's a good indication that Lyon is where it's at for freaks. (LG)
freakoutzine@gmail.com

GROWING THINGS #1 / $3
8.5 x 11 – copied – 40 pgs
Gardening vegetables doesn't have to be difficult, costly or require tons of space and a lot of punks could be eating better if this fact was more well-known! *Growing Things* is a well-planned, attractive zine packed with just enough helpful information to encourage curious beginners to quit procrastinating and start growing shit on the cheap! Inside are suggestions for fun, easy-to-grow plants to start you off, tips on repurposing containers for small spaces and helpful information about bioremediation for us city kids with toxic dirt. Bonus: absolutely no hippie punk moralizing or any mention of using old bike frames for trellises, or some Microcosm bullshit like that! (FF)
Ms. Valerie Park Distro / PO Box 2645 / Olympia, WA 98507

MIERDA #8 & #9 / $2
8.5 x 11 – copied – 25 pgs
Mierda is a punk fanzine from Barcelona that continues to churn out scene reports and enthusiastic reviews of local bands. The two most recent issues feature interviews with Catalan and Spanish bands like Pay the Cost, Cop de Fona, Obediencia and Orden Mundial. *Mierda* also includes thoughtful editorials such as a review of the past ten years of NATO, with a focus on how punks in particular have responded. Issue #8 features a lengthy interview with queer painter and activist José Pérez Ocaña, that was first published in the anarchist journal Ajoblanco in the 1970s. R.I.P., Ocaña! Vivan los punks maricones! (FF)
nocaos@gmail.com

NUMBER 4 PRIVET DRIVE / $?
5 x 8 – copied – 12 pgs
If you hate Harry Potter or don't give a fuck about HP, then this zine will either make you angry or want to puke. Luckily, I love HP…don't judge, and while I can relate to being a punk in HP exile, this zine isn't essential. This is about a punk who ends up living in the cupboard under the stairs and his adventures as he begins his immersion into HP fandom by getting half way through the series. It's cute, sometimes funny and sorta charming. I applaud the effort and I applaud the author being honest in his once true love of HP. No shame. (MB)
Paul Schwartz / 1238 North Noble St., Apt .1 / Chicago, IL 60642 / pschwartz0919@gmail.com

ONE BREAD SANDWICH #1 / $?
5.5 x 4.25 – copied – 10 pgs
This wee tiny zine came to me stuffed into the Rad Company/Discretions split 7" that is reviewed in this same issue you see before you now. This is a super rudimentary zine, with two short band interviews and a couple "columns" of sorts. The interviews were a little goofy, with pretty standard questions, i.e. "How'd you get into punk?", "What's the first record you ever owned?" (not exactly but you get it) and silly intros that are about the band, but not terribly relevant. I was slightly bummed because both interviews were form interviews with the same five questions. The intro to the zine was also a little off-putting, as I kept expecting the author to start referring to me as his "bro," which is fine if we've met, but just not the feeling I want from a zine. The "guest column" was also disappointing, more than half of it consisting of an explanation of what the column was, before veering off to be someone's notes for a standup routine. I wish that a zine from McAllen, TX had proffered a little more insight about the locale. (LP)
onebreadzine@gmail.com



PEST #1 / Free
14.25 x 11.25 – printed – 12 pgs
The debut issue of *Pest* is an inspiring example of how generating a free punk journal in the modern age of internet reliance can still be a totally worthwhile cause. Sure, you can find your bits of information on the web—a few lines here and there about something—but it's hardly a replacement, content wise or aesthetically, for the printed newsletter. Based out of the megacity of São Paulo, this Portuguese language quarterly is packed with the latest scene updates to keep locals up-to-date on bands, events and gigs, but it also has a bunch of zine and book reviews to point people towards other fine DIY publications worth tracking down. There are even a few contributor columns, making this much more than a collection of updates and goings-on. Although it's unlikely to appeal to those living outside the São Paulo area, *Pest* is a much-welcomed addition to the worldwide network of punk fanzines and has our full-hearted support. (BG)
www.nenealtro.wordpress.com / antifest2010@gmail.com

PLASTIC BOMB #78 / $3.50 Germany, email for international rates
8.5 x 11 – printed – 79 pgs – German
Another packed issue of this long running German punk magazine, with loads of interviews, reviews, articles, columns, news, gig calendar and lots of colorful pictures to look at if you never had the bittersweet experience of learning German. I did nine years of it, some time ago, and yet I still had a hard time piecing together the few bits I understood. I promise to use this zine as practice *für mein deutsch, ja*? I do gather however that *Plastic Bomb* has created a bit of a spot for itself within its local punk scene, as I read that it is both a zine and a record company, runs the *PB Lagerverkauf* (Warehouse Club) with records, shirts, hoodies and special offers and even has a two page questionnaire inside the mag for readers to fill out. Hot content for this issue includes an interview with Napalm Death, Scream, Citizens Patrol, Hysterese, Liberty Madness, Molotow Soda, Abfukk, WolfxDown, Nonstop Stereo; a piece on Emma hostel, a report and photos from a Sniffing Glue release show. This one's going to go on my bathroom bookshelf for future reading. (LA)
c/o Micha, Postfach 100205 / D-47002 Duisburg / Germany / micha@plastic-bomb.de

PUNKS! PUNKS! PUNKS! #6 / $2
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
Newest installment of this hardcore-punk-centric zine from a suburb of the Bay Area. Unfortunately, the most interesting bit in past issues–the punk points section–seems to have been discontinued. Too bad, that was one of the few aspects of prior editions that I really enjoyed. Volume six of *Punks! Punks! Punks!* does however feature another lighthearted, semi-shit-stirring introduction by creator Matt, a journalistic piece about an Oakland DIY venue, and interviews with Gay Kiss, Hounds of Hate and Lars Frederiksen. In addition, there are updates on the happenings of various "Valley Punk" bands, and some surprisingly funny record reviews from the creator and his friends. I get where this zine is coming from; I used to be incredibly stoked on hardcore punk and didn't really give a shit about anything else. Things change however and at this point the only message I get from this zine is "punk rules," which is thin and doesn't really do much for me. Hopefully, over time, the enthusiasm that Matt has for hardcore coalesces with other aspects of his life to create a more diverse, interesting zine. (KM)
33 Leonard Ct. / Danville, CA 94526 / PunksPunksPunksZine@gmail.com

RAD PARTY #42 / $5 ppd or 3?
5.5 x 4.25 – printed – 80 pgs – French
The package I opened came with three thick photo zines and a one-page foldout! Not sure if that is what you get for the above listed price. Maybe that cover price is just for the main anniversary issue, celebrating 20 years of *Rad Party*, holy shit! So amazing to me that anything can last that long. All of these zines are very professional feeling, maybe because they are printed and the paper quality is above average, either way they have absolutely beautiful photos. There is a hefty catalogue breaking down of all past issues, showing the cover and telling what each issue was about. It came out as part of a zine exhibit highlighting noteworthy long-running zines. Since I can only sort of glean a little meaning here and there, I am guessing about what it all says. I don't think you need to read French to enjoy issue 42, which contains a lot of nice band portraits, some familiar faces and a show review to accompany each photo. I bet this zine is con-

sidered a national treasure. If you are curious but afraid to spend the money, there is a blog that shows some of the awesome photos, I tooled around on it for a while enjoying my feeble attempts to read it all. (JB)
Stephane Delevacque / 9 Bis Grande Rue Charles De Gaulle / 92 600 Asniéres Sur Seine / France

ROCHESTER TEENSET OUTSIDER #18 / $1 USA, $2 INTL, trades welcome
5.5 x 4 – copied – 36 pgs
I'm so confused. I stayed up late last night watching *Final Destination 2* and before that I watched Larry Clark's latest *WASSUP ROCKERS*. I wish I knew how kids growing up in LA felt about that movie without having to be the dumbass who asks them about it. This morning I was sitting in the kitchen getting high as fuck with Julie and she insightfully remarked on how strange it was that that was Larry's attempt at a comedy. Indeed the film is light-hearted in some aspects. The dialog is fucking heartbreakingly endearing. I imagine it's what it's like to be in my little brother's mind or at least inner circle of friends. Why do teenagers repulse and captivate imaginations like that? I mean, his attempt at portraying the adolescent lives of teenage boys from South Central has got to be insincere. He obviously knows nothing about what he wrote about but somehow it still comes off as earnest. I want to leave the experience of the movie just thinking about how cool it is that Larry Clark is basically just an old pervert and those kids in the movie basically robbed him by being themselves and letting him film them. This zine sucks and we got nothing from it. (EC)
W. Carroll / 23 Weedlawn / Rochester, NY 14607 / rochesterteensetoutsider.com

SLICE HARVESTER #5 / $3 ppd
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 56 pgs
Considering that I'm a vegan who has lived on the West Coast my entire life, it doesn't seem like I would be particularly interested in a zine consisting solely of pizzeria reviews in Manhattan, but the reviews in *Slice Harvester* aren't strictly about pizza. Most reviews contain lengthy digressions about the publisher's life experience with punk and New York City in general. He seems to have a rule about bringing along friends to eat pizza and raucous stories about his past exploits with them supplies some of the publication's most interesting moments. After reading Aaron Cometbus' interview with the publisher in this very magazine a few issues ago, I was expecting a serving of wit and war stories, but the publisher's engaging writing was more interesting than I anticipated. With such a diligent work ethic regarding his reviews of the culinary writing, I would like to see his attempts at writing record reviews, since my veganism wouldn't hinder the sampling of those goods. (SL)
442-D Lorimer St. #230 / Brooklyn, NY 11206 / www.sliceharvester.com

THE SODA KILLERS #2 / $5, trades OK
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
This is a punk/graffiti/hip hop fanzine from the Midwest. It's pretty entertaining, old school cut and paste; old school meaning it looks like it was made in 1991. Seems to be mostly one person's discussions on life, music and epic crust festival / Sunset Strip reunion glam metal shows, but the intro refers to "we" so I assume there are a few people involved. Don't quite get why it's five bucks, the pixilated color centerfold wasn't worth the extra $ if that is the reason... But this is a cool read, not sure I would actually buy it per se, but the writer(s) can write and get across their experiences of life at a Poison show in the Midwest in 2012 in a manner that may appeal to many reading this. Lots of graff pix, music reviews that go beyond the usual and sorta random columns. (LG)
bnb@hotdogdayz.com

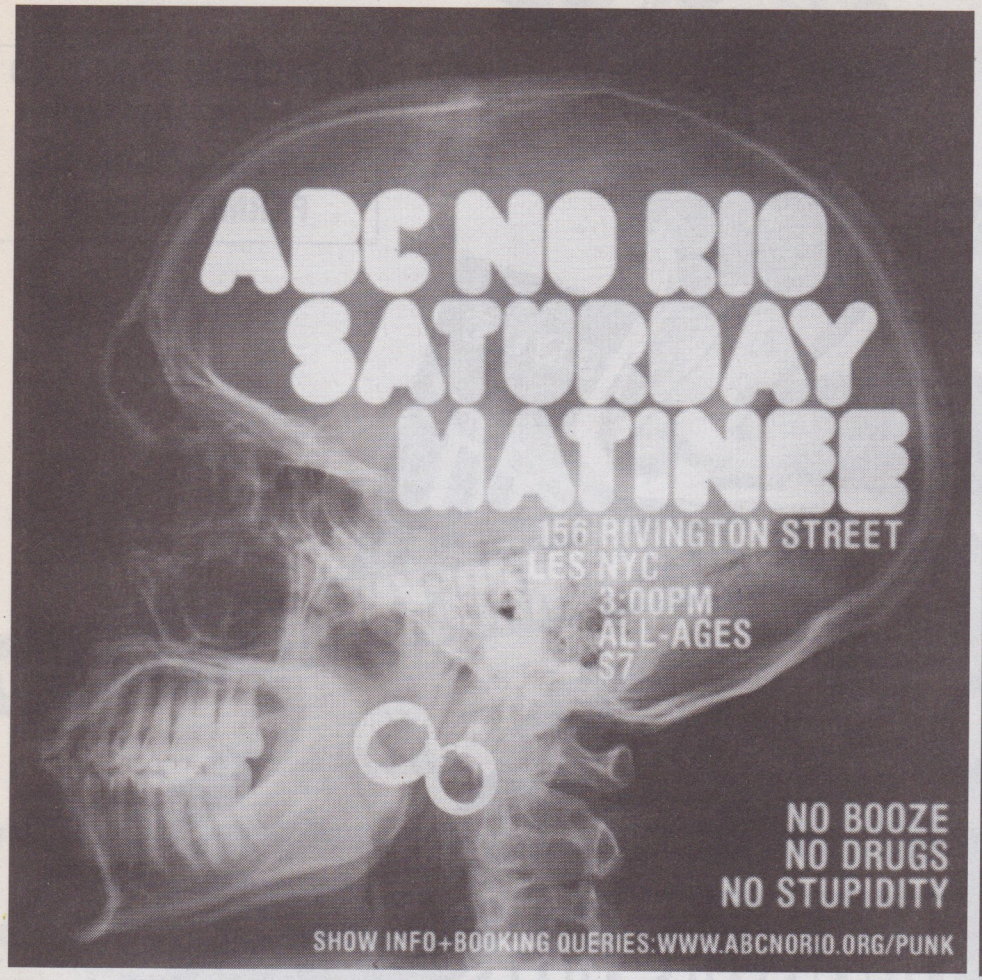
THE STOWAWAYS #7 / $1
8.5 x 11 – copied – 18 pgs
This SoCal-focused zine has been coming out with striking regularity. The music covered is indie and punk; local, smaller bands mostly. This installment features a long, in-person interview with Merry Christmas. The reviews are pretty well done. If this is your scene this would be a good zine to check out. (JM)
5082 Wendover Rd. / Yorba Linda, CA 92886

SUCK LOW / PISS TRICK / $?
4 x 3 / 2 x 3 – copied – 6 pgs / 8 pgs
Ok, so yeah, these are two separate zines, but they are by the same dude and really I probably would've given them a similar review so saving space/time alright? Both are tiny, like two by three fold-and-cut style, kind of comics but really a string of simple nasty drawings. Upside down crosses, boobs, worms, dicks, faces stuck in scream mode. And not in a disturbed dark way but much more in a middle school bored in class carving the word fuck into your desk kind of way, like the illustrations on the Alabaster Choad record. Basically I just think these are way way way cool. (MM)
selfsatisfied@gmail.com

TOTEN VAIHTOEHTO #238 / email for prices
5.25 x 7.75 – printed – 16 pgs – Finnish
Just by taking a quick look at this I can tell Finnish is a very difficult language and I took much pleasure in trying to read out loud what it said. If you do know Finnish, then you can enjoy letters, zine and record reviews, a couple columns, a Turku Political Punk live report as well as reports from other gigs, interviews with Dead in the Water and Sekaannus and, my favorite as I think sharing knowledge on technical issues is beneficial, a piece on how to set up a correct PA and backline (or at least I think that's what it is); the title reads "Kuinka miksata Punkkikeikka laulukamapohjalta?" and it has two pictures of different stage plans. Cool layouts and a I like the smell of the paper too! Kiitos! (LA)
PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Finland / tv@punkinfinland.net

YOUR WAR #2 / $10 for 1 year subscription
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 22 pgs
Interview with Boobs from Disorder and Alex from Nomad, as well as reviews and some solid punk advertising ($3 for a page each month!) Made via burnt paper, scotch tape (no glue?!), and a permanent marker as stated early on by the mag–aka you can do this, too! It's a very simple and crude but filled with noise lover love and the zine keeps the spirit of DIY very present. The Nomad interview with Alex was really interesting. After living with a member or two and playing in a band with Tye, I thought I would know most of this stuff but it was not a boring read and makes one excited for their future releases and plans. If you haven't heard this band check out their Kotaro Mission 7" tracks (my personal favorite, riffs get stuck in your head for days!) or look forward to their split with Aspects of War. The Boobs interview was super well done and Boobs is a very smart, reflective man who gave a good picture of early '80s UK life and answered all our burning Disorder questions, like why he left the band or just clearing up mystery behind stolen drum kits, insane asylums, jail time, drug abuse and more. The reviews of recent bands are thorough and then there are plugs for total Japanese vinyl nerds with a write up on Toxo-Vomit and frequent reference to Dan McGregor (upholder of vinyl releases and solid noise tours of the Eastern Coastal persuasion), which is always appreciated and seen in issue #3, as well—the writer keeps good company with persons who have a true heart in punk. Get a subscription, get it off the internet, learn more about punk old and new from a non-generic, informative source like this zine or the one you're holding in your ink-stained hands. (AE)
310 Westover Blvd / Lynchburg, VA 24501 / violentpartyva@yahoo.com

YOUR WAR #3 / $10 for 1 year subscription
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 14 pgs
Oh, the almighty Zyanose! How lovely it was to see them grace the pages of *Your War* with their bass filled noise wisdom. The writer does a solid intro and asked solid questions. The responses from Toyo were eloquent and I found out much I did not know about one of my favorite bands. It also shone light on the personal lives of the members and how they struggle as a punk in a declining economy in Japan and what work noise-masters do to pay the bills for their rent, practice space and so on, such as working at a refuse dump. Toyo also rehashes all their line-up changes (and why) as well as a solid run through of their releases thus far. Reviews and rarities section is another winner with suggestions on solid but more affordable '80s Japanese vinyl gems. Oh, and the writer is having twins! True total chaos! Guess that tinnitus won't be the only thing keeping you up at night, buddy! Hope you still find time to keep putting out the honorable *Your War*—although the next promised issue contains Anti-Cimex and additionally, a Cress interview is in the works. So exciting! This zine also comes with a "free stupid noize cassette" but my copy was separated from the zine because noise is not stupid and is apparently very desirable here at the *MRR* HQ. (AE)
310 Westover Blvd / Lynchburg, VA 24501 /violentpartyva@yahoo.com

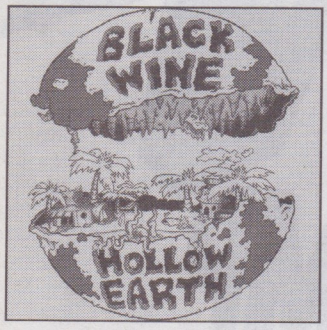


ALL AGES RECORDS
LONDON'S ONLY INDEPENDENT
PUNK & HARDCORE RECORD STORE

OPEN EVERYDAY 11:30AM - 6:30PM
27A PRATT STREET, CAMDEN, LONDON NW1 0BG, UK
TEL. (+44) 207 267 0303

www.allagesrecords.com
shop@allagesrecords.com

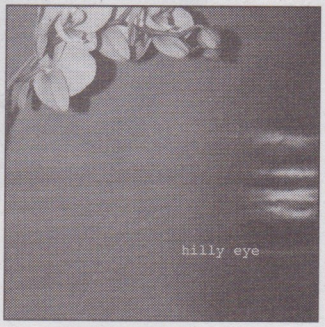
OUT NOW ON DON GIOVANNI RECORDS:



BLACK WINE
"HOLLOW EARTH" LP

PLASTIC CROSS
"GRAYSCALE RAINBOWS" LP

SCREAMING FEMALES
"UGLY" CD/2xLP



HILLY EYE
"JACOB'S LADDER" 7"

ALSO AVAILABLE: records from Waxahatchee, Big Eyes, Noun, The Ergs!, For Science, Nuclear Santa Claust, Shellshag, The Measure (SA), The Steinways, Laura Stevenson and The Cans, and more.

COMING SOON: debut albums from Secret Police and Loose Ends

Don Giovanni Records

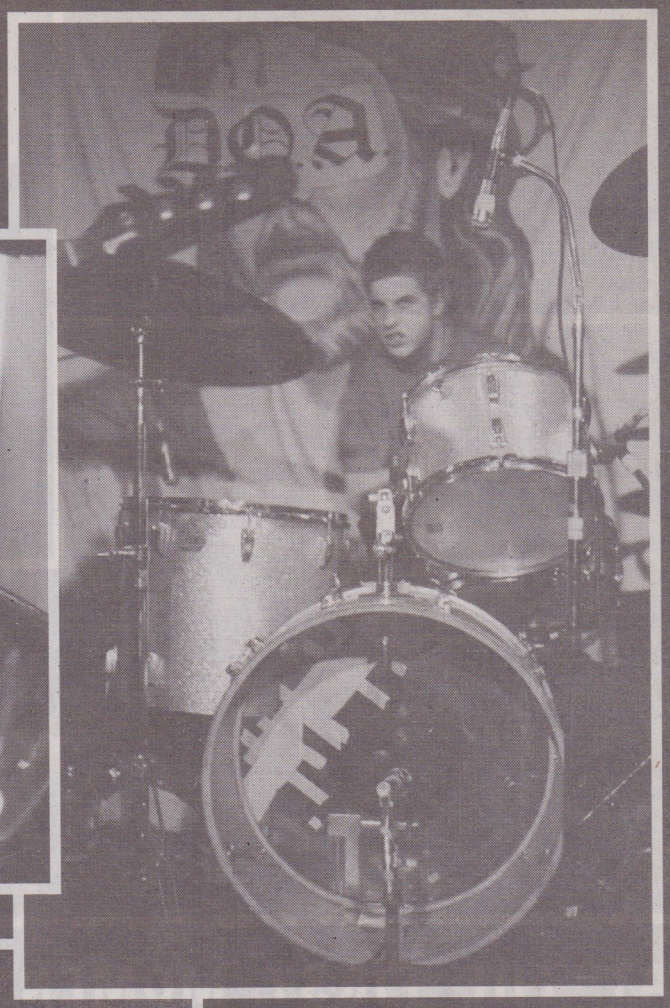
P.O. BOX 628 / KINGSTON, NJ 08528. DISTRIBUTED BY NO IDEA. http://www.dongiovannirecords.com

MAXIMUMROCKNROLL
PO BOX 460760
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
94146-0760

PRESORTED STANDARD
US POSTAGE PAID
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
PERMIT No. 728

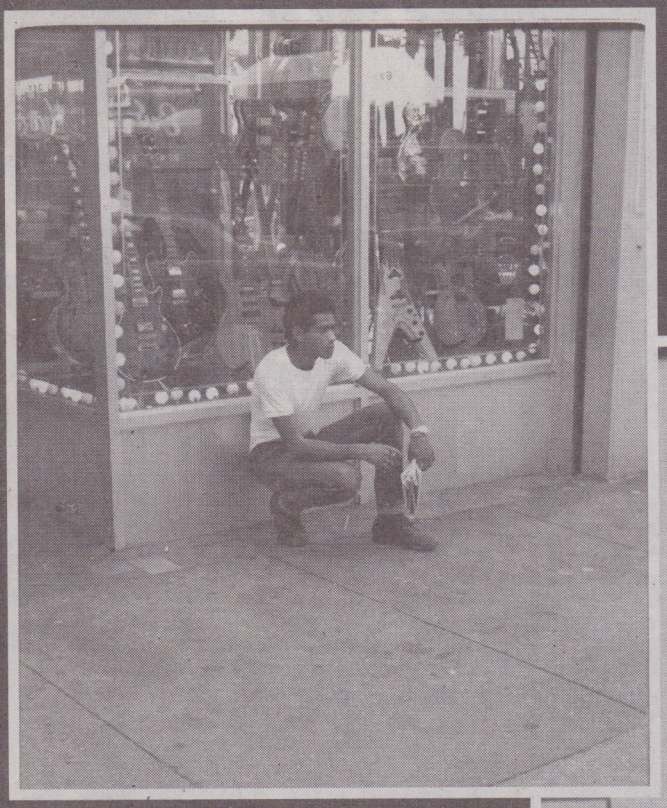
FOR MORE INFO WRITE
MARTINCRUDOMRR@GMAIL.COM
OR THE MRR PO BOX

1978



D.O.A., Chuck Biscuits, The Edge, 1978

Roger in his room, 1977



Mohammed, Mohammed Nagdee, aka Eddy Dent, The Dents/Crash Kills Five, NYC, 1980 NYC

shoe

The Ugly, Turning Point 1977.

Right: Vera Skye, aka Rabies (singer in Tyranna) & her sister Rojer, Horseshoe Tavern, 1978